OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS
ENGLISHED,

BY

GEORGE SANDYS.

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F I N I S.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

The World form'd out of Chaos. *Man is made.*
The Ages change. *The Giants Heav'n invade.*
Earth turns their Blood to Men. Jove's *Flames con-*
Lycaon, *now a Wolf. The World is drown'd.* (*found*
Mankind cast Stones restore: *All-quickning Earth*
Renews the rest, and gives new Monsters Birth.
Apollo Python *kills.* *Heart-wounded, loves*
Life-flying Daphne*:* *She a Laurel proves.*
Jove Io *made a Cow, to mask foul Deeds.*
Hermes *in Herdsman's shape.* Syrinx *chang'd to Reeds.*
Dead Argus *Eyes adorn the Peacock's Train.*
The Cow to Io Jove *transforms again.*

OF Bodies chang'd to other shapes I sing.
Assist, you Gods (from you these Changes spring)
And from the World's first Fabrick to these Times
Deduce my never-discontinued Rhymes.
The Sea, the Earth, all-covering Heav'n unfram'd,
One face had Nature, which they Chaos nam'd:
An undigested Lump, a barren Load,
Where jarring Seeds of Things ill-join'd abode.
No Titan yet the World with Light adorns;
[illegible]

Nor hung the ſelf-poiz'd Earth in thin Air plac'd;
Nor *Amphitrite* the vaſt ſhore imbrac'd.
With Earth was Air and Sea: The Earth unſtable,
The Air was dark, the Sea unnavigable:
No certain Form to any one aſſign'd;
This That reſiſts. For in one Body joyn'd,
The Cold and Hot, the Dry and Humid fight,
The Soft and Hard, the Heavy with the Light.
But God, the better Nature, this decides,
Who Earth from Heav'n, the Sea from Earth divides;
And purer Heav'n extracts from groſſer Air.
All which unfolded by his prudent Care,
From that blind Maſs, and happily dis-joyn'd,
With ſtrifeleſs Peace, He to their Seats confin'd.
Forthwith up ſprung the quick and weightleſs Fire,
Whoſe flames unto the higheſt Arch aſpire,
The next, in levity and place, is Air,
Groſs Elements to thicker Earth repair,
Self-clogg'd with Weight. The Waters flowing round
Poſſeſs the laſt, and ſolid *Tellus* bound.
What God ſoever this Diviſion wrought,
And every part to due Proportion brought;
Firſt, leſt the Earth unequal ſhould appear,
He turn'd it round in figure of a Sphear.
Then Seas diffus'd, commanding them to roar
With ruffling Winds, and give the Land a Shore.
To thoſe he added Springs, Ponds, Lakes immenſe;
And Rivers, whom their winding Borders fence.
Of theſe not few Earth's thirſty Jaws devour;
The reſt, their Streams into the Ocean pour;
When in that liquid Plain, with freer Wave,
The foamy Cliffs in ſtead of Banks they lave,
Bids Trees increaſe to Woods, the Plains extend,
The rocky Mountains riſe, and Vales deſcend.
Two equal Zones, on either ſide diſpoſe
The meaſur'd Heav'ns; a fifth, more hot than thoſe.
As many lines th' included Globe divide:
I'th' midſt unſufferable Beams reſide;
Snow Cloaths the other two: The Temperate hold
'Twixt theſe their Seats, the Heat well mixt with Cold.
As Earth, as Water upper Air out-weighs;
So much doth Air, Fire's lighter ballance raiſe.
There he commands the changing Clouds to ſtray;
There thundring terrours mortal Minds diſmay;

And, with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow:
Yet not permitted every way to blow,
Who hardly now to tear the World refrain,
(So Brothers jarr) though they divided reign.
To *Persis* and *Sabaea*, *Eurus* flies,
Whose Gums perfume the blushing Morn's up-rise.
Next to the Evening, and the Coast that glows
With setting *Phoebus*, flowry *Zeph'rus* blows.
In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his Reign,
Beneath *Bootes* and the frozen Wain.
The Land to this oppos'd doth *Auster* steep
With fruitful Showrs, and Clouds which ever weep.
Above all these, he plac'd the liquid Skies;
Which, void of earthly Dregs, did highest rise.
  Scarce had he all thus orderly dispos'd,
Whenas the Stars their radiant Heads disclos'd,
(Long hid in Night) and shone through all the Skie.
Then, that no place should unpossessed lie,
Bright Constellations, and fair-figured Gods,
In Heav'nly Mansions fixt their blest abodes:
The glittering Fishes to the Flouds repair,
The Beasts to Earth, the Birds resort to Air.
  The nobler Creature, with a Mind possest,
Was wanting yet, that should command the rest.
That Maker, the best World's Original,
Either him fram'd of Seed Celestial;
Or Earth, which late he did from Heav'n divide,
Some sacred Seeds retain'd to Heav'n ally'd:
Which with the living Stream *Prometheus* mixt;
And in that artificial Structure fixt
The Form of all th' all-ruling Deities.
And whereas others see with down-cast Eyes,
He with a lofty Look did Man indue,
And bade him Heav'n's transcendent Glories view.
So that rude Clay, which had no Form afore,
Thus chang'd, of Man the unknown Figure bore.
  The *Golden Age* was first; which uncompell'd,
And without Rule, in Faith and Truth excell'd.
As then there was nor Punishment nor Fear;
Nor threatning Laws in Brass prescribed were;
Nor suppliant crouching Prisners shook to see
Their angry Judge: But all was safe and free.
To visit other Worlds no wounded Pine
Did yet from Hills to faithless Seas decline.

Then un-ambitious Mortals knew no more,
But their own Country's Nature-bounded Shore.
Nor Swords nor Arms were yet: No Trenches round
Beſieged Towns; nor ſtrifeful Trumpets ſound:
The Souldier of no uſe. In firm content
And harmleſs Eaſe their happy days were ſpent.
The yet free Earth did of her own accord
(Untorn with Plows) all ſorts of fruit afford.
Content with Nature's un-enforced Food,
They gather Wildings, Strawb'ries of the Wood,
Sour Cornels, what upon the Bramble grows,
And Acorns, which *Jove*'s ſpreading Oak beſtows.
'Twas always Spring: Warm *Zephyrus* ſweetly blew
On ſmiling Flowers, which without ſetting grew.
Forthwith the Earth, Corn (un-manured) bears,
And every year renews her golden Ears.
With Milk and Nectar were the Rivers fill'd,
And Honey from green Holly-Oaks diſtill'd.
But after *Saturn* was thrown down to Hell,
Jove rul'd; and then the *Silver Age* befel:
More baſe than Gold, and yet than Braſs more pure.
Jove chang'd the Spring (which always did endure)
To Winter, Summer, Autumn, hot and cold:
The ſhortned Spring the Year's fourth part uphold.
Then firſt the glowing Air with fervour burn'd;
The Rain to Ice-icles by bleak Winds turn'd.
Men Houſes built, late hous'd in Caves profound,
In plaſhed Bowers and Sheds with Oſiers bound.
Then firſt was Corn into long Furrows thrown,
And Oxen under heavy Yoaks did groan.
Next unto this ſucceds the *Brazen Age*;
Worſe-natur'd, prompt to horrid War and Rage,
But yet not wicked. Stubborn *Iron* the laſt.
Then bluſhleſs Crimes which all degrees ſurpaſt,
The World ſurround, Shame, Truth and Faith depart:
Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art;
Force, Treaſon, and the love of wicked gain. (ſtrain;
Their Sails thoſe Winds which yet they knew not
And Ships, which long on loſty Mountains ſtood,
Then plow'd th' unpractis'd Boſom of the Floud.
The Ground as common earſt as Light or Air,
By limit-giving Geometry they ſhare.
Nor with rich Earth's juſt nouriſhments content,
For Treaſure they her ſecret Entrails rent;

140 The powerful Evil which all Power invades,
By her well hid and wrapt in *Stygian* ſhades,
Curſt Steel, more curſed Gold ſhe now forth brought:
And bloudy-handed War, who with both fought.
All live by ſpoil. The Hoſt his Gueſt betrays;
145 Sons, Fathers-in-Law: 'Twixt Brethren Love decays.
Wives Husbands, Husbands Wives attempt to kill;
And cruel Step-Mothers pale Poiſons fill.
The Son his Father's haſty Death deſires:
Foil'd Piety, trod under Foot, expires.
150 *Aſtræa*, laſt of all the Heav'nly Birth,
Affrighted leaves the Bloud-defiled Earth.
And that the Heav'ns their ſafety might ſuſpect,
The Giants now Celeſtial Thrones affect;
Who to the Skies congeſted Mountains rear.
Then *Jove* with Thunder did *Olympus* tear;
155 Steep *Pelion* from under *Oſſa* throws.
Preſt with their Burthen, their huge Bodies groan,
And with her Children's Bloud the Earth imbru'd:
Which ſhe, ſcarce throughly cold, with Life indu'd,
And gave thereto, t'uphold her Stock, the Face
160 And Form of Man: A God-contemning Race,
Greedy of Slaughter, not to be withſtood;
Such as well ſhews, that they were born of Bloud.
Which when from Heav'n *Saturnius* did behold,
He ſigh'd, revolving what was yet untold,
Of fell *Lycaon*'s late inhuman Feaſt.
165 Juſt Anger, worthy *Jove*, inflam'd his Breaſt.
A Synod call'd, the ſummoned appear.
There is a Way well ſeen, when Skies be clear,
The *Milky* nam'd; by this the Gods reſort
170 Unto th' Almighty Thunderer's high Court.
With ever-open Doors, on either hand,
Of noble Deities the Houſes ſtand:
The Vulgar dwell diſperſt: The chief and great
In Front of all their ſhining Manſions ſeat.
This glorious Roof I would not doubt to call
175 (Had I but boldneſs lent me) Heav'n's *White-hall*.
All ſet on Marble Seats, he leaning on
His Ivory Scepter, in an higher Throne,
Did twice or thrice his dreadful Treſſes ſhake;
180 (The Earth, the Seas, the Stars (though fixed) quake)
Then thus, inflam'd with Indignation, ſpake.

I was not more perplext in that ſad time,
For this World's Monarchy, when, bold to climb,
The Serpent-footed Giants durſt invade,
And would on Heav'n their hundred Hands have laid.
Though fierce the Foe, yet did that War depend
But of one Body, and had ſoon an end.
Now all the Race of Man I muſt confound,
Where-ever *Nereus* walks his wavy Round.
And this I vow, by thoſe infernal Flouds,
Which ſlowly glide through ſilent *Stygian* Woods.
All Cures firſt ſought; ſuch Parts as Health reject
Muſt be cut off, leſt they the ſound infect.
Our Demi-Gods, Nymphs, Sylvans, Satyrs, Fawns,
Who haunt clear Springs, high Mountains, Woods and Lawns,
(Since yet on them we pleaſe not to beſtow
Celeſtial Dwellings) muſt ſubſiſt below.
Think you, you Gods, they can in ſafety reſt,
When me (of Lightning, and of you poſſeſt,
Who both at our Imperial-pleaſure ſway)
The ſtern *Lycaon* practiſ'd to betray?
All bluſter, and in Rage the Wretch demand.
So when bold Treaſon ſought with impious Band,
By *Cæſar*'s Bloud t' out-raze the *Roman* Name,
Mankind and all the World's affrighted Frame,
Aſtoniſh'd at ſo great a Ruin, ſhook;
Nor thine for thee leſs thought, *Auguſtus*, took,
Than they for *Jove*. He, when he had ſuppreſt
Their Murmur, thus proceeded to the reſt:
He hath his Puniſhment, remit that Care,
The Manner how, I will in brief declare.
The Times accus'd (but as I hop'd bely'd)
To try, I down from ſteep *Olympus* ſlide,
A God, transform'd like one of human birth,
I wandred through the many-peopled Earth.
'Twere long to tell, what Crimes of every ſort
Swarm'd in all parts; the truth exceeds Report.
Now paſt den-dreadful *Mænalus* confines,
Cyllene, cold *Lycæus* clad with Pines,
There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when doubtful light
Drew on the dewy Chariot of the Night,
I entred his unhoſpitable Court.
The better Vulgar to their Pray'rs reſort,
When I by Signs had ſhewn a God's repair.
Lycaon firſt derides their zealous Prayer;

Then ſaid, we ſtraight th' undoubted Truth will try,
Whether he be immortal, or may die.
In dead of Night, when all was whiſt and ſtill,
Me in my Sleep he purpoſed to kill.
Nor with ſo foul an Enterpriſe content,
An Hoſtage murthers from *Moloſſia* ſent.
Part of his ſever'd, ſcarce-dead, Limbs he boils;
Another part on hiſſing Embers broils;
This ſet before me, I the Houſe o'return'd,
With vengeful Flames, which round about him burn'd:
He, frighted, to the ſilent Deſart flies;
There howls, and Speech with loſt endeavour tries.
His ſelf-like Jaws ſtill grin: More than for Food
He ſlaughters Beaſts, and yet delights in Bloud.
His Arms to Thighs, his Cloaths to Briſtles chang'd;
A Wolf; not much from his firſt Form eſtrang'd.
So hoary Hair'd, his looks ſo full of Rape,
So fiery Ey'd, ſo terrible his Shape.
One Houſe that Fate, which all deſerve, ſuſtains:
For through the World the fierce *Erinnys* reigns;
You'd think they had conſpir'd to Sin. But all
Shall ſwiftly by deſerved Vengeance fall.
Jove's words a Part approve, and his Intent
Exaſperate; the reſt give their Conſent.
Yet all for Man's Deſtruction griev'd appear,
And ask, what Form the widowed Earth ſhall bear?
Who ſhall with Odours their cold Altars feaſt.
Muſt Earth be only by wild Beaſts poſſeſt?
The King of Gods recomforts their Deſpair,
And biddeth them impoſe on him that Care;
Who promis'd, by a ſtrange original
Of better People, to ſupply their Fall.
And now about to ſet his Lightning fly,
He fear'd leſt ſo much Flame ſhould catch the Sky,
And burn Heav'n's Axle-Tree. Beſides, by Doom
Of certain Fate he knew the time ſhould come,
When Sea, Earth, raviſht Heav'n, the curious Frame
Of this World's Maſs, ſhould ſhrink in purging Flame.
He therefore thoſe *Cyclopean* darts rejects;
And different-natur'd Puniſhments elects;
To open all the Flood-Gates of the Sky,
And Man by Inundation to deſtroy.
Rough *Boreas* in *Æolian* Priſon laid,
And thoſe dry Blaſts which gathered Clouds invade,

Out flies the South, with dropping Wings, who ſhrouds
His terrible Aſpect in pitchy Clouds; (Showrs,
His white Hair ſtreams, his Beard big-ſwoln with
Miſts bind his Brows, Rain from his Boſom pours.
As with his Hands the hanging Clouds he cruſht,
They roar'd, and down in Showrs together ruſht.
All-colour'd *Iris*, *Juno's* Meſſenger,
To weeping Clouds doth Nouriſhment confer.
The Corn is lodg'd, the Husbandmen deſpair;
Their long Year's Labour loſt with all their Care.
Jove not content with his Æthereal Rages,
His Brother's Auxiliary Flouds ingages.
The Streams convented; 'Tis too late to uſe
Much ſpeech, ſaid *Neptune*; all your Powers effuſe,
Your Doors unbar, remove what e're reſtrains
Your liberal Waves, and give them the full Reins.
Thus charged, they return, their Springs unfold,
And to the Sea with headlong fury roll'd.
He with his Trident ſtrikes the Earth: She ſhakes,
And way for Water by her motion makes.
Through open Fields now ruſh the ſpreading Flouds,
And hurry with them Cattel, People, Woods,
Houſes, and Temples with their Gods incloſ'd.
What ſuch a Force (un-overthrown) oppoſ'd,
The higher-ſwelling Water quite devours,
Which hides th' aſpiring Tops of ſwallow'd Tow'rs.
Now Land and Sea no different Viſage bore;
For all was Sea, nor had the Sea a Shore.
One takes a Hill: One in a Boat deplores,
And where he lately plow'd, now ſtrikes his Oars;
O're Corn, o're drowned Villages he ſails.
This from high Elms intangled Fiſhes hales.
In Fields they Anchor caſt, as Chance did guide;
And Ships the under-lying Vineyards hide.
Where Mountain-loving Goats did lately graze,
The Sea-Calf now his ugly Body lays.
Groves, Cities, Temples, cover'd by the Deep,
The Nymphs admire: In Woods the Dolphins keep,
And chaſe about the Boughs: The Wolf doth ſwim
Amongſt the Sheep: The Lion (now not grim)
And Tygres tread the Waves: Swift Feet no more
Avail the Hart, nor wounding Tusks the Boar.
The wandring Birds, hid Earth long ſought in vain,
With weary Wings deſcend into the Main.

Lion.

Licencious Seas o're drowned Hills now fret,
And unknown Surges airie Mountains beat.
The Waves the greater part devoure; the reſt
Death with long-wanted Suſtenance oppreſt.
The Land of *Phocis*, fruitful when a Land,
Divides *Aonia* from th' *Actæan* Strand;
But now a part of the inſulting Main,
Of ſudden-ſwelling Waters a vaſt Plain.
There his two Heads *Parnaſſus* doth extend
To touched Stars, whoſe Tops the Clouds tranſcend.
On this *Deucalion*'s little Boat was thrown:
With him his Wife: The reſt all overflown.
Corycian Nymphs and Hill-Gods he adores;
And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores.
None was there better, none more juſt than he:
And none more reverenc'd the Gods than ſhe.
Jove when he ſaw that all a Lake was grown,
And of ſo many Thouſand Men but one,
One of ſo many Thouſand Women, left,
Both guiltleſs, pious both, and all bereft.
The Clouds (now chas'd by *Boreas*) from him throws,
And Earth to Heaven, Heaven unto Earth he ſhews.
Nor Seas perſiſt to rage: Their aweful Guide
The wild Waves Calms, his Trident laid aſide;
And calls bleu *Triton*, riding on the Deep,
(Whoſe Mantle Nature did in purple ſteep)
And bids him his loud-ſounding ſhell inſpire,
And give the Flouds a ſignal to retire.
He his wreath'd Trumpet takes (as given in charge)
That from the turning bottom grows more large;
To which when he gives breath, 'tis heard by all,
From far-upriſing *Phœbus* to his fall.
When this the watery Deity had ſet
To his large Mouth, and ſounded a retreat;
All Flouds it heard, that Earth or Ocean knew,
And all the Flouds, that heard the ſame, withdrew.
Seas now have Shores; Full Streams their Chanels keep;
They ſink, and hills above the Waters peep.
Earth re-aſcends: As Waves decreaſe, ſo grow
The Forms of things, and late hid Figures ſhew.
And after a long day, the Trees extend
Their bared tops, with mud their branches bend.
The World's reſtor'd. Which when in ſuch a ſtate,
So deadly ſilent, and ſo deſolate,

Deucalion

Deucalion ſaw, with Tears which might have made
Another Floud, he thus to *Pyrrha* ſaid:
O Siſter! O my Wife! the poor remains
Of all thy Sex, which all in one contains!
Whom human Nature, one Paternal Line,
Then one chaſt Bed, and now like Dangers joyn!
Of what the Sun beholds from Eaſt to Weſt,
We two are all: The Sea intombs the reſt.
Nor yet can we of life be confident;
The threatning Clouds ſtrange Terrours ſtill preſent.
O! What an Heart wouldſt thou have had, if Fate
Had ta'ne me from thee, and prolong'd thy Date!
So wild a Fear, ſuch Sorrows, ſo forlorn
And comfortleſs, how couldeſt thou have born?
If Seas had ſuck'd thee in, I would have follow'd
My Wife in death, and Seas ſhould me have ſwallow'd.
O, would I could my Father's Cunning uſe,
And Souls into well-modell'd Clay infuſe.
Now all our mortal Race we Two contain,
And but a Pattern of Mankind remain.
This ſaid, both wept; both Pray'rs to Heav'n addreſs,
And ſeek their Oracle in their Diſtreſs,
Forthwith deſcending to *Cephiſus* Floud,
Which in known Banks now ran, though thick with Mud,
They on their Heads, and Garments, Water throw,
And to the Temple of the Goddeſs go,
At that time all defil'd with Moſs and Mire;
The unfrequented Altar without Fire.
Then humbly on their Faces proſtrate lay'd,
And kiſſing the cold Stones, with fear thus pray'd.
If Powers Divine to juſt Deſires conſent,
And angry Gods do in the end relent,
Say, *Themis*, how ſhall we our Race repair?
O, Help the drown'd in Water and Deſpair.
The Goddeſs, with Compaſſion mov'd, reply'd,
Go from my Temple; both your Faces hide;
Let Garments all unbraced looſly flow;
And your great Parent's Bones behind you throw.
Amaz'd, firſt *Pyrrha* ſilence breaks, and ſaid,
By me the Goddeſs muſt not be obey'd;
And trembling, Pardon craves: Her Mothers Ghoſt
She fears would ſuffer, if her Bones were toſt.
Mean while they ponder, and re-iterate
The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate.

Then *Promethides Epimethida*
Thus recollecteth, loſt in her Diſmay:
Or I the Oracle miſunderſtand,
Or, the juſt Gods no wicked thing command.
The Earth is our great Mother; and the Stones
Therein contain'd, I take to be her Bones.
Theſe, ſure, are thoſe we ſhould behind us throw.
Although *Titania* thought it might be ſo,
Yet ſhe miſdoubts. Both with weak Faith rely
On aiding Heav'n. What hurt was it to try?
Departing with Heads veil'd and Cloaths unbrac't;
Commanded Stones they o're their Shoulders caſt.
Did not Antiquity avouch the ſame,
Who would believ't? The Stones leſs hard became:
And as their natural hardneſs them forſook,
So by degrees they Mans Dimentions took,
And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increaſt;
And yet not manifeſtly Man expreſt:
But like rough-hewn, rude Marble Statues ſtand,
That want the Work-man's laſt Life-giving hand.
The Earthy parts, and what had any Juice,
Were both converted to the Body's uſe:
Th' unflexible and ſolid turn to Bones;
The Veins remain that were when they were Stones.
Thoſe thrown by Man the form of Men indue:
And thoſe were Women, which the Woman threw.
Hence we an hardy Race, inur'd to pain:
Our Actions our Original explain.
All other Creatures took their numerous Birth,
And Figures from the voluntary Earth.
When that old humour with the Sun did ſweat,
And ſlimy Mariſhes grew big with Heat;
The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mother's Womb,
From quickning Earth both Growth and Form aſſume.
So when ſeven-Chanell'd *Nile* forſakes the Plain,
When ancient Bounds retiring Streams contain,
And late-left Slime Æthorial Fervours burn,
Men various Creatures with the Glebe up turn.
Of thoſe, ſome in their very time of Birth;
Some lame; and others half alive, half Earth.
For Heat and Moiſture, when they temperate grow,
Forthwith conceive, and Life on things beſtow.
From ſtriving Fire and Water all proceed:
Diſcording Concord's ever apt to breed.

435 So Earth, by that late Deluge muddy grown,
When on her Lap reflecting *Titan* ſhone,
Produc'd a world of Forms; reſtor'd the late,
And other unknown Monſters did create.
Huge *Python*, thee againſt her will ſhe bred;
A Serpent whom the new-born people dread;
440 Whoſe Bulk did like a moving Mountain ſhow.
Behold, the God that bears the Silver Bow
(Till then inur'd to ſtrike the flying Deer,
Or the ſwift Roe, who every ſhadow fear)
That Terrour with a Thouſand Arrows ſlew,
And through black Wounds the clotted Poiſon drew.
445 Then leſt the well-deſerved memory
Of ſuch a Praiſe in future times ſhould die,
He inſtituteth celebrated Games
Of free contention, which he *Pythia* names.
Who ran, who wraſtled beſt, or rak'd the ground
With ſwifteſt Wheels, the Oaken Garland crown'd.
450 The Laurel was not yet: All ſorts of Boughs
Phœbus then bound about his radiant Brows.
Peneian Daphne was his firſt belov'd.
Not Chance, but *Cupid's* Wrath, that fury mov'd.
Whom *Delius* (proud of his late Conqueſt) ſaw,
455 As he his pliant Bow began to draw;
And ſaid, Laſcivious Boy, how ill agree
Thou and theſe Arms, too manly far for thee!
Such ſuit our Shoulders, whoſe ſtrong Arm confounds
Both Man and Beaſt with never-miſſing Wounds;
460 That *Python* briſtled with thick Arrows quell'd,
Who o're ſo many poys'ned Acres ſwell'd.
Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame
Deſires we know not; nor our praiſes claim.
Then *Venus* Son; Self-praiſed ever be:
All may thy Bow trans-fix, as mine ſhall thee.
465 So far as Gods exceed all earthly Pow'rs,
So much thy glory is exceed'd by ours.
With that he breaks the Air with nimble Wings,
And to *Parnaſſus* ſhady Summit ſprings.
Two different Arrows from his Quiver draws,
One Hate of Love, the other Love doth cauſe.
470 What caus'd was ſharp, and had a golden Head;
But what repuls'd was blunt, and tipt with Lead.
The God This in *Peneia* fixt: That ſtrook
Apollo's Bones, and in his Marrow ſtuck.

Forth

Forthwith he loves; a Lover's name ſhe flies:
And, emulating un-wed *Phœbe*, joys
In Spoils of ſavage-Beaſts and Sylvan *Lares*;
A fillet binding her neglected Hair.
Her many ſought: But ſhe, averſe to all,
Unknown to Man, not brooking ſuch a Thrall,
Frequents the pathleſs VVoods; and hates to prove,
Nor cares to hear, what *Hymen* is, or Love.
Oft ſaid her Father, Daughter, thou doſt owe
A Son-in-law who Nephews may beſtow.
But ſhe, who Marriage as a Crime eſchew'd,
(Her Face with bluſhing Shamefac'dneſs imbu'd)
Hung on his Neck with fawning Arms, and ſaid,
Dear Father, give me leave to live a Maid:
This Boon *Diana*'s Sire did her afford.
He, too indulgent, gave thee his Accord:
But thee thy Excellency countermands;
And thy own Beauty thy deſire withſtands.
Apollo loves, and fain would *Daphne* wed,
VVhat he deſires, he hopes; and is miſ-led
By his own Oracles. As Stubbles burn,
As Hedges into ſudden blazes turn,
Fire ſet too near, or left by chance behind
By Paſſengers, and ſcatter'd with the VVind;
So ſprings he into Flames; A Fire doth move
Through all his Veins; Hope feeds his barren Love.
He on her Shoulders ſees her Hair unreſt.
O what, ſaid he, if theſe were neatly dreſt!
He ſees her Eyes, two Stars, her Lips which kiſs
Their happy ſelves, and longs to taſt their Bliſs;
Admires her Fingers, Hands, her Arms half-bare;
And Parts unſeen conceives to be more rare.
Swifter than following VVinds away ſhe runs,
And him, for all this his intreaty ſhuns.
Stay, Nymph, I pray thee, ſtay. I am no Foe.
So Lambs from VVolves, Harts fly from Lions ſo;
So from the Eagle ſprings the trembling Dove;
They from their Deaths; but my purſuit is Love.
VVo's me, if thou ſhould'ſt fall, or Thorns ſhould race
Thy tender Legs, whilſt I inforce the Chace!
Theſe Roughs are craggy: Moderate thy haſt;
And, truſt me, I will not purſue ſo faſt.
Yet know who 'tis you pleaſe: No Mountaineer,
No home-bred Clown, nor keep I Cattel here,

From whom thou fly'ſt thou knowſt not, (ſilly Fool!)
515 And therefore fly'ſt thou. I in *Delphos* rule;
Ionian Claros, Lycian Patara,
And Sea-girt *Tenedos* do me obey.
Jove is my Father. What ſhall be, hath been,
Or is, by my inſtructive Rays is ſeen.
Immortal Verſe from our Invention ſprings,
And how to ſtrike the well-concording Strings.
My Shafts hit ſure: Yet he one ſurer found,
520 Who in my empty Boſom made this Wound.
Of Herbs I found the Virtue; and through all
The World, they me the great Phyſician call.
Ay me, that Herbs can Love no Cure afford!
That Arts, relieving all, ſhould fail their Lord!
525 More had he ſaid, when ſhe, nimble with Dread,
From him and his unfiniſht Courtſhip fled.
How graceful then! the Wind, that obvious blew,
Too much betray'd her to his amorous View,
And play'd the wanton with her fluent Hair.
530 Her Beauty by her Flight appear'd more rare.
No more the God will his intreaties loſe,
But, urg'd by Love, with all his force purſues.
As when a Hare the ſpeedy Grey-hound ſpies,
His Feet for Prey, the hers for Safety plies;
535 Now bears he up, now, now he hopes to fetch her,
And with his Snout extended ſtrains to catch her:
Not knowing whether caught or no, ſhe ſlips
Out of his Wide-ſtretch'd Jaws and touching Lips.
The God and Virgin in ſuch Strife appear;
He quickned by his Hope, ſhe by her Fear.
540 But the Purſuer doth more nimble prove,
Enabled by th' induſtrious Wings of Love.
Nor gives he time to breathe: Now at her Heels,
His Breath upon her dangling Hair ſhe feels.
Clean ſpent and fainting, her affrighted Blood
Forſakes her Cheeks. She cries unto the Flood,
545 Help, Father, if your Streams contain a Power.
May Earth, for too well pleaſing, me devour:
Or, by transforming, O deſtroy this Shape,
That thus betrays me to undoing Rape.
Forthwith a numbneſs all her Limbs poſſeſt,
And ſlender Films her ſofter Sides inveſt.
550 Hair into Leaves, her Arms to Branches grow;
Her late ſwift Feet, now Roots, are leſs than ſlow.

Her graceful Head a leafy Top ſuſtains.
One Beauty throughout all her Form remains.
Still *Phœbus* loves. He handles the new Plant,
And feels her Heart within the Bark to pant;
Imbrac'd the Tree, as he would her have done,
And kiſt the Boughs: The Boughs his Kiſſes ſhun.
To whom the God, although thou canſt not be
The Wife I wiſh'd; yet ſhalt thou be my Tree.
Our Quiver, Harp, our Treſſes never ſhorn,
My Laurel, thou ſhalt evermore adorn;
And brows triumphant, when they *Io* ſing,
And to their Capitol their Trophies bring.
Thou ſhalt defend from Thunder's blaſting ſtroke
Auguſtus Doors, on either ſide the Oak.
And as our un-cut Hair no change receives;
So ever flouriſh with unfading Leaves.
Here *Pæan* ends. The Laurel all allows:
In ſign whereof her grateful Head ſhe bows.
A pleaſant Grove within *Æmonia* grows,
Call'd *Tempe*, which high ragged cliffs incloſe.
Through this *Peneus*, pour'd from *Pindus*, raves,
And from the bottom rowls with foaming Waves,
That by ſteep Down-falls, tumbling from on high,
Ingender Miſts, which Smoak-like upward fly;
That on the dewy tops of Trees diſtil,
And more than neighbouring Woods with Noiſes fill.
Here, in a Cave, his Court and Reſidence
The great Floud keeps; here Juſtice doth diſpenſe
To Streams, and gentle Nymphs that Streams frequent.
The Flouds that native were with one conſent
Firſt thither came, as yet at ſelf Debate,
Whether to comfort or congratulate.
Cool *Sperchius*, ſlow *Amphryſus*, *Apidan*,
Swift *Æas*, *Enipeus* that troubled ran.
Then forthwith thoſe who (as their Sources bend)
To Seas their Waves (with Wandrings weary) ſend.
All but old *Inachus*; who, in his Cave's
Obſcure Receſs, with Tears augments his Waves;
For *Io* mourns as loſt; nor yet knows he
Whether above or under Earth ſhe be:
But her, whom he not any where could find,
He thinks is no where: Fear diſtracts his Mind.
As from her Fathers Streams the Nymph return'd,
Saturnius, ſeeing her, in Paſſion burn'd.

O Virgin worthy *Jove*, whoſe Bed muſt bleſs
What God I know not, though a Man no leſs;
Here in theſe Woods, ſaid he, or theſe, repoſe,
Whilſt thus the World with fainting Fervour glows.
Nor fear among the Savages to venture:
A God protecting, thou maiſt ſafely enter.
Nor one of vulgar Rank; but he that bears
Heav'n's Scepter, and the Clouds with Thunder tears.
O! fly not. (For ſhe fled.) The paſtures paſt
Of *Lerna*, and *Lyrcea*'s gloomy Waſt,
He in the Air a ſable Cloud diſplay'd,
Caught, and devirginates the ſtruggling Maid.
Meanwhile with wonder *Juno* doth ſurvey
Thoſe duſky Clouds that made a Night of Day:
And finding that they neither took their birth
From vap'rous Streams, nor from the humid Earth,
For her miſt Husband ſearcheth Heav'n, as one
To whom his Stealths ſo often had been known.
Whom when ſhe could not find, Deceiv'd am I,
Or wrong'd, ſhe ſaid. Down from th' enamell'd Sky
She ſlides to Earth. The foggy Clouds withdraw
At her command. Her coming *Jove* foreſaw,
And changes *Inachis* into a Cow;
Whoſe Form even *Juno* pleas'd, demanding, how
She thither came, whoſe was ſhe, of what Herd?
As ignorant of what ſhe more than fear'd.
Jove feigns (her importunity to ſhift)
Her born of Earth. *Saturnia* begs the Gift.
What ſhould he do? Be cruel to his Love?
Or, by denying her, Suſpicion move?
Shame that perſuades, and Love doth this diſſuade.
But ſtronger Love Shame under foot hath laid.
Yet doubts, if he ſhould ſuch a thing deny
His Wife and Siſter, 'twould the Fraud deſcry.
Obtain'd, not forthwith Fear the Goddeſs left,
Diſtruſting *Jove*, and jealous of his Theft,
Until delivered to *Argus* guard.
An hundred Eyes his Head's large circuit ſtarr'd;
VVhereof by turns, at once two only ſlept,
The other watch'd, and ſtill their ſtations kept.
VVhich way ſo-e're he ſtands, he *Io* ſpies;
Io, behind him, was before his Eyes.
By day ſhe graz'd abroad: *Sol* under ground,
He hous'd her, in unworthy Halter bound.

On Leaves of Trees and bitter Herbs ſhe fed;
(Poor Soul!) the Earth, not always green, her Bed;
And of the Torrent drinks. With Hands up-heav'd
635 She thought to beg for Pity: How deceiv'd!
She low'd, when ſhe began to make her Moan;
And trembled at the Voice which was her own.
Unto the Banks of *Inachus* ſhe ſtray'd;
Her Father's Banks where ſhe ſo oft had play'd.
640 Beholding in his Stream her horned Head,
She ſtarts, and from her ſelf, ſelf-frighted, fled.
Her Siſters nor old *Inachus* her knew.
Which way ſo-e're they went, ſhe would purſue,
And ſuffer them to ſtroke her; and doth move
Their wonder with her ſtrange expreſſed Love.
645 He brought her Graſs: She gently lick'd his Hands,
And kiſt his Palms; nor longer tears withſtands.
And had ſhe then had Words, ſhe had diſplay'd
Her Name, her Fortunes, and implor'd his Aid.
For Words, the Letters with her foot impreſt
650 Upon the Sand, which her ſad Change profeſt.
Wo's me, cry'd *Inachus*, (his Arms he threw
About her ſnowy Neck) O wo of woes!
Art thou my *Daughter*, throughout all the Round
Of Earth ſo ſought, that now, not found, art found?
655 Leſs was thy Loſs, leſs was my Miſery:
Dumb wretch, (alas!) thou canſt not make reply.
Yet, as thou canſt, thou doſt; Thy Lowings ſpeak,
And deep-fetch'd Sighs that from thy Boſom break.
I, ignorant, prepar'd thy Marriage-bed;
My hopes a Son-in-law and Nephews fed.
660 Now from the Herd thy Iſſue muſt deſcend.
Nor can the length of time my Sorrows end.
Accurſt, in that a God. Death's ſweet relief
Hard Fates deny to my immortal Grief.
This ſaid, his Daughter (in that ſhape belov'd)
The Star-ey'd *Argus* far from thence remov'd;
665 When, mounted on a Hill, the wary Spy
Surveys the Plains that round about him lie.
The King of Gods those Sorrows ſhe endur'd
Could brook no longer, by his fault procur'd;
But calls his Son, of fulgent *Pleias* bred,
670 Commanding him to cut off *Argus* Head.
He wings his Heels, puts on his Felt, and takes
His drowſie Rod, the Tow'rs of *Jove* forſakes,

And, winding, ſtoops to Earth. The changed God
675 His Hat and Wings lays by, retains his Rod,
With which he drives his Goats, (like one that feeds
The bearded Herd) and ſings t' his ſlender Reeds.
Much taken with that Art, before unknown,
Come, ſit by me, ſaid *Argus*, on this Stone:
680 No place affords a better Paſturage,
Or Shelter from the Sun's offenſive rage.
Pleas'd *Atlantiades* doth him obey,
And with diſcourſe protracts the ſpeedy Day:
Then, ſinging to his Pipe's ſoft Melody,
Endeavours to ſubdue each wakeful Eye.
685 The Herds-man ſtrives to conquer urgent Sleep;
Though ſeiz'd on half, the other half do keep
Obſervant Watch. He asks who did invent
(With that he yawn'd) that late-found Inſtrument?
Then thus the God his charmed Ears inclines:
690 Amongſt the *Hamadryads Nonacrines*
(On cold *Arcadian* Hills) for Beauty fam'd
A *Naiad* dwelt, (the Nymphs her *Syrinx* nam'd)
Who oft deceiv'd the Satyrs that purſu'd,
The rural Gods, and thoſe whom Woods include.
In Exerciſes and in chaſte deſire,
695 *Diana* like, and ſuch in her attire,
You either in each other might behold,
Save that her Bow was Horn, *Diana's* Gold.
Yet oft miſtook. *Pan* crown'd with Pines, returning
From ſteep *Lycæus*, ſaw her, and Love-burning
700 Thus ſaid, fair Virgin, grant a God's requeſt,
And be his Wife. He ceas'd to tell the reſt.
She from his Prayers fled, as from her Shame,
Till to ſmooth *Ladon's* ſandy Banks ſhe came;
There ſtopt; implores the liquid Siſters Aid,
705 To change her Shape: and *Pan* ſo forc'd the Maid,
Pan, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* claſp't
Between his Arms, Reeds for her Body graſp't.
He ſighs: They, ſtirr'd therewith, report again
A mournful Sound, like one that did complain.
710 Rapt with the Muſick, yet, O ſweet (ſaid he)
Together ever thus converſe will we.
Then of unequal Wax-joyn'd Reeds he fram'd
This ſeven-fold Pipe: Of her' [illegible] nam'd.
This much about t' have ſaid, *Cyllenius* ſpies
715 How leaden Sleep had ſeal'd up all his Eyes.

Then, ſilent, with his Magick rod he ſtrokes
Their languiſht Lights, which ſounder Sleep provokes;
And with his Fauchion lops his nodding Head;
720 Whoſe Bloud beſmear'd the hoary Rock with red.
There lies he, of ſo many Lights the Light
Put forth; his hundred Eyes ſet in one Night.
Yet that thoſe ſtarry Jewels might remain,
Saturnia fixt them in her Peacock's Train.
725 Inflam'd with Anger and impatient haſt,
Before ſad *Io*'s Eyes, and thoughts, ſhe plac'd
Erinnys Snakes; and through the World doth drive
The Conſcience-ſtung, affrighted Fugitive.
Thou, *Nile*, to her long Toil an end didſt yield.
730 Approaching thee, ſhe on thy Margent kneel'd;
Her Looks (ſuch as ſhe had) to Heav'n up throws;
With Tears, Sighs, Sounds (expreſſing wordleſs Woes)
Shee ſeem'd *Jove* to accuſe, as too ingrate,
And to implore an end of her hard Fate.
735 He clips his Wife, and her intreats to free
Th' unjuſtly plagu'd. Be confident (ſaid he)
She never more ſhall cauſe thy Grief or Fear.
His Vow he bids the *Stygian* Waters hear.
Appeas'd; the Nymph recover'd her firſt Look,
740 So fair, ſo ſweet: The Hair her Skin forſook;
Her Horns decreaſe; large Eyes, wide Jaws contract;
Shoulders and Hands become again exact;
Her Hoofs to Nails diminiſht: Nothing now,
But that pure White, retains ſhe of the Cow.
745 Then on her Feet her Body ſhe erects,
Now born by two. Her ſelf ſhe yet ſuſpects,
Nor dares to ſpeak aloud, leſt ſhe ſhould hear
Her ſelf to low, but ſoftly tries with Fear.
Now ſhe, a Goddeſs, is ador'd by thoſe
That ſhine in linen Stoles where *Nilus* flows.
Hence ſprung *Jove's Epaphus*, no leſs divine;
750 Whoſe Temples next unto his Mother's joyn.
Equal in years (nor equal Spirit wants)
The Sun-got *Phaeton*; who proudly vaunts
Of his high Parentage, nor will give place.
Inachides puts on him this Diſgrace:
Fool, you your Mother truſt in things unknown,
755 And of a Father boaſt, that's not your own.
Vext *Phaeton* bluſht: His Shame his Rage repels:
Who ſtraight to *Clymene* the Slander tells;

And Mother, ſaid he, (to your grief's increaſe)
I, free, (and he ſo lofty) held my peace;
Aſham'd that ſuch a tainture ſhould be lay'd
Upon my bloud, that could not be gainſaid.
But if I be deſcended from above,
Give proof thereof, and this Reproach remove.
He hangs about her Neck; by her own Head,
By *Merops*, by his Siſter's Nuptial Bed;
Intreats her to produce ſome certain Gage,
That might aſſure his queſtion'd Parentage.
Mov'd with her Son's Intreaty, more inflam'd
With indignation to be ſo defam'd,
She caſts her Arms to Heaven; and looking on
Sol's radiant Orb, thus ſaid: I ſwear, my Son,
By yon fair Taper that ſo bright appears
With far projected Beams, who ſees and hears;
That Sun whom thou behold'ſt, who Light and Heat
Affords th' informed World, did thee beget.
If not, may he to me deny his Sight;
And to my Eyes let this be his laſt Light.
Nor far removed doth his Palace ſtand;
His firſt Upriſe confines upon our Land:
If that thy heart do ſerve thee, thither go,
And there thy Father of thy Father know.
Hereat joy'd, *Phaeton* enlightned grew,
Whoſe tow'ring thoughts no leſs than Heav'n purſue.
His *Æthiopia* paſt, and *Inde* which fries
With burning Beams, he climbs the Sun's Upriſe.

OVID'S

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raſh Phaeton *fires the World, His Siſters mourn*
His Tragedy; who into Poplars turn;
Their Tears to Amber; Cygnus *to a Swan.*
Jove Phœbe-*like,* Calliſto *found a Man:*
Her, Juno *made a Bear: She, and her Son,*
Advanced Stars, that ſtill the Ocean ſhun.
Coronis, *now a Crow, flies* Neptune's *fright.*
Nyctimene *is made the Bird of Night.*
The too-officious Raven, late ſo fair,
Is plum'd with black. Ocyroe *grows a Mare.*
Phœbus *an Herdſman:* Mercury *twice ſuch;*
Who turns betraying Battus *into Touch.*
Envious Aglauros, *to a Statue, full*
Of her mind's ſpots. Love Jove *converts t'a Bull.*

SOL's lofty Palace on high Pillars raiſ'd,
Shone all with gold, and ſtones that flame-like (blaz'd;
The Roof of Ivory, divinely deckt;
The two-leav'd ſilver doors bright rays project.
The Workmanſhip more admiration crav'd:
For curious *Mulciber* had there ingrav'd
The Land-imbracing Sea, the orbed Ground;
The arched Heavens. Blew Gods the billows crown'd;

Shape-changing *Proteus*, *Triton* ſhrill, the tall
Big-brawn'd *Ægæon* mounted on a Whale,
Gray *Doris*, and her Daughters, heavenly fair:
Some ſit on Rocks, and dry their Sea green Hair;
Some ſeem upon the dancing Waves to glide;
Others on backs of crooked Fiſhes ride.
Amongſt them all, no Two appear the ſame,
Nor differ more than Siſters well became.
The Earth had ſalvage Beaſts, Men, Cities, Woods,
Nymphs, Satyrs, rural Gods, and chryſtal Flouds.
Above all theſe, Heav'n's radiant Image ſhines,
On both ſides deck'd with ſix refulgent Signs.
To this bold *Phæton* made his Aſcent,
And to his doubted Father's preſence bent;
Yet forc'd to ſtand aloof: For mortal ſight
Could not endure t' approach ſo pure a Light.
Sol, cloath'd in Purple, ſits upon a Throne
Which clearly with tralucent Emeralds ſhone.
With equal-ranging Hours on either hand,
The Days, the Months, the Years, the Ages ſtand:
The fragrant Spring with flowry Chaplets crown'd:
Wheat-ears the brows of naked Summer bound:
Rich Autumn ſmear'd with cruſht *Lyæus* Bloud:
Next hoary-headed Winter quivering ſtood.
  Much daunted at theſe ſacred Novelties,
The fearful Youth all-ſeeing *Phœbus* ſpies;
Who ſaid, What hither draw thee, *Phæton*,
Who art, and worthily, my deareſt Son?
He thus reply'd, O thou refulgent Light,
Who all the World rejoyceſt with thy ſight,
O Father, (if allow'd to uſe that Name,
Nor *Clymene* by thee diſguiſe her Shame,)
Produce ſome Sign that may my Birth approve,
And from my thoughts theſe wretched Doubts remove.
He from his Brows his ſhining Raies diſplac'd,
And, bidding him draw near, his Neck imbrac'd.
By Merit, as by Birth, to thee is due
That Name, ſaid he, and *Clymene* was true.
To clear all Doubts, ask what thou wilt, and take
Thy granted Wiſh. Bear witneſs, thou dark Lake,
The Oath of Gods, unto our Eyes unknown,
Theſe Words no ſooner from his Lips were flown,
But he demands his Chariot, and the ſway
Of his hot Steeds to guide the winged day.

The God repents him of the Oath he made,
50 And, ſhaking his illuſtrious Treſſes, ſaid,
Thy Tongue hath made mine err, thy Birth unbleſt.
O, would I could break Promiſe. This Requeſt,
I muſt confeſs, I only would deny.
And yet, diſſwade I may. Thy Death doth lie
Within thy Wiſh. What's ſo deſir'd by thee
55 Can neither with thy Strength nor Youth agree.
Too great Intentions ſet thy Thoughts on fire.
Thou, mortal, doſt no mortal thing deſire;
Through Ignorance affecting more than they
Dare undertake, who in *Olympus* ſway.
60 Though each himſelf approve; except me, none
Is able to ſupply my burning Throne.
Not that dread Thunderer who rules above
Can drive theſe Wheels: And who more great than (*Jove*!
Steep is the firſt Aſcent, which in the prime
Of ſpringing Day, freſh Horſes hardly climbe.
65 At Noon through higheſt Skies their courſe they bear,
Whence Sea and Land even we behold with fear.
Then down the Hill of Heav'n they ſcour amain
With deſperate Speed, and need a ſteady Rein;
That *Tethys*, in whoſe wavy Bowers I lie,
Each Evening dreads my downfal from the Skie.
70 Beſides, the Heav'ns are daily hurried round,
That turn the Stars to other Motions bound.
Againſt this Violence my way I force,
And counter-run their all-o're-bearing Courſe.
My Chariot had, can thy frail Strength aſcend
75 The obvious Poles, and with their Force contend?
No Groves, no Cities fraught with Gods, expect;
No marble Fanes with wealthy Offerings deckt.
Through ſalvage Shapes and Dangers lies thy way;
Which couldſt thou keep, and by no errour ſtray;
80 Between the Bull's ſharp Horns yet muſt thou goe,
By him that draws the ſtrong *Æmonian* Bow,
The deathful Scorpion's far out-bending Claws,
The ſhorter Crab's, the roaring Lion's Jaws.
Nor eaſie is't thoſe fiery Steeds to tame,
85 Who from their Mouths and Noſtrils vomit Flame.
They, heated, hardly of my Rule admit;
But, head-ſtrong, ſtruggle with the hated Bit.
Then, leſt my Bounty, which would ſave, ſhould kill,
Beware; and whilſt thou maiſt, reform thy will.

A Sign thou crav'ſt, that might confirm thee mine:
I by dehorting give a certain Sign;
Approv'd a Father by Paternal fear.
Look on my Looks, and read my Sorrows there.
O, would thou couldſt deſcend into my breaſt,
And apprehend my vexed Soul's unreſt.
And, laſtly, all the wealthy *World* behold:
Of all that Heav'ns enrich, rich Seas unfold,
Or on the pregnant-boſom'd Earth remain,
Ask what thou wilt, and no Repulſe ſuſtain.
To this alone I give a forc'd Conſent;
No Honour, but a true-nam'd Puniſhment.
Thou for a Bleſſing begg'ſt the worſt of Harms.
Why hang'ſt thou on my Neck with fawning Arms?
Diſtruſt not, we have ſworn; but ask, and take
What thou canſt wiſh: Yet wiſer Wiſhes make.
In vain dehorted, he his Promiſe claim'd,
With Glory of ſo great a Charge inflam'd.
The wilful Youth then lingring *Phœbus* brought
To his bright Chariot by *Vulcan* wrought:
The Beam and Axle-tree of maſſie Gold;
On Silver Spoaks the golden Fillies rowl'd;
Rich Gems and Chryſolites the Harneſs deckt,
Which *Phœbus* Beams with equal light reflect.
Whilſt this admiring *Phaeton* ſurveys,
The wakeful Morning from the Eaſt diſplays
Her purple Doors, and odoriferous Bed
With plenty of dew-dropping Roſes ſpred.
Clear *Lucifer* the flying Stars doth chaſe;
And, after all the reſt, reſigns his place.
When *Titan* ſaw the dawning ruddy grew,
And how the Moon her ſilver Horns withdrew,
He bad the light-foot Hours without delay
To joyn his Steeds. The Goddeſſes obey,
Who from their lofty Mangers forthwith led
His fiery Horſes, with *Ambroſia* fed.
With ſacred Oil anointed by his Sire,
Of virtue to repulſe the rage of Fire,
He crowns him with his Rays; then thus began
With doubled Sighs which following Woes fore-ran:
Let not thy Father ſtill adviſe in vain.
Son, ſpare the Whip, and ſtrongly rule the Reins:
They of their own accord will run too faſt:
'Tis hard to moderate their flying Haſt.

Nor drive along the five directer Lines.
A broad and beaten path obliquely winds,
Contein'd with three Zones, which doth avoid
The distant Poles; the Track thy Wheels will guide.
Descend thou not too low, nor mount too high,
That temperate Warmth may Heav'n and Earth supply.
A lofty course will Heav'n with Fire infest;
A lowly, Earth: the safer Mean is best.
Nor to the folded *Snake* thy Chariot guide,
Nor to the *Altar* on the other side.
Between these drive. The rest I leave to Fate;
Who better prove, than thou, to thy own state.
But while I speak, behold, the humid Night
Beyond th' *Hesperian* Vales hath ta'ne her flight.
Aurora's Splendour re-inthrones the Day,
We are expected, nor can longer stay.
Take up the Reins, or, while thou might'st, refuse;
And not my Chariot, but my Counsel use,
While on a firm foundation thou dost stand,
Nor yet possest of thy ill-wisht Command.
Let me the World with usual influence chear;
And view that light which [illegible] to bear.
The generous and [illegible] *Phaeton*
All Courage, vaults into the blazing Throne,
Glad of the Reins, not doubtful of his Skill;
And gives his Father thanks against his will.
Meanwhile the Sun's fierce Horses, hot *Pyroeis*,
Light *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eous*,
Neighing aloud, inflame the Air with Flame,
And with their thundring Hoofs the Barriers beat.
Which when hospitious *Tethys* once withdrew,
(Who nothing of her Nephew's danger knew)
And gave them scope, they mount the ample Sky,
And cut the obvious Clouds with Feet that fly!
Who, rais'd with plumed Pinions, leave behind
The glowing East and slower Eastern Wind.
But *Phœbus* Horses could not feel the Weight;
The Chariot wanted the [illegible] Weight.
And as unballac'd [illegible]
With tumbling Waves, and in the [illegible] lost;
So through the Air the lighter Chariot [illegible]
And seems as empty, [illegible] Wheels.
Which when they found, the beaten way they [illegible]
And (struggling) out of all subjection run.

He knows not how to turn, nor knows the way:
170 Or had he known, yet would not they obey.
The Cold, now hot, *Triones* ſought in vain
To quench their heat in the forbidden Main.
The Serpent next unto the frozen Pole,
Benumb'd and hurtleſs, now begins to roll
With actual Heat, and long forgotten Ire
175 Reſumes together with *Ætherial* Fire.
'Tis ſaid, that thou, *Bootes*, ran'ſt away,
Though ſlow, though thee thy heavy Wain did ſtay.
But when from top of all the arched Sky
Unhappy *Phaeton* the Earth did eye,
180 Pale ſudden Fear un-nerves his quaking Thighs,
And in ſo great a Light benights his Eyes.
He wiſht thoſe Steeds unknown, unknown his Birth,
His Suit ungranted: Now he covets Earth;
Now ſcorns not to be held of *Merop*'s Bloud,
185 Rapt as a Ship upon the high-wrought Floud,
By ſalvage Tempeſts chas'd, which in deſpair
The Pilot leaveth to the Gods, and Pray'r.
What ſhould he do? Much of the Heav'ns behind,
Much more before; both meaſur'd in his Mind.
190 The never-to-be-entred Weſt ſurveys,
And then the Eaſt. Loſt in his own Amaze
And Ignorance, he cannot hold the Reins,
Nor let them go; nor knows his Horſes names:
But ſtares on Terrour-ſtriking Stars (poſſeſt
By Beaſts and Monſters) with a panting Breaſt.
There is a place in which the *Scorpion* bends
195 His compaſt Claws, who through two ſigns extends:
Whom when the Youth beheld, ſtew'd in black Sweat
Of Poiſon, and with turn'd-up Tail to threat
A mortal wound; pale fear his Senſes ſtrook,
200 And ſlackned Reins let fall from hands that ſhook.
They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,
With unconfined Errour ſcour the Sky,
Through unknown airy Regions, and tread
The way which their diſorder'd Fury leads:
Up to the fixed Stars their courſe they take,
205 And ſtranger Spheres with hurrying Chariot rake:
Now climb, now by ſteep Precipices deſcend,
And nearer Earth their wandring courſe extend.
To ſee her Brother's Steeds beneath her own
The Moon admires: the Clouds like Comets ſhone.

Invading

C

Invading Fire the upper Earth aſſail'd
210 All chapt and con'd, her pregnant Juice exhal'd.
Trees feed their Ruin; Graſs gray-headed turns;
And Corn by that which did produce it burns.
But this was nothing. Cities with their Tow'rs,
Realms with their People funeral Fire devours.
215 The Mountains blaze: high *Athos*, but too high:
Fount-fruitful *Ida*, never till then dry;
Oete, old *Tmolus*, and *Cilician Taurus*,
Muſe-haunted *Helicon*, *Oegrian Æmus*.
Loud *Ætna* roareth with her doubled Fires:
220 *Parnaſſus* groans beneath two flaming Spires.
Steep *Othrys*, *Cynthus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glow;
And *Rhodope*, no longer cloath'd with ſnow.
The *Phrygian Dindyma* in Cinders mourns:
Cold *Caucaſus* in froſty *Scythia* burns.
High *Mycale*, divine *Cithæron*, waſte;
225 *Pindus*, and *Oſſa* once on *Pelion* caſt;
More great *Olympus*, (which before did ſhine)
The airy *Alps*, and cloudy *Apennine*.
Then *Phaeton* beheld on every ſide
The World on Fire, nor could ſuch Heat abide;
And at his deadly-dry and gaſping Jaws
The ſcalding Air, as from a Furnace, draws;
230 His Chariot redder than the Fire it bore;
And, being mortal, could endure no more
Such clouds of Aſhes, and ejected Coals.
Muffled in Smoak which round about him rolls,
He knows not where he is, nor what ſucceeds;
Dragg'd at the pleaſure of his frantick Steeds:
235 Men ſay the *Æthiopians* then grew ſwart,
Their bloud exhaled to the outward part.
A ſandy Deſart *Lybia* then became,
Her full Veins emptied by the thirſty flame.
With Hair unbound and torn the Nymphs, diſtraight,
Bewail their Springs. *Bœotia Dirce* ſought;
240 *Argos Amymone*, *Ephyre* the fair
Pirene miſt. Nor Streams ſecurer are.
Great *Tanais* in boiling Chanel fumes;
Teuthranean Caycus heat conſumes;
Iſmenus, old *Peneus*, *Erymanthus*,
Yellow *Lycormas* to be twice-burnt *Xanthus*.
245 *Mæander*, running in a turning Maze,
Mygdonian Melas, and *Eurotas* blaze.

Euphrates, late inveſting *Babylon*,
Orontes, *Phaſis*, *Iſter*, *Thermodon*,
250 *Ganges*, *Alpheus*, *Spercheus* Flames infold:
And *Tagus* floweth with diſſolved Gold.
The Swans that late with their melody
Mæonian Banks, now in *Cayſter* fry.
To fartheſt Earth affrighted *Nilus* fled,
255 And there conceal'd his yet-unfound-out Head;
Whilſt his ſeven dusty Chanels ſtreamleſs lie.
Iſmarian Hebrus, *Strymon* now are dry.
Heſperian ſtreams, *Rhene*, *Rhodanus*, the *Po*,
260 And Scepter-deſtinated *Tiber* glow.
Earth cracks; to Hell the hated light deſcends,
And frighted *Pluto* with his Queen offends,
The Ocean ſhrinks, and leaves a field of Sand;
Where new diſcover'd Rocks and Mountains ſtand,
That multiply the ſcatter'd *Cyclades*,
Late cover'd with the deep and awful Seas,
265 The Fiſhes to the bottom dive: nor dare
The ſportful Dolphins tempt the ſultry Air.
Long boil'd alive, the monſtrous *Phocæ* die,
And on the brine with turn'd-up bellies lie.
With *Doris* and her Daughters, *Nereus* raves;
Who hide themſelves beneath the ſcalding waves.
270 Thrice wrathful *Neptune* his bold arm up held
Above the Floods: whom thrice the fire repel'd.
Yet foodful *Tellus* with the Ocean bound,
Amidſt the Seas, and Fountains now unfound
(Self-hid within the womb where they were bred)
275 Neck-high advanceth her all-bearing Head,
(Her parched fore-head ſhadow'd with her hand)
And, ſhaking, ſhook what ever on her ſtand:
Wherewith a little ſhrunk into her breſt,
Her ſacred tongue her ſorrows thus expreſt:
If ſuch thy Will, and I deſerve the ſame,
280 Thou chief of Gods, why ſleeps thy vengeful Flame?
Be't by thy fire, if I in fire muſt fry:
The Author leſſens the Calamity.
But, whilſt I ſtrive to utter this, I choke.
View my ſing'd hair, mine eyes half-out with Smoke!
The ſparkling cinders on my viſage thrown!
285 Is this my recompence? the honour done
For all my ſervice? for the fruit I have born?
That thus I am with Plough and Harrows torn,

Wrought-out throughout the year? that Man and Beaſt
Suſtain with food? and you with incenſe feaſt?
But ſay, I merit ruin, and thy hate;
What hath thy Brother done (by equal Fate
Elected to the wavy Monarchy,)
That Sea ſhould ſink, and from thy preſence fly?
If neither he, nor I thy pity move,
Pity thy Heaven. Behold! the Poles above
At either end do fume: and ſhould they burn,
Thy habitation would to ruin turn.
Diſtreſſed *Atlas* ſhoulders ſhrink with pain,
And ſcarce the glowing Axletree ſuſtain.
If Sea, if Earth, if Heaven ſhould fall by fire,
Then all of us to *Chaos* muſt retire.
O! quench theſe flames: the miſerable ſtate
Of things relieve, before it be too late.
This ſaid, her voice her parched tongue forſook,
Nor longer could the ſmothering vapours brook;
But, down into her ſelf withdrew her head,
Near to th' infernal Caverns of the dead.
Jove calls the Gods to witneſs, and who lent
The ſtraying Chariot; ſhould not he prevent,
That All would periſh by one deſtiny;
Then mounts the higheſt Turret of the Sky,
From thence inur'd to cloud the ſpace-ful Earth,
And give the Flame fore-running Thunder birth.
But, there, for waſted clouds he ſought in vain,
To ſhade, or cool the ſcorched Earth with rain.
He thunders, and with hands that cannot erre,
Hurles lightning at th' audacious Charioteer:
Him ſtruck he from his ſeat, breath from his breaſt,
Both at one blow, and flames with flames ſuppreſt.
The frighted Horſes, plunging ſeveral waies,
Break all their tires: to whom the Bit obeys?
The reins, torn beams, crackt ſpokes, diſpers'd abroad,
Scorch'd Heav'n was with the Chariot's ruins ſtrow'd.
But, ſoul-leſs *Phaeton* with blazing hair,
Shot head-long through a long deſcent of Air;
As when a falling Star glides through the Sky,
Or ſeems to fall to the deceived eye.
Whom great *Eridanus* (far from his place
Of birth) receiv'd and quench'd his flagrant face:
Whoſe Nymphs interr'd him in his Mother's womb;
And fixe this Epitaph upon his Tomb:

Here *Phaeton* lies; who though he could not guide
His Father's Steeds, in high attempts he di'd.
Phœbus with grief withdrew. One day did run
330 About the World, they ſay, without the Sun,
Which flamy funerals illuminate:
That good, derived from a wretched Fate.
When *Clymene* had ſaid what could be ſaid
In ſuch a grief, half-mad, in black array'd,
335 She fills the Earth, ſhe wanders through with groans,
Firſt ſeeking his dead Corps, and then his Bones.
Interr'd in Foreign Lands ſhe found the laſt:
Her feeble Limbs upon the place ſhe caſt,
And bath'd his name in tears, and ſtrictly preſt
The carved Marble with her bared breaſt.
340 Nor leſs th' *Heliades* lament; who ſhed
From drowned Eyes, vain offerings to the dead:
Who with remorſeleſs hands their boſoms tear,
And wailing, call on him that cannot hear.
With joined horns four Moons their Orbs had fill'd,
345 Since they their cuſtomary plaints upheld:
When *Phaethuſa*, thinking to have caſt
Her ſelf on Earth, cry'd ah! My feet ſtick faſt:
Lampetie, preſſing to her Siſters aid,
As ſuddenly with fixed roots was ſtaid.
350 A third, about t' have torn her ſcatter'd hair,
Tore off the leaves which on her crown ſhe bare.
This grieveth at her ſtiff and ſenſeleſs thighs:
She, that her ſtretcht-out arms in branches riſe.
And whilſt with wonder they themſelves behold,
The creeping Bark their tender parts infold;
Then, by degrees, their Bellies, Breaſts, and all,
355 Except their Mouths, which on their Mother call.
What ſhould ſhe do? But run to that, to this,
As fury drave, and ſnatch'd a parting kiſs?
But yet not ſo ſatisfi'd, ſhe ſtrove to take
[illegible] and down the branches brake:
360 From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did glide.
O pity, Mother! (ſtill the wounded cry'd)
Nor tear us in our Trees! O! now adieu!
With that, the [illegible] their laſt complaints [illegible]
From thence [illegible]
365 They harden [illegible] Amber [illegible]
Which, on the [illegible] ſpent,
To *Roman* Ladies, [illegible]

Sthenelian Cygnus at that time was there,
A kin to *Phaeton*; in love, more near.
He, leaving State (who in *Liguria* reign'd,
370 Which Cities great and populous contain'd)
Fill'd with complaints the River-chiding flouds,
The ſedgy banks, and late augmented Woods,
At length, his voice grew ſmall: White plume contends
In whiteneſs with his hair: His neck aſcends,
375 Red films unite his toes: Arms turn to wings:
His Mouth, a flat blunt bill, that ſadly ſings,
Becomes a Swan, remembring how unjuſt
Jove's Lightning was, nor Heaven, nor him will truſt.
Whom Lakes and Ponds (deteſting fire) delight;
380 And Flouds, to Flames in nature oppoſite.
The woeful Father to dead *Phaeton*,
Himſelf neglecting (all his luſtre gone,
As when eclipſt) day, light, his own life hates;
And loved grief, with anger, aggravates;
385 Refuſing to illuminate the Earth.
Enough, too much, my toil! born with the birth
Of Time; (as reſtleſs;) without end, regard,
Or honour: Recompenſ'd with this reward:
Some other now may on my Chariot ſit.
If all of you confeſs your ſelves unfit;
390 Let *Jove* aſcend: That he (when he ſhall try)
At length may lay his murther-thundring by.
Then will he find, that he, who could not guide
Thoſe fire-hooft Steeds, deſerv'd not to have di'd.
The Gods ſtand round about him, and requeſt
395 That endleſs night might not the World inveſt:
Even *Jove* excus'd his lightning, and intreats:
Which, like a King, he intermixt with threats.
Diſpleaſed *Phœbus*, hardly reconcil'd,
Takes up his Steeds: As yet with horrour wild:
On whom he vents his ſpleen: And, though they run,
400 He laſhes, and upbraids them with his Son.
The thunderer then walks the ample Round
Of Heavens high walls, to ſearch if all were ſound:
When finding nothing there by fire decay'd;
He Earth, and humane induſtries ſurvey'd.
Arcadia chiefly exercis'd his cares;
405 There Springs and Streams, that durſt not run, repairs;
The Fields with Graſs, the Trees with Leaves indues,
And withered Woods with vaniſht ſhades renews.

Oft paſſing to and fro, a *Nonacrine*
410 The God inflam'd; her beauty, more divine!
'Twas not her Art to ſpin, nor with much care
And fine variety to trick her hair;
But, with a *Zone* her looſer garments bound,
And her rude treſſes in a fillet wound:
Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bow:
415 A Squire of *Phœbe's*. *Mænalus* did know
None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng:
But, Favourites in Favour laſt not long.
The parted Day in equal ballance held,
A Wood ſhe enter'd, as yet never fell'd.
There from her ſhoulder ſhe her Quiver takes,
Unbends her bow; and, tir'd with hunting, makes
420 The flow'ry mantled Earth her happy bed;
And on her painted Quiver lays her head.
When *Jove* the Nymph without a guard did ſee
In ſuch a poſture; This ſtealth, ſaid he,
My Wife ſhall never know: or, ſay, ſhe did;
425 Who, ah, who would not for her ſuch be chid?
Diana's ſhape and habit then indu'd,
He ſaid, My Huntreſs, where haſt thou purſu'd
This Morning's Chaſe? She riſing, made reply;
Hail Pow'r more great than *Jove* (though *Jove* ſtood by)
In my eſteem——— He ſmil'd; and gladly heard
430 Himſelf, by Her, before himſelf preferr'd;
And kiſt. His kiſſes too intemperate grow;
Not ſuch as Maids on Maidens do beſtow.
His ſtrict imbracements her narration ſtay'd,
And, by his crime, his own deceit betray'd.
435 She did what Woman could to force his Fate:
(Would *Juno* ſaw't, it would her ſpleen abate)
Although as much as Woman could ſhe ſtrove;
What Woman, or who can contend with *Jove*?
The Victor mounts to the ætherial State.
The Woods as guilty of her wrong ſhe hates;
Almoſt forgetting from thence to bring
440 Her Quiver, and the [illegible]
High *Mænalus* [illegible]
Now chaſte [illegible]
Beheld, and call'd her [illegible]
And in her [illegible]
445 But when ſhe ſaw th[illegible]
She troupt amongſt them, [illegible]

Ah, how our faults are in our faces read!
VVith eyes ſcarce ever rais'd ſhe hangs the Head:
Nor perks ſhe now as ſhe was wont to do,
By *Cynthia's* ſide, nor leads the ſtarry crue.
Though mute ſhe be, her violated ſhame
Self-guilty bluſhes ſilently proclaim.
But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid
Had ſoon eſpi'd, they ſay, her ſlie Nymphs did.
Nine Creſcents now had made their Orbs compleat;
VVhen, faint with labour, and her brother's heat,
She takes the ſhades; cloſe by the murmuring
And ſilver current of a fruitful Spring.
The place much prais'd, the ſtream as cool as clear
Her fair feet glads. No Spies, ſaid ſhe, be here:
Here will we our diſ-robed bodies dip.
Caliſto bluſh'd: the reſt their fair limbs ſtrip.
And her perforce uncloath'd that ſought delaies;
VVho, with her body, her offence diſplaies.
They all abaſht, yet loth to have it ſpi'd,
Striving her belly with their hands to hide;
Avant, ſaid *Cynthia*, get thee from our train;
Nor, with thy limbs, this ſacred Fountain ſtain.
This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;
VVhoſe thoughts, to fitter times, revenge defer:
Nor long delaies; for, *Arcas* (which more ſcorn
And grief provok'd) was of the Lady born.
Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;
Muſt thou be fruitful too, to blaze my ſhame,
And propagate the wrong? And muſt he be
A living infamy to *Jove* and me?
I'le not indure't: That ſo ſelf-pleaſing ſhape,
VVhich drew my Huſband to thy willing Rape,
I ſure ſhall ſpoil. This ſaid, her Hair ſhe wound
About her hand, and dragg'd her on the ground.
Her hands, for pity heav'd (ſo ſmooth, ſo fair!)
Grew forthwith rough, and horrid with black hair,
Her dainty hands (which ſwift deformity
Converts to paws) the place of feet ſupply.
The mouth, ſo prais'd by *Jove*, (that late to ſin
Entic'd a God) now horribly doth grin.
And, leſt ſhe might too powerfully beſeech,
She inſtantly bereft her of her ſpeech:
In ſtead whereof, a noiſe aſcends her Hoarſe
And rumbling throat, which terrour doth inforce;

Although a Bear, her mind ſhe ſtill poſſeſs'd,
And with continual groans her grief expreſt;
With paws ſtretcht up to heaven, accus'd her fate:
And whom ſhe could not call, ſhe thought ingrate.
How oft afraid to keep the Woods alone,
490 Sought ſhe the houſe and fields that were her own!
How often, chaſed by the following cry,
Th' affrighted Huntreſs from her Hounds did fly!
Oft ſhe (the Woods wild forms eſpi'd)
Forgetting what ſhe was, herſelf would hide:
A Bear; yet trembles at the ſight of Bears;
495 And Wolves (her Father then amongſt them) fears.
VVhen (lo!) *Lycaon's* Grand-child thither drew,
Thrice five years old, nor of his Mother knew;
VVhile he purſues the chaſe and ſalvage ſpoils,
(The *Erymanthian* VVoods begirt with toils)
500 Her he encounters. *Arcas* ſeen, ſhe ſtaid,
And would have ta'ne acquaintance. He, afraid,
Stared upon her with a conſtant eye;
And backward ſtept, as ſhe approached nigh,
About to wound her undefended breaſt;
505 The King of Gods, who did the fact deteſt,
VVith them, the crime withdrew, and both convey'd
To heaven: now neighbouring Conſtellations made.
Saturnia ſwell'd to ſee her Rival ſhine
Amongſt the Stars. She ſtoopt to *Neptune's* brine;
510 Gray *Tethys* and the old *Oceanus*
(Graced by the Deities) accoſting thus:
Ask you, why I, the Queen of Gods, am come
From bleſt abodes? another holds my room.
VVhen Night's black Mantle ſhall the VVorld infold;
515 My wounds (thoſe honour'd Stars) you may behold;
There where the ſhorteſt Circle at the end
Of all the turning Axletree doth bend.
VVho would not injure the VVife of *Jove*,
VVhen our worſt puniſhments preferments prove?
520 How great our Acts! how [illegible] our [illegible] diſplai'd!
Unform'd a VVoman, and a Goddeſs made.
Thus we the guilty ſcourge! Thus [illegible]
Revenge advance [illegible]
Let him unbeaſt her [illegible]
Phoronis) and her [illegible]
525 VVhy doth he [illegible]
Rejecting me, and place her in [illegible]

But, you who once my careful Nurſes were,
If my indignities do touch you near,
Command you that the ſeven *Triones* keep
Their lazie VVain out of your ſacred Deep.
From thence, thoſe ſtars, the price of whoredom, drive;
530 Nor let th'impure in your pure Surges dive.
They both aſſent. Her Peacocks to the Skies
Their Goddeſs draw; late ſtuck with *Argus* eyes.
Thou too, thou prating Raven, turn'd as late
From white to black, by well-deſerved Fate.
535 (The ſpotleſs ſilver Dove was not more white,
Nor Swans which in the running brooks delight;
Nor yet that vigilant Fowl, whoſe gagling ſhall
Hereafter free th'attempted Capitol)
Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee undo:
540 And what was white, is now of ſable hue.
The Palm, *Coronis* of *Lariſſa* bare
From all th' *Æmonian* Dames for matchleſs fair:
VVho dearly, *Delphian*, was belov'd by thee;
As long as chaſt, as from deteċtion free.
But, *Phœbus* Bird her ſcapes did ſoon deſcry:
545 Nor could they charm th' inexorable Spy:
VVhom, flying to his Lord, the Crow purſues
(As talkative as he) to know the news;
And, knowing, ſaid: Thy ſelf thou doſt ingage:
By thankleſs ſervice, ſlight not my preſage.
550 Know what I was and am: through all my time
My actions ſift: thou'lt find my faith my crime.
For *Pallas*, on a day, in cheſt compos'd
Of *Attick* Oſiers, privately incloſ'd
Her *Erichthonius* (whom no VVoman bare)
Committed to the cuſtody and care
Of three fair Virgin-Nymphs, that Daughters were
555 To prudent *Cecrops*, who two ſhapes did bear;
Nor told what it contain'd; but charg'd that they
Her ſecrets ſhould not to themſelves betray.
Theſe from an Elme (un-eſpi'd) I eſpy:
Fair *Herſe* and *Pandroſa* faithfully
560 Perform their charge. *Aglauros* them did call
Her fearful ſiſters, and untyes withal
The wicker Cabinet; whoſe twigs contain
An infant, raiſed on a Dragon's train.
This, I my Goddeſs told; and, for reward,
Am now caſhiered from *Minerva*'s Guard.

The

565 The Bird of Night prefer'd. Beware by me:
Not too officiously tell all you see.
Truth is, I never to that place aspir'd;
She gave it me, unsought to, undesir'd:
Were *Pallas* askt, though angry, yet know I
570 That angry *Pallas* would not this denie.
Me had King *Coroneus*, great in fame,
Through happy *Phocis*, by a Royal Dame.
Rich suiters I (despise me not) had store;
My beauty wreckt me. Walking on the Shoar,
As leisurely as now I use to go,
575 Cold *Neptune* saw me, and with lust did glow.
The time, his pray'rs and praises spent in vain,
What would not yield, he offers to constrain,
And follows me that fled. The harder Strand
Behind me left, and tir'd with yielding Sand,
To Gods and Men I cry. No humane aid
580 Was then at hand: a Maid relieves a Maid.
For, as to heaven my trembling arms I threw,
My arms cole-black with hovering feathers grew.
My robe I from my shoulders thought to throw;
But, that was plume, and to my skin did grow.
585 With hands to beat my naked breast I try;
But, neither breast to beat, nor hands had I.
Running, in sand I sunk not as before;
But, me the scarce-touch'd Earth, unburthen'd bore.
Forthwith, I lightly through the Air ascend,
590 And on *Minerva* without blame attend.
But, what was this, when she, whose wicked deeds
Unwoman'd her, now is [illegible]?
For, know (no more then through all *Lesbos* spred)
Nyctimene defil'd her Fathers bed.
595 Though now a bird, yet, full of guilt, the light,
The Day, she shuns; and masks her shame in Night;
Abhorr'd of all our winged [illegible]
And, with [illegible] through the Air.
To her the Raven [illegible]
For staying [illegible]
600 [illegible] out
Of late *Coronis* and [illegible]
The Harp drops from [illegible] his head
The Laurel [illegible]
Struck [illegible]
And [illegible]

That breaſt, which he ſo oft to his had join'd:
She ſhrieks; and from the deadly wound doth wind
The biting ſteel, purſu'd with ſtreams of bloud,
That bath'd her pure white in a crimſon floud:
And ſaid; Though this be due, yet *Phœbus*, I,
Might firſt have teem'd: Now, two in one muſt die.
She faints: Forc'd life in her blou'd's torrent ſwims:
And ſtiffning cold benums her ſenſeleſs Limbs.
His cruelty to her he lov'd, too late,
He now repenteth, and himſelf doth hate,
Who lent an ear, whom rage could ſo incenſe:
He hates his bird, by whom he knew th' offence;
He hates his Art, his Quiver, and his Bow;
Then takes her up, and all his skill doth ſhow.
But (ah!) to late to vanquiſh Fate he tries.
And Surgery, without ſucceſs, applies.
Which when he ſaw, and ſaw the funeral pile
Prepared to devour ſo dear a ſpoil;
He deeply groans (for no celeſtial eye
May ſhed a tear) as when a Cow ſtands by
And lows aloud to ſee th' advanced maul
Upon the forehead of her ſuckling fall.
And now un-car'd for odours pour'd upon her;
And undue death with all due rites doth honour.
But, *Phœbus*, not induring that his ſeed,
(And that by her) the greedy Fire ſhould feed,
Snatcht it both from her womb, and from the flame;
And to the two-ſhap'd *Chiron* brought the ſame.
The white-plum'd Raven, who reward expects,
He turns to black; and for his truth rejects.
It pleas'd the Half horſe to be ſo employ'd;
Who in his honourable trouble joy'd.
Behold! the *Centaur's* daughter with red hair,
Whom formerly the Nymph *Cariclo* bare
By the ſwift River, and *Ocyroe* nam'd;
Who had her Father's healthful Art diſclaim'd,
To ſing the depth of Fates: Now, when her breaſt
Was by the propheſying rage poſſeſt,
And that th' included God inflam'd her mind;
Beholding of the Babe, ſhe thus divin'd:
Health-giver to the world, grow, Infant, grow;
To whom mortality ſo much ſhall owe.
Fled Souls thou ſhalt reſtore to their abodes:
And once againſt the pleaſure of the Gods.

To do the like, thy Grandſires flames deny;
And thou, begotten by a God, muſt die.
Thou, of a bloudleſs corps, a God ſhalt be
650 And Nature twice ſhall be renew'd in thee.
And you, dear Father, not a Mortal now,
To whom the Fates eternity allow,
Shall wiſh to die, then when your wound ſhall ſmart
With Serpents bloud, and flight your helpleſs Art.
Relenting Fates will pity you with death,
655 Againſt their Law, and ſtop your groaning breath.
Not all yet ſaid, her ſighs in ſtorms ariſe;
And ill-aboding tears burſt from her eyes.
Then, thus: My Fates prevent me: Lo, they tie
My falt'ring tongue, and farther ſpeech deny.
660 Alas! Theſe arts not of that value be,
That they ſhould draw the wrath of Heaven on me:
O, rather would I nothing had fore-known!
My looks ſeem now not human, nor my own.
I long to feed on Graſs, I long to run
About the ſpacious fields; Wo's me, undone!
Into a Mare (my kindreds ſhape) I grow:
665 Yet why throughout? My Father but half ſo.
The end of her complaint you ſcarce could hear
To underſtand: Her words confuſed were.
Forthwith, nor words, nor neighings, ſhe expreſt:
Her voice yet more inclining to the beaſt.
Then neigh'd outright; within a little ſpace,
670 Her down-thruſt arms upon the Meadow pace.
Her fingers join: One hoof five nails unite;
Her head and neck inlarge; not now upright:
Her trailing garment to a train extends;
Her dangling hair upon her creſt deſcends;
675 Her voice and ſhape at once transform'd became,
And to it ſelf the Monſter gives a name.
Old *Chiron* weeps; and *Phœbus* vainly cries
On thee to change the changeleſs Deſtinies:
Admit thou could'ſt? Thee, from the Iſle expell'd,
680 Then *Elis*, and *Meſſenian* paſtures held.
This was the time when, cloath'd in Shepheards weeds,
Thou plaid'ſt upon thy [illegible] Reeds:
Whil'ſt thee thy Pipe delights, whil'ſt thoughts of Love
685 Thy Soul poſſeſs, [illegible] ſtrays;
Thy Oxen in the fields of *Pylos* [illegible]
Obſerv'd by the crafty ſon of *Maia*.

Forthwith he ſecretly conveys them thence,
In untrackt Woods concealing his offence.
None ſaw but *Battus*, in that Country bred;
690 Who wealthy *Neleus* famous horſes fed,
Him only he miſdoubts: Then, (ta'ne apart)
Stranger, ſaid *Mercury*, whare're thou art;
If any for his Herd by chance enquire,
Conceal thy knowledge: And receive, for hire,
695 This white-hair'd Cow. He took her and repli'd,
Be ſafe; thy theft ſhall ſooner be deſcri'd
By yonder ſtone, than me, and ſhew'd a ſtone.
Jove's ſon departs, and ſtraight returns unknown
(A ſeeming Clown in form and voice) who ſaid:
700 Saw'ſt thou no Cattel through theſe fields convey'd?
Deteſt the theft; in their recovery join;
And, lo, this Heifer, with her Bull is thine.
He (the reward redoubl'd) anſwer'd, there
Beneath thoſe Hills, beneath thoſe Hills they were.
705 Then, *Hermes*, laughing loud; What knave, I ſay,
Me to my ſelf, me to my ſelf betray?
Then, to a touch-ſtone turn'd his perjur'd breaſt;
Whoſe nature now is in that name expreſt.
Hence he, who bears the Caduceus, ſprings
Through boundleſs air; and views, from ſtretcht-out (wings.
710 *Munychian* fields, *Minerva*'s loved ſoil,
Lycæum, exercis'd with learned toil.
By chance, upon that day it did befall,
When to her Fane, prepar'd for feſtival,
In crowned Baskets on their ſhining hair,
The Virgin-train her ſacrifices bare,
715 Returning; thoſe the winged [illegible] view;
Who not forth-right, but in a [illegible]
As when a greedy Kite freſh [illegible]
Fearing to ſtoop for thoſe that [illegible]
Strikes Circles through the Air [illegible] removes;
But, with fixt eyes reverts to [illegible] loves:
720 So ſwift *Cyllenius* o're the *Attick* tow'rs,
In airy windings, circularly ſcowres.
As *Lucifer* out-ſhines each other Star,
As ſilver *Phœbe*, *Lucifer*: So far
725 Did *Herſe* all the other Virgins ſtain,
The glory of that pomp, and of her train.
Love ſtruck, he burns as in the Air he hung.
A bullet by *Bellarian* Slinger-flung,

Increaſeth ſo in fervour as it flies;
730 And finds the fire it had not, in the skies.
From Heaven, he ſtoops to more affected Earth:
Not now diſguis'd like one of human birth;
Such confidence his beauteous parts impart;
Which though divine, he ſtrives to grace by art.
735 He curls his hair, his mantle wrought with gold,
He in the moſt becoming garb doth fold;
And his fine feet adorns: Then, in his hand
Takes his ſleep-cauſing and expelling wand.
Three rooms there were within the fair conteſt
Of *Cecrop*'s houſe, with Ivory arches deckt.
740 *Pandroſa* and *Aglauros* on each ſide
Of *Herſe* lay; *Aglauros* firſt eſpy'd
The ſly-approaching *Mercury*; his name
She boldly asks, and why he thither came.
To whom, *Pleiones* nephew, [illegible]
745 Who on *Jove's* errands (*Jove* my Father) fly,
And to be plain, to [illegible]
And be an Aunt [illegible] love,
Thy ſiſter's [illegible]
I pray thee [illegible]
She fix'd [illegible]
750 [illegible] when ſhe on [illegible]
Who asks a [illegible] treaſure for [illegible]
And till 'twere paid, conſtrain'd him to retire.
Wars angry Goddeſs caſt on her a look
That darted fire; and [illegible] ſigh which ſhook
755 Her boſom [illegible] which ſhe wore;
[illegible] not long afore
[illegible] diſcover
[illegible] without a Mother;
[illegible] the God ingrate;
760 [illegible] her ſeate,
[illegible] could [illegible]
[illegible] deep deſcent;
[illegible] never ſhows
[illegible] never blows;
[illegible] cold;
765 [illegible] infold,
[illegible]
[illegible] before the houſe (for [illegible] frame,
She might not enter) and the dark door ſtroke
With her bright lance; which [illegible] in ſunder broke;
There

There ſaw ſhe *Envy* lapping Vipers bloud;
And feeding on their fleſh, but vices food;
And, having ſeen her, turn'd away her eyes.
The Caitiff ſlowly from the ground doth riſe
(Her half-devoured Serpent's laid aſide)
And forward creepeth with a lazy ſtride.
Viewing her form ſo fair, her arms ſo bright;
She groan'd and ſigh'd at ſuch a chearful ſight.
Her body more than meager; pale her hue;
Her teeth all ruſty: Still ſhe looks aſkue;
Her breaſt with gall, her tongue with poiſon ſwell'd:
She only laught when ſhe ſad ſights beheld.
Her ever waking cares exil'd ſoft ſleep:
Who looks on good ſucceſs with eyes that weep;
Repining, pines: Who, wounding others bleeds:
And on her ſelf revengeth her miſdeeds.
Although *Tritonia* did the Hag deteſt;
Yet briefly thus her pleaſure ſhe expreſt:
Aglauros one of the *Cecropides*,
Do thou infect with thy accurſt diſeaſe.
This ſaid; the haſty Goddeſs doth advance
Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.
Envy caſt after her a wicked eye,
Mutters, and could for very ſorrow die,
That ſuch her power: A ſhaggy ſtaff then took,
Wreathed with thorns; and her dark Cave forſook:
Wrapt in black Clouds, which way ſo-e're ſhe turns,
The Corn ſhe lodges, flow'ry paſtures burns,
Crops what grows high; Towns, Nations, with her breath
Pollutes; and Virtue perſecutes to death.
When ſhe the fair *Athenian* tow'rs beheld,
Which ſo in wealth, in learned Arts, excell'd,
And feaſtful Peace; to cry ſhe ſcarce forbears,
In that ſhe ſaw no argument for tears.
When ſhe *Aglauros* lodging entred had,
She gladly executes what *Pallas* bade:
Her canker'd hand upon her breaſt ſhe laid,
And crooked thorns into her heart convey'd,
And breath'd in baneful poiſon, which ſhe ſheds
Into her bones, and through her ſpirits ſpreads.
And that her envy might not want a cauſe;
The God in his divineſt form ſhe draws,
And with it, ſets before her wounded eyes
Her happy Siſter and their nuptial joys,

Augmenting all. These ſecret woes excite,
And gnaw her ſoul. She ſighs all day, and night;
And with a ſlow infection melts away,
Like Ice before the Sun's uncertain ray.
810 Fair *Herſe's* happy ſtate ſuch heart-burn breeds
In her black boſom, as when ſpiny weeds
Are ſet on fire; which without flame conſume,
And ſeem (ſo ſmall their heat) to burn with fume.
Oft ſhe reſolves to die, ſuch ſights to ſhun:
Oft, by diſcloſing, to have both undone.
815 Now ſits ſhe on the threſhold to prevent
The Gods acceſs; who with ſoft blandiſhment,
And his beſt Art perſwades. Quoth ſhe, forbear,
I cannot be remov'd if you ſtay here.
I to this bargain he replied will ſtand.
820 The figured door then forces with his wand.
Striving to riſe, to ſecond her deceit,
Her hips could not remove, preſt with dull weight.
Again ſhe ſtruggl'd to have ſtood on end;
But, thoſe unſupple joints would not bend.
Incroaching cold now enters at her nails;
825 And lack of blood her veins blue branches pales.
And as a Canker, ſlighting helpleſs Art,
Creeps from th' infected to the ſounder part;
So by degrees the winter of cold death
Congeals the ſeats of life, and ſtops her breath:
830 Nor ſtrove ſhe, had ſhe ſtrove, to make her moan,
Voice had no way; her neck and face now ſtone.
There ſhe a bloodleſs Statue ſat, all [illegible];
Her ſpotted mind the Marble did infect.
When *Atlantiades* on her profane
Of tongue and heart, this ſharp revenge had ta'ne;
835 He from the City, nam'd by *Pallas*, flew
On mounting wings, and to heaven withdrew.
With whom, *Jove* thus (his love concealing) joins:
Thou, faithful miniſter to my deſigns,
Shoot ſwiftly through the Air unto that Land,
840 Whoſe borders Northward of thy Mother ſtand,
Which thoſe inhabitants [illegible]
Behold yon royal Herd, conduct [illegible]
From not far diſtant Mountains [illegible]
This he diſpatcht, with [illegible]
845 A humble [illegible] Maid,
Accompanied with *Tyrian* Virgins, plaid.

Love and high Majeſty agree not well;
Nor will together in one boſom dwell.
That Pow'r, from whom, what e're hath being, ſprings;
That King of Gods, who three-fork'd lightnings flings;
850 VVhoſe nod the VVorld's unfixt foundation ſhakes,
The figure of a ſenſual Bull now takes;
And, lowing walks upon the tender graſs
Amongſt the Herd; though he their form ſurpaſs.
His colour whiter than untrodden Snow,
Before ſtill moiſt and thawing *Auſter* blow.
855 The fleſh, in ſwelling rolls adorns his neck:
His broad-ſpred breaſt, long dangling dew-laps deck.
His horns though ſmall, yet ſuch as Art invite
To imitate, than ſhining gems more bright:
His eyes no wrath, his brows no terrour threat;
His whole aſpect with ſhining peace repleat.
The beaſt, *Agenor*'s daughter doth admire,
86 So wondrous beautiful, ſo void of ire.
Though ſuch, at firſt ſhe his approach did dread,
Yet forthwith toucht; and then with flowers him fed.
The Lover joys: till he his hopes might feaſt.
He kiſt her hands; ah, ſcarce defers the reſt!
865 Now, on the ſpringing graſs, he friſks and plays:
His ſides now on the golden ſands he lays.
Her fear ſubdu'ed, ſhe ſtrokes his profer'd breaſt:
Her Virgin-hands his horns with garlands dreſt.
The royal Maid, who now no courage lackt,
870 Aſcends the Bull, not knowing whom ſhe backt.
He, to the Sea approaching, by degrees
Firſt dips therein his hoofs, anon his knees:
Then, ruſhing forward, bears away the prize.
She ſhrieks, and to the ſhoar reverts her eyes:
875 One hand his horn, the other held behind:
Her lighter garments ſwelling with the wind.

OVID's

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arm'd troops from Dragons teeth sown Earth arise.
By his own Hounds the Hart Actæon dies.
Juno a Beldame. Semele doth fry
In wisht imbracements. Bacchus from Jove's thigh
Takes second birth. The wise Tiresias twice
Doth change his Sex. Scorn'd Echo pines t' a voice:
Self-loving Narcissus to a Daffodil.
Bacchus a Boy. The Tyrrhenes like Ravens still,
With [illegible], Strange shapes the Sailors fright;
Who Dolphins turn, and swim in their delight.

AND now the God, arriving with his Rape,
At Dictes Cave, assum'd his heavenly shape.
The King, his Son to seek his Daughter sent,
Foredoomed to perpetual banishment,
Except his fortune to find her succeed:
How pious, and how impious in one deed! (quire?)
Earth wandred through (Jove's thefts who can ex-
He shuns his Country, and his Father's ire!
With Phœbus Oracle consults to know
What Land the Fates intended to bestow.
Who, thus: In desart fields shall meet a Cow,
Yet never yok'd, nor servile to the Plow;
Follow her slow conduct, and where she shall
Repose, there build; the place Bœotia call.

Scarce *Cadmus* from *Caſtalian* Cave deſcended,
When he an Heifer ſaw, by no man tended,
Her neck ungall'd with groaning ſervitude,
The God ador'd, he foot by foot purſu'd.
Cephiſus floud, and *Panope* now paſt,
She made a ſtand; to heaven her forehead caſt,
With lofty horns moſt exquiſitely fair;
Then, with repeated lowings fill'd the air:
Looks back upon the company ſhe led;
And, kneeling makes the tender graſs her bed.
Thankſgiving *Cadmus* kiſt the unknown ground;
The ſtranger fields and hills ſaluting round.
About to ſacrifice to heav'ns high King,
He ſends for Water from the living Spring.
A Wood there was, which never Axe did hew;
In it a Cave, where Reeds and Oſiers grew,
Rooft with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;
With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.
The lurking Snake of *Mars* this hold poſſeſt;
Bright ſcal'd, and ſhining with a golden creſt;
His bulk with poiſon ſwoln; fire-red his eyes:
Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth compriſe.
This fatal Well th' unlucky *Tyrians* found;
Who with their down-let pitchers rais'd a ſound.
With that, the Serpent his blue head extends;
And ſuffering air with horrid hiſſes rends.
The water from them fell; their colour fled:
Who all aſtoniſht, ſhook with ſudden dread.
He wreaths his ſcaly folds into an heap;
And fetcht a compaſs with a mighty leap:
Then bolt-upright his monſtrous length diſplays
More than half way, and all the Wood ſurveys.
Whoſe body, when all ſeen, no leſs appears,
Than that which parts the two celeſtial Bears.
Whether the *Tyrians* ſought to fight, or fly;
Or whether they, through fear could neither try,
Some cruſht he 'twixt his jaws, ſome claſpt to death,
Some kills with poiſon, others with his breath.
And now the Sun the ſhorteſt ſhadows made,
Then *Cadmus*, wondring why his ſervants ſtaid,
Their foot-ſteps trac'd. An hide the Hero wore,
Which late he from a ſlaughtered Lion tore:
His Arms a dart, a bright ſteel-pointed Spear,
And ſuch a mind as could not ſtoop to fear.

When

55 When he the Wood had entred, and there view'd
The bodies of the ſlain with bloud imbru'd,
Th' inſulting Victor quenching his dire thirſt
And their ſuckt wounds; he ſigh'd, as heart would burſt:
Then ſaid, I will revenge, O faithful Mates,
Your murthers, or accompany your Fates.
With that he lifted up a mighty ſtone,
60 Which with a more than manly force was thrown.
What would have batter'd down the ſtrongeſt wall,
And ſhiv'red tow'rs, doth give no wound at all.
The hardneſs of his skin, and ſcales that grow
Upon his armed back, repulſe the blow.
65 And yet that ſtrong defence could not ſo well
The vigour of his thrilling Dart repel;
Which through his winding back a paſſage rends,
There ſticks: the ſteel into his guts deſcends:
Rabid with anguiſh, he retorts his look
Upon the wound; and then the Javelin took
70 Between his teeth; it every way doth wind:
At length, tugg'd out, yet leaves the head behind,
His rage increaſt with his augmenting pains:
And his thick panting throat ſwells with full veins.
A cold white froth ſurrounds his pois'nous jaws:
75 On thundring Earth his rattling ſcales he draws:
Who from his black and *Stygian* maw ejects
A blaſting breath, which all the Air infects.
His body now he circularly bends;
Forthwith [illegible] a monſtrous length extends:
Then ruſheth on like ſhow'r-incenſed Floods;
80 And with his breaſt o're-bears the obvious Woods.
The Prince gave way; who with the Lion's ſpoil
Suſtain'd th' aſſault, and forc'd a quick recoil,
His Lance fixt in his jaws. Which could not feel,
He madly wounds, and bites the biting ſteel.
85 Th' invenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,
Converts the graſs into a ghaſtly red:
Yet, ſlights the hurt; and from the ſtroke withdrew;
And ſo, by yielding, did the force ſubdue.
Till *Agenorides* the ſteel [illegible]
In his wide throat, and with his thruſt purſu'd:
Until an Oak his back-retreat withſtood:
90 There, he his neck [illegible] with it, the Wood.
The tree bends with a burthen ſo unknown,
And, laſhed by the Serpent's tail, doth groan.

While he ſurvey'd the greatneſs of his foe,
95 This voice he heard (from whence he did not know)
Why is that Serpent ſo admir'd by thee?
Agenor's Son a Serpent thou ſhalt be.
He ſpeechleſs grew; pale fear repell'd his bloud;
100 And now uncurled hair like briſtles ſtood.
Behold! Man's Fautreſs, *Pallas* (from the sky
Deſcending to his needful aid) ſtood by:
Who bad him in the turn'd up furrows throw
The Serpents teeth; that future men might grow.
He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth:
105 And therein ſow'd the ſeed of human birth.
Lo (paſt belief!) the Clods begin to move:
And tops of Lances firſt appear'd above:
The Helmets nodding with their plumed Creſt;
Forthwith, refulgent Pouldrons, plated breaſts;
Hands with offenſive weapons charg'd, iſſue:
110 And Target-bearing troups of Men up-grew,
So in our Theater's ſolemnities,
When they the Arras raiſe, the Figures riſe:
Afore the reſt, their faces firſt appear;
By little and by little then they rear
Their bodies, with a meaſure-keeping hand,
Until their feet upon the Border ſtand.
115 Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the ſight
Of ſuch an Hoſt; addreſt him to the fight.
Forbear, (a new born Souldier cri'd) t' ingage
Thy better fortune in our civil rage!
With that, he on his Earth-bred Brother flew:
At whom a deadly dart another threw.
120 Nor he that kill'd him, long ſurvives his death;
But through wide wounds expires his infant breath.
Slaughter, with equal fury, runs through all:
And by uncivil civil blows they fall.
The new-ſprung Youth, who hardly life poſſeſt,
125 Now panting, kick their Mothers bloudy breaſt.
But five ſurviv'd: Of whom *Echion* one;
His arms to Earth by *Pallas* counſel thrown,
He craves the love he offers. All accord
As Brothers ſhould: And what they take afford.
Sidonian Cadmus theſe aſſiſt to build
130 His lofty walls; the Oracle fulfill'd.
Now flouriſht *Thebes*: Now did thy exile prove
In ſhew a Bleſſing; thoſe that rule in love

And war, thy Nuptials with their Daughters grace:
By ſuch a Wife to have ſo fair a race;
So many Sons and Daughters, Nephews too
(The pledges of their peaceful beds) inſue;
And they now grown to excellence and power,
But, Man muſt cenſur'd be by his laſt hour:
Whom truely we can never happy call,
Afore his death, and cloſing Funeral.
In this thy every way ſo proſperous ſtate,
Thy firſt miſ-hap ſprung from thy Nephew's fate:
Whoſe brows unnatural branches ill adorn;
By his ungrateful Dogs in pieces torn.
Yet fortune did offend in him, not he:
For, what offence may in an errour be?
With purple bloud, ſlain Deer the hills imbrue;
And now high noon the ſhades of things withdrew;
While Eaſt and Weſt the equal Sun partake:
Thus, then *Hyantius* to his Partners ſpake,
That trod the Mazes of the pathleſs Wood:
My Friends, our nets and javelins reek with bloud:
Enough hath been the fortune of this day;
To morrow, when *Aurora* ſhall diſplay
Her roſie cheeks, we may our ſports renew.
Now, *Phœbus*, with inflaming eye doth view
The cranied Earth: here let our labour end:
Take up your toils. They gladly condeſcend.
A Vale there was with Pines and Cypreſs crown'd,
Gargaphie call'd; for *Diana's* [illegible] renown'd.
A ſhady Cave [illegible] the inward part,
Not wrought by hands; There Nature witty Art
Did counterfeit: A native Arch ſhe drew,
With Pumice and light [illegible] grew.
A bubling Spring, with ſtreams as clear as Glaſs,
[illegible] with matted Graſs.
[illegible] uſually here laves
Her Virgin limbs more pure than thoſe pure waves.
[illegible] her Javelin, and her Quiver;
[illegible] to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliver;
[illegible] her held;
Her buskins [illegible]
Iſmenian Crocale [illegible]
[illegible] unbound;
Nephele, [illegible]
[illegible] and *Phiale* the Lavers fill.

While here *Titania* bath'd, (as was her guiſe)
Lo *Cadmus* Nephew, tir'd with exerciſe,
And wandring through the Woods, approach'd this Grove
With fatal ſteps: So deſtiny him drove.
Entring the Cave with skipping Springs bedew'd;
The Nymphs all naked, when a Man they view'd,
Clapt their re-ſounding breaſts, and fill'd the Wood
With ſudden ſhrieks: Like Ivory pales they ſtood
About their Goddeſs. But ſhe, far more tall,
By head and ſhoulders over-tops them all.
Such as that colour which the Clouds adorns
Shot by the Sun-beams, or the roſie Morn's;
Such fluſht in *Dian's* cheeks, being naked ta'ne.
And though invyron'd by her Virgin-Train,
She ſide-long turns, looks back, and wiſht her Bow:
Yet what ſhe had ſhe in his face did throw.
With vengeful Waters ſprinkled, to her rage
Theſe words ſhe adds, which future fate preſage:
Now tell, how thou haſt ſeen me diſarray'd;
Tell, if thou canſt, I give thee leave. This ſaid,
She to his Neck and Ears new length imparts;
T' his Brow the Antlers of long-living Harts:
With Legs and Feet his Arms and Hands ſupply'd;
And cloath'd his body in a ſpotted Hide.
To this, Fear added. *Autonoeius* flies,
And wonders at the ſwiftneſs of his Thighs.
But when his Looks he in the River view'd,
He would have cry'd, Woe's me! no words inſu'd:
His words were groans. He frets with galling tears:
Cheeks not his own, yet his own Mind he bears.
What ſhould he do? Go home, or in the Wood
For ever lurk? Fear this, Shame that withſtood.
While thus he doubts, his Dogs their Maſter view.
Black-foot and *Tracer*, opening firſt, purſue:
Sure *Tracer*, *Gnoſſian*; *Black-foot*, *Spartan* bare.
Then all fell in, more ſwift than forced Air.
Spie, *Ravener*, *Climb-cliff*; theſe *Arcadia* bred:
Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirl-wind*, eager *Fallow-tread*:
Hunter, for ſcent; for ſpeed, *Flight* went before.
Fierce *Salvage*, lately gaunched by a Boar;
Greedy, with her two whelps; grim Wolf-got *Ranger*;
Stout *Shepherd*, late preſerving Flocks from danger;
Gaunt *Catch*, whoſe race from *Sicyonia* came;
Patch, *Courſer*, *Blab*, raſh *Tiger* never tame;

Blanch, *Mourner*, *Ranger*, *Wolf* in vaulting strong;
And *Tigress* able to continue long;
Swift, with his Brother *Churl*, a *Cyprian* Hound;
Bold *Snatch*, whose sable Brows a white star crown'd;
Cole, shag-hair'd *Rug*, and *Light-foot* wondrous fleet,
Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of *Crete*;
White-tooth and *Ringwood*, (others not t' express.)
O're Rocks, o're Crags, o're Cliffs that want access,
Through streightned ways, & where there was no way,
The well-mouth'd Hounds pursue the Princely Prey.
Where oft he wont to follow, now he flies,
Flies from his Family: in thought he cries,
I am *Actæon*, Servants, know your Lord.
Thoughts wanted words. [illegible] the noise record.
First *Collier* pinch'd him by the haunch: in flung
Fierce *Kill-deer*; *Hill-bred* on his Shoulder hung.
These came forth last, but crost a nearer way
A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they stay,
In rush the rest; who gripe him with their fangs.
Now into roomful Wounds. Groans speak his pangs,
Though not with humane voice, unlike a Hart,
In whose laments the known Rocks bear a part.
Pitcht on his knees, like one who pity craves,
His silent looks in stead of Arms he waves.
With usual shouts the Dogs the Hunters chear;
And seek, and call *Actæon*. He (too near)
Made answer by his motion; blam'd of all
For being absent at the present fall.
Present he was, that absent would have been;
Nor would he cruel Hounds have felt, but seen.
Their snouts they in his body bathe, and tear
Their Master in the figure of a Deer.
Nor, till a thousand Wounds his life diseas'd,
Could quiver-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.
'Twas censur'd variously: for many thought
The punishment severer than the Fault.
Others [illegible] Chastity commend
As worthy [illegible] defend.
Jove's Wife [illegible] the deed,
At the [illegible]
In *Cadmus* family [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] move;
[illegible]
Then

Then thus ſhe ſcolds; O, what amends ſucceeds
Our loſt Complaints? I now will fall to deeds.
If we be more than titulary great,
If we a Scepter ſway, if Heaven our ſeat,
265 If *Jove*'s fear'd Wife and Siſter, (certainly,
His Siſter,) torment ſhall the Whore deſtroy.
Yet with that theft perhaps ſhe was content,
And quickly might the injury repent;
But, ſhe conceives, to aggravate the blame,
And by her belly doth her crime proclaim,
270 Who would by *Jupiter* a Mother prove;
Which hardly once hath happened to our love.
So confident is Beauty. Yet ſhall ſhe
Fail in that hope; nor let me *Juno* be,
Unleſs, by her own *Jove* deſtroy'd, ſhe make
A ſwift deſcent unto the *Stygian* Lake.
  She quits her Throne, and in a yellow Cloud
Approach'd the Palace; nor diſmiſt that Shroud,
275 Till ſhe had wrinkled her ſmooth skin, and made
Her head all gray; while creeping feet convey'd
Her crooked limbs; her voice ſmall, weak and hoarſe,
Like *Beroe* of *Epidaurus*, her Nurſe.
280 Long talking, at the mention of *Jove*'s Name,
She ſigh'd, and ſaid; Pray Heaven, he prove the ſame.
Yet much I fear; for many oft beguile
With that pretext, and chaſteſt beds defile.
Though *Jove*, that's not enough. Give me a ſign
Of his Affection, if he be divine.
Such, and ſo mighty, as when pleaſure warms
285 His melting Boſom in high *Juno*'s Arms;
With thee ſuch, and ſo mighty, let him lie,
Deckt with the Enſigns of his Deity.
Thus ſhe adviſ'd the unſuſpecting Dame;
Who begs of *Jove* a Boon without a name.
To whom the God; Chuſe, and thy choice poſſeſs:
290 Yet that thy diffidency may be leſs,
Witneſs that Power, who through obſcure aboads
Spreads his dull ſtreams; the fear, and God of Gods.
Pleaſ'd with her harm, of too much power to move,
That now muſt periſh by obſequious love.
Such be to me, ſhe ſaid, as when th' Invites
Of *Juno* ſummon you to *Venus* Rites.
295 Her mouth he thought to ſtop; but now that breath
Was mixt with air which ſentenced her death.

Then fetcht he sighs as if his breast would tear,
(For she might not unwish, nor he unswear)
And sadly mounts the sky; and with him took
The Clouds, that suited his mournfull look;
Thick showrs and tempests adding to the same,
Loud thunder, and inevitable flame.
Whose rigour yet he striveth to subdue,
Not armed with that fire which overthrew
The hundred-handed Giant; 'twas too wild.
There is another lightning far more mild,
By *Cyclops* forged with less flame and ire,
Which deathless Gods do call the second fire.
This to her Father's house he with him took.
But (ah!) a mortall body could not brook
Ætherial tumults. Her [illegible] she mourns,
And in those so desir'd imbracements burns.
  Th' imperfect Babe, which in her womb doth lie,
Was ta'ne by *Jove*, and sew'd into his Thigh,
His Mother's time accomplishing: Whom first
By stealth his carefull Aunt, *Ino*, nurst;
Then giv'n to the *Nysean* [illegible]
In secret Caves with Milk and Honey fed.
  While this on Earth by [illegible] decree,
(The twice-born *Bacchus* now from danger free)
Jove weighty cares expelling from his breast
With flowing Nectar, and [illegible] to jest
With well-pleas'd *Juno*, [illegible] deeds
The Female's Pleasure far the Male's exceeds.
This she deni'd: *Tiresias* must decide
The difference, who both delights had try'd:
For two [illegible]
And with a [illegible];
And straight a Woman of a Man became.
Seven Autumns past; [illegible] the same
Re[illegible] strike,
That they [illegible] change,
Once more [illegible] they run;
And [illegible]
His [illegible]
Jove's [illegible] Wife
More than [illegible]
His eyes [illegible]
Th' [illegible]
Another [illegible]

Inform'd his intellect; and did ſupply
His body's eye-light with his mind's clear eye.
He giving ſure replies to ſuch as came,
Through all th' *Aonian* Cities ſtretch'd his fame.
Firſt blew *Liriope* ſad trial made,
How that was but too true which he had ſaid;
Whom in times paſt *Cephiſus* floud imbrac't
Within his winding Streams, and forc'd the chaſt,
The lovely Nymph; who not unfruitful prov'd,
Brought forth a Boy, even then to be belov'd,
Narciſſus nam'd. Enquiring if old age
Should crown his youth; he, in obſcure preſage,
Made this reply, except himſelf he know.
Long they no credit on his words beſtow;
Yet did th' event the prophecie approve,
In his ſtrange ruin, and new kind of love.
Now he to fifteen added had a year;
Now in his looks both Boy and Man appear.
Many a love-ſick Youth did him deſire;
And many a Maid his beauty ſet on fire.
Yet in his tender age his pride was ſuch,
That neither Youth nor Maiden might him touch.
The Vocal Nymph this lovely Boy did ſpy,
(She could not profer ſpeech, nor yet reply)
When, buſie in purſuit of ſavage ſpoils,
He drave the Deer into his corded toils.
Echo was then a Body, not a Voice;
Yet then, as now, of words ſhe wanted choice;
But only could re-iterate the cloſe
Of every ſpeech. This *Juno* did impoſe.
For, often when ſhe might have taken *Jove*
Compreſſing there the Nymphs, who weakly ſtrove,
Her long diſcourſes made the Goddeſs ſtay,
Until the Nymphs had time to run away.
Which when perceiv'd, ſhe ſaid, For this abuſe,
Thy tongue henceforth ſhall be of little uſe.
Thoſe threats are deeds. She yet ingeminates
The laſt of ſounds, and what ſhe hears relates.
Narciſſus ſeen, intending thus the chaſe,
She forthwith glows, and with a noiſeleſs pace
His ſteps purſues. The more ſhe did purſue,
More hot (as nearer to her fire) ſhe grew:
And might be likened to a ſulph'rous match,
Which inſtantly th' approached flame doth catch.

How oft would ſhe have woo'd him with ſweet words!
But Nature no ſuch liberty affords.
Begin ſhe could not; yet full readily
To his expected ſpeech ſhe would reply.
The Boy, from his companions parted, ſaid;
Is any nigh? I, *Echo* anſwer made.
He round about him gazed, (much appall'd)
And cry'd out, Come. She him, who called, call'd.
Then looking back, and ſeeing none appear'd,
Why ſhun'ſt thou me? The ſelf-ſame voice he heard,
Deceived by the Image of his words.
Then let us joyn, ſaid he. No ſound accords
More to her wiſh; her faculties combine
In dear conſent; Who anſwer'd, *Let us joyn.*
Flattering her ſelf, out of the Woods ſhe ſprung;
And would about his ſtruggling Neck have hung.
Thruſt back, he ſaid, Life ſhall this breaſt forſake,
E're thou, light Nymph, on me thy pleaſure take.
On me thy pleaſure take, the Nymph replies
To that diſdainful Boy, who from her flies.
Deſpis'd, the Wood her ſad retreat receives;
Who covers her aſhamed face with leaves;
And ſculks in deſert caves. Love ſtill poſſeſt
Her ſoul, through grief of her repulſe increaſt:
Her watched body pines with ſleepleſs care;
Her ſkin contracts; her blood converts to air.
Nothing was left her now but voice and bones;
The voice remains; the other turn to ſtones.
Conceal'd in Woods, in Mountains never found;
Yet heard in all; and all is but a ſound.
 Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in Mountains born,
And ſedgy Brooks, the Boy had all with ſcorn.
Thus many a youth he had alike deceiv'd,
When one thus pray'd, with hands to Heav'n upheav'd,
So may he love himſelf, and ſo deſpair.
Rhamnuſia condeſcended to his pray'r.
A Spring there was whoſe ſilver waters were
As ſmooth as any mirrour, nor leſs clear;
Which neither [illegible] Beaſt,
Nor [illegible],
Girt round with [illegible] moiſture fed,
And Woods, [illegible].
Here tir'd with heat and hunting, with the Place
And Spring delighted, lies upon his face.

415 Quenching his thirſt, another thirſt doth riſe,
Rais'd by the form which in that glaſs he ſpies:
The hope of nothing doth his pow'rs invade;
And for a body he miſtakes a ſhade.
Himſelf, himſelf diſtracts: who pores thereon
So fixedly, as if of *Parian* ſtone.
420 Beholds his eyes, two ſtars; his dangling hair,
Which with unſhorn *Apollo*'s might compare;
His fingers worthy *Bacchus*, his ſmooth chin,
His Ivory Neck, his heavenly face, wherein
The linked Deities their Graces fix,
Where Roſes with unſullied Lillies mix.
Admireth all; for which to be admir'd:
425 And unconſiderately himſelf deſir'd.
The praiſes which he gives, his beauty claim'd:
Who ſeeks, is ſought; th' inflamer is inflam'd.
How often would he kiſs the flattering Spring!
How oft with down-thruſt arms ſought he to cling
About that loved neck! Thoſe couzning lips
Delude his hopes; and from himſelf he ſlips.
430 Not knowing what, with what he ſees he fries;
And th' errour that deceives, incites his eyes.
O fool, that ſtriv'ſt to catch a flying ſhade!
Thou ſeek'ſt what's no-where: turn aſide, 'twill fade.
Thy form's reflexion doth thy ſight delude;
435 Which is with nothing of its own indu'd.
With thee it comes, with thee it ſtaies, and ſo
'Twould go away, hadſt thou the power to go.
Nor ſleep nor hunger could the Lover raiſe:
Who, laid along on that falſe form to gaze
With looks, which looking never could ſuffice,
440 Quite ruinates himſelf with his own eyes.
At length, a little lifting up his Head,
You Woods, that round about your branches ſpread,
Was ever ſo unfortunate a Lover?
You know, to many you have been a cover,
From your firſt growth to this long-diſtant day;
445 Have you known any thus to pine away?
I like and ſee; but yet I cannot find
The lik'd and ſeen. O Love, with errour blind!
What grieves me more, no Seas, no mountain ſteep,
No ways, no walls, our joys aſunder keep,
Whom but a little water doth divide;
450 And he himſelf deſires to be enjoy'd.

As oft as I to [illegible] decline,
So oft his [illegible]
You'd think [illegible] a thing doth part
Our equal love [illegible] thou art,
455 Sweet Boy, [illegible]
From [illegible] would'st thou go?
My Age [illegible]
And [illegible] in vain.
Yet in thy [illegible] live,
Still [illegible] give.
Thou [illegible] let fall,
460 Thou [illegible] all.
And lo, thy [illegible] lips [illegible]
To utter words [illegible] our ear.
Ah! [illegible]
It is [illegible]
Love [illegible] sure!)
I [illegible]
465 Shall [illegible]
Since [illegible]
Too [illegible] O [illegible]
And [illegible] my [illegible]
Of [illegible]
[illegible]
Now [illegible] is the time
470 I have [illegible]
Nor [illegible] breath;
For [illegible]
Would [illegible]
Now [illegible]
This [illegible]
475 Tears [illegible]
The [illegible]
[illegible]
O, whither [illegible]
In [illegible]
Yet [illegible]
And [illegible]
480 Come [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
485 [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

As Virgin-wax diſſolves with fervent heat,
Or morning Froſt whereon the Sun-beams beat:
So thaws he with the ardour of deſire,
490 And by degrees conſumes in unſeen fire.
His meagre cheeks now loſt their red and white;
That life, that vigour loſt which did delight;
Nor thoſe divine proportions now remain,
So much by *Echo* lately lov'd in vain.
Which when ſhe ſaw, although ſhe angry were,
And ſtill in mind her late repulſe did bear;
495 As often as the miſerable cry'd
Alas! Alas! the woeful Nymph reply'd:
And ever when he ſtruck his ſounding breaſt,
Like ſounds of mutual ſufferance expreſt.
His laſt words were, ſtill hanging o're his ſhade,
500 Ah! Boy belov'd in vain! So *Echo* ſaid.
Farewel. Farewel, ſigh'd ſhe. Then down he lies;
Death's cold hand ſhuts his ſelf-admiring eyes;
Which now eternally their gazes fix
505 Upon the waters of infernal *Styx*.
The woeful *Naiades* lament the dead,
And their clipt hair upon their brother ſpread.
The woeful *Dryades* partake their woes;
With both ſad *Echo* joyns at every cloſe.
The Funeral Pile prepar'd, an Herſe they brought
To fetch his body, which they vainly ſought.
In ſtead whereof a yellow Flower was found,
510 With tufts of white about the button crown'd.
This through *Achaia* ſpred the Prophet's fame,
Who worthily had purchaſ'd a great name.
But proud *Echion's* ſon, who did deſpiſe
The righteous Gods, derides his Prophecies,
515 And twits *Tireſias* with his raviſh'd ſight.
He ſhook his head, which age had cloath'd in white,
And ſaid; 'Twere well for thee, hadſt thou no eyes
To ſee the *Bacchanal* ſolemnities.
The time ſhall come (which I preſage is near)
520 When *Semeleian Liber* will be here:
Whom if thou honour not with Temples due,
Thy Mother and her Siſters ſhall imbrue
Their furious hands in thy effuſed blood,
And throw thy torn Limbs about the Wood.
'Twill be; thy malice cannot but rebel,
525 And then thou'lt ſay, the blind did ſee too well.

His mouth proud *Pentheus* ſtops. Belief ſucceeds
Fore-running threats, and words are fear'd by deeds.
Liber is come, the fields with clamour ſound:
They in his Orgies tread a frantick round.
Women with Men, the baſe and nobler ſort,
Together to thoſe unknown Rites reſort.
You ſons of *Mars*, you of the Dragon's race,
(Said he) what fury doth your minds embaſe?
Is braſs of ſuch a power, which Drunkards beat,
Or ſound of Horns, or Magical deceit;
That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid fight,
Nor Death with all his terrours could affright,
Loud women, wine-bred rage, a luſtful Crew
Of Bawds and Kettle-drums, ſhould thus ſubdue?
At you, grave Fathers, can I but admire,
Who brought with you your flying Gods from *Tyre*,
And fixt them here; now from that care ſo far
Eſtranged, as to loſe them without War.
Or you, who of my able age appear;
Whoſe heads ſhould Helmets, and not Garlands, wear;
Nor leafy Javelins but good Swords adorn
The hands of Youth. O you, ſo nobly born,
The Dragon's fiery fortitude indue,
Whoſe ſingle valour ſuch a number ſlew.
He in defending of his Fountain fell:
Do you th' invaders of your fame repel.
He ſlew the ſtrong: do you the weak deſtroy,
And free your Country from foul infamy.
If Deſtinies decree that *Thebes* muſt fall,
May then, may warlike engines raze her Walls,
Let Sword and Fire our ruin'd lives aſſault.
Then ſhould we not be wretched through our fault,
Nor ſtrive to hide our guilt, but Fortune blame,
And vent our pitied Sorrows without ſhame.
Now by a naked Boy we're put to flight,
Whom neither Steeds, nor [illegible] Arms delight,
But hair perfum'd with Myrrh, ſoft Anadems,
And purple Robes [illegible] with Gold and Gems.
Who ſhall confeſs (if you your aid deny)
His [illegible] Father, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
No *Pentheus* [illegible]

Go, (ſaid he to his ſervants) go your way,
And drag him hither bound: prevent delay.
Him *Cadmus*, *Athamas*, and all diſſwade,
By oppoſition more intemperate made.
Fury increaſeth when it is withſtood:
And then good counſel doth more harm than good.
So have I ſeen an unſtopt Torrent glide
VVith quiet waters, ſcarcely heard to chide:
But when faln Trees, or Rocks, impeach'd his courſe,
To fome and roar with uncontrolled force.
All bloudy they return. VVhere is, ſaid he,
This *Bacchus*? *Bacchus* none of us did ſee,
Reply'd they: This his miniſter we found,
(Preſenting one with hands behind him bound)
A Thuſcan zealous in thoſe myſteries.
On whom fierce *Pentheus* looks with wrathful eyes,
VVho hardly could his puniſhment defer.
Then thus; Thou wretch, that others ſhalt deter,
Declare thy name, thy nation, parentage,
And why thou followeſt this new-fangled Rage.
He, in whom innocency fear o're-came,
Made this reply: *Acœtes* is my name;
My life I owe to the *Mæonian* earth;
To none my fortune, born of humble Birth.
No Land my Father left me to manure,
Nor Herds, nor bleating Flocks: himſelf was poor.
The tempted Fiſh with Hook and Line he caught:
His Skill was all his VVealth. His Skill he taught,
And ſaid, My Heir, ſucceſſor to my Art,
Receive the Riches which I can impart.
He, dying, left me nothing, and yet all:
The Sea may I my Patrimony call.
Yet, leſt I ſtill ſhould on thoſe Rocks abide,
To Navigation I my time apply'd;
Obſerv'd th' *Olenian* Goat portending Rain;
VVet *Hyades*, when ſtooping to the Main;
Taygete, and cold *Arctos*; the ſtores
Of ſeveral winds, and harbour-giving Ports.
For *Delos* bound, we made the *Chian* Shores,
And there arrived with induſtrious Oars.
Leaping aſhore I made the Beach my bed.
VVhen aged Night *Aurora's* bluſhing fled,
I roſe, and bade my men freſh water bring,
Shewing the way that guided to the Spring.

Then, from an Hill observ'd the winds accord,
My Mates I call'd, who forthwith went aboard.
All here, the Master, [illegible] *Opheltes* cries;
And thinking he had light upon a prize,
Along the Shoar a lovely Boy convey'd,
Adorned with the beauty of a Maid.
Heavy with wine and sleep, he reel'd so,
That, though supported, he could hardly go.
When I beheld his habit, face and feature,
I could not think it was an human Creature.
Fellows, I doubt what God, but sure, said I,
This excellence includes a Deity.
O be propitious, whosoe're thou art,
Unto our industry success impart,
And pardon those who have offended thus.
Then *Dictys* said, Forbear to pray for us.
(Than he, none could the top-sail yard bestride,
With lighter speed, nor down more nimbly slide.)
This *Libys*, fair *Melanthus* (who the Prow
Commanded) and *Alcimedon* allow,
Epopeus the Boat-swain equally,
Bewitched with the blind desire of prey.
The Ship, said I, you shall not violate,
With sacriledge, or so divine a weight.
Wherein I have most interest and command,
And on the hatches their intent withstand.
Whereat the desperate *Lycabas* grew wild,
Who for a bloody murther was exil'd
From *Tyrrany*. [illegible]
He took me such a blow with his fist,
That down I fell, and had him over-board,
If I (though senseless) had not caught a cord.
The wicked company his act approve.
Then *Bacchus* (for [illegible]) [illegible] to move
As if awaken'd [illegible]
(His wine-bound senses [illegible]) and [illegible]
[illegible] whither
[illegible] I thither
[illegible] would it be,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Boy) Next they [illegible] up Sails.
Which

Which trimm'd for *Naxos* on the Star-board ſide;
What do'ſt thou Mad-man, Fool? *Opheltes* cry'd.
Each fears his loſs; ſome whiſper in mine ear;
Moſt ſay by ſigns, Unto the Lar-board ſteer.
Amaz'd, Some other hold the Helm, ſaid I,
I'll not be tainted with your perjury.
All chafe and ſtorm. What? Said *Ethalion*,
Is all our ſafety plac'd in thee alone?
With that, my office he upon him took,
And *Naxos* (altering her courſe) forſook.
The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)
From th' upper deck the Sea ſurveyed round;
Then ſeem'd to cry. Sirs, this is not, ſaid he,
That promis'd Shoar, the Land ſo wiſh'd by me.
What is my fault? What glory is my ſpoil,
If Men a Boy, if many one beguile?
I wept afore: But they my tears deride,
And with laborious Oars the Waves divide.
By him I ſwear (than whom none more in view)
That what I now ſhall utter is as true,
As paſt belief. The Ship, in thoſe profound
And ſpaceful Seas, ſo ſtuck as on dry ground.
They, wondring, ply'd their Oars, the ſails diſplaid,
And ſtrive to run her with that added aid.
When Ivy gave their Oars a forc'd reſtraint,
Whoſe creeping bands the ſails with Berries paint.
He, head-bound with a Wreath of cluſtered Vines,
A Javelin ſhook, claſp't with their leafy twines.
Stern Tigers, Lynxes (ſuch unto the eye)
And ſpotted Panthers round about him lie.
All over-board now tumble; whether 'twere
Out of infuſed madneſs, or for fear.
Then *Medon* firſt with ſpiny fins grew black,
His form depreſſed, with a compaſt back.
To whom ſaid *Lycabas*; O more than ſtrange!
Into what uncouth Monſter wilt thou change?
As thus he ſpake, his mouth became more wide,
His noſe more hook'd; Scales arm his hardned hide.
Whilſt *Libys* tugg'd an Oar that fixed ſtands,
His hands ſhrunk up, now fins, no longer hands.
Another by a Cable thought to hold,
But miſt his arms. He fell; the Seas infold
His maimed body, which a tail ere-ſoon
Recieves, reverſt like the horned Moon.

They leap aloft, and ſprinkle up the Floud,
Now chaſe above, now under water ſcud;
685 And like laſcivious Dolphins friſk about,
And gulped Seas, from their proud noſtrils, ſpout.
Of twenty Sailers only I remain'd;
So many Men our complement contain'd.
The God my mind could hardly animate,
Trembling with horrour of ſo dire a Fate.
Suppreſs, ſaid he, theſe tumults of thy fear;
690 And now thy courſe for ſacred *Dia* bear.
Arriv'd, I, by his implor'd conſent,
Became his Prieſt, and thus his Feaſts frequent.
Our ears are tir'd with thy long ambages,
Which wrath, ſaid he, would by delay appeaſe.
Go, ſervants, take him hence: Let his forc'd breath
695 Expire in groans; and torture him to death.
In ſolid Priſon pent; while they provide
Whips, Racks and Fire, the doors fly open wide:
And of themſelves, as if diſſolv'd by charms,
The fetters fall from his unpinion'd arms.
700 But now, not bidding others, *Pentheus* flings
To high *Cythæron's* ſacred top, which rings
With frantick ſongs, and ſhrill voic'd *Bacchanals*,
In *Liber's* celebrated feſtivals.
And as the warlike Courſer neighs and bounds,
705 Inflam'd with fury, when the Trumpet ſounds;
Even ſo their far-heard clamours ſet on fire
Stern *Pentheus*, and exaſperate his ire.
In midſt of all the ſpacious Mountain ſtood
A perſpicuous Champain, fring'd with Wood.
Here firſt of all his Mother him eſpies,
710 Viewing thoſe holy Rites with prophane eyes,
She firſt upon him frantickly did run;
And firſt her eager Javelin pierc'd her ſon.
Come, Siſters, cry'd ſhe, this is that huge Boar
Which roots our fields, whom we with wounds muſt
715 With that, in ruſh the whole diſtracted Crew. (gore.
And all together [illegible] purſue.
Now trembled he, now his [illegible] threats ſuppreſt:
Himſelf he blames, [illegible] offence confeſt.
Who cry'd, Help, Aunt [illegible] I bleed!
720 O let *Actæon's* Ghoſt [illegible]
Not knowing [illegible]
His right [illegible]

The wretch now to his mother would have thrown
His ſuppliant hands; But now his hands were gone.
Yet lifting up their bloudy ſtumps, he ſaid,
Ah, Mother! ſee. *Agave*, well appay'd,
Shouts at the ſight, caſts up her neck, and ſhakes
Her ſtaring hair. In cruel hands ſhe takes
His head, yet gaſping; *Io* ſing, ſaid ſhe,
Io, my Mates: This ſpoil belongs to me.
Not leaves now wither'd, nipt by Autumn's froſt,
So ſoon [illegible]viſht from high Trees, and toſt
By ſcatte[illegible] Winds, as they in pieces tear
His minced limbs. Th' *Iſmenians*, ſtruck with fear,
His Orgies celebrate, his praiſes ſing,
And Incenſe to his holy Altars bring.

OVID'S

OVIDS
METAMORPHOSIS.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Derceta a *Fish*. Semiramis *a Dove*.
Transforming Nais *same fate doth prove.*
White Berries Lovers [illegible] *with black defiles.*
Apollo, *like* Eurynome, *beguiles*
Leucothoe, *buried quick for that offence*;
Who, [illegible] *sprinkled, turnes to Frankincense.*
Griev'd Clytie *here* [illegible] *turns with the Sun.*
Daphnis, *to Stone*. *She changeth* Scython [illegible]
Celmus *a Loadstone*. Curets *got by showers.*
Crocus *and* Smilax *turn'd to little Flowers.*
In one Hermaphrodite *two bodies joyn.*
Mineides, *Batts*. *Sad* Ino *made divine,*
With Melicert. *Who* Juno's *fact upbraid,*
Or Statues, or Cadmean *Fowls are made.*
Hermione *and* Cadmus, *worn with woe,*
From [illegible] *Dragons* [illegible] *to Serpents grow.*
Atlas *a Mountain*. Gorgons [illegible] *Sea-weeds*
To Coral [illegible] *proceeds*
Swift Pegasus. Chr[illegible] *takes*
From [illegible] *her converts to Snakes.*

BUT yet Alcithoe [illegible]
The honour'd [illegible] God displease.
Her Sisters [illegible]
Who Bacchus [illegible] the Son [illegible]

And now his Prieſt proclaims a ſolemn Feaſt;
That Dames and Maids from uſual labour reſt;
That wrapt in ſkins, their hair-laces unbound,
And dangling Treſſes with wild Ivy crown'd,
They leavy Spears aſſume. Who propheſies
Sad haps to ſuch as his command deſpiſe.
The Matrons and new-married Wives obey;
Their Webs, their un-ſpun Wool aſide they lay,
Sweet odours burn, and ſing; *Lyæus, Bacchus,*
Nyſæus, Bromius, Evan, great *Iacchus,*
Fire-got, Son of two Mothers, the twice-born,
Father *Eleleus, Thyon* never ſhorn,
Lenæus, planter of life-chearing Vines,
Nyctelius, with all names that *Greece* aſſigns
To thee, O *Liber.* Still doſt thou injoy
Unwaſted youth, eternally a Boy.
Thou'rt ſeen in Heav'n, whom all perfections grace;
And when unhorn'd, thou haſt a Virgin's face.
Thy conqueſts through the Orient are renown'd,
Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.
Proud *Pentheus* and *Lycurgus,* like prophane,
By thee (O greatly to be fear'd) were ſlain.
The *Thuſcans* drench'd in Seas. Thou hold'ſt in awe
The ſpotted *Lynxes,* which thy Chariot draw.
Light *Bacchides* and ſkipping Satyrs follow,
Whil'ſt old *Silenus* reeling ſtill doth hollow,
Who weakly hangs upon his tardy Aſs.
What place ſo-e're thou entreſt, ſounding Braſs,
Loud Sack-buts, Timbrels, the confuſed cries
Of Youths and Women, pierce the marble skies.
Thy preſence we *Iſmenides* implore,
Come, O come, pleas'd. Thus they his Rites reſtore.
Yet the *Mineides* at home remain,
And with untimely Art his feaſt prophane:
Who either weave, or at their Diſtaffs ſpin,
And urge their Maids to exerciſe their ſin.
One ſaid, as ſhe the twiſted thread out drew,
While others ſport, and forged Gods purſue,
Let us, whom better *Pallas* doth invite,
Our uſeful labour eaſe with delight,
And ſtories tell by turns; that what paſt years
Deny our eyes, may enter at our ears.
They all agree, and bade the eldeſt tell
Her ſtory firſt. She pauſ'd, not knowing well

Of many which to chuse? in [illegible]
45 The sad *Dercetis* of th' *Assyrian* [illegible]
(Who, as the *Palestines* believe, did take
A scaly form, inhabiting a lake;)
Or of her Daughter, who with wings did soare,
High-pearch't on towres, there her old age spent;
Or of that *Nais*, who with charms most strange,
50 And words too powerfull, humane shapes did change
Into mute Fishes, till a Fish she grew:
Or of the Tree, whose berries chang'd their hue,
The white to black by bloods aspersion grown;
This pleaseth best, as being most unknown.
55 She thus began, and drew the following wool.
Young *Pyramus* (no youth so beautifull
Through all the East) and *Thisbe* (who for fair
Might with th' immortall Goddesses compare)
Joyn'd houses, where *Semiramis* inclos'd
Her stately town with walls of Brick compos'd.
This neighbourhood their first acquaintance bred;
60 That grew to love; Love sought the nuptiall Bed,
By Parents crost. Yet [illegible] their bloud
Alike [illegible]
Signs only used [illegible] their [illegible] love;
But hidden fire [illegible] grew.
65 A cranny in the [illegible] wall was left,
By [illegible] cleft:
This [illegible]
(What [illegible]) the Lovers spy'd;
70 By [illegible] softly trade,
And [illegible] convay'd.
On this side [illegible] they [illegible]
And [illegible]
O envious wall [illegible]
When [illegible] away to slide
Into [illegible]
75 [illegible]
Nor [illegible] we owe
To you [illegible]
At [illegible]
80 [illegible] meet.
[illegible] withdrew,
And [illegible]
They at the [illegible]
And with soft murmurs [illegible]

At laſt, reſolve in ſilence of the night
To ſteal away, and free themſelves by flight;
And, with their houſes, to forſake the Town.
Yet leſt they ſo might wander up and down;
To meet at *Ninus* Tomb they both agree,
Under the ſhelter of a ſhady Tree.
There an high Mulberry, full of white fruit,
Hard by a living Fountain fixt his Root.
The Sun, that ſeem'd too ſlow, his ſteeds beſtows
In reſtful Seas: From Seas wiſht Night aroſe.
Then *Thisbe* in the dark the doors unbarr'd;
And ſlipping forth, unmiſſed by her Guard,
Comes maskt to *Ninus* Tomb; there in the cold
Sits underneath that Tree: Love made her bold.
When (lo) a Lionneſs, ſmear'd with the bloud
Of late-ſlain Beeves, approach'd the neighbour Flood,
To quench her thirſt. Far off by Moon-light ſpy'd,
Swift fear her flight into a Cave doth guide:
Flying, her mantle from her ſhoulders fell.
The fatal Lionneſs, as from the Well
Up to the rocky Mountain ſhe withdraws,
Found it, and tore it with her bloudy jaws.
When *Pyramus*, who came not forth ſo ſoon,
Perceived by the glimpſes of the Moon
The footing of wild Beaſts, his look grew pale:
But when he ſpy'd her torn and bloudy Vail;
One night (ſaid he) two Lovers ſhall deſtroy;
She longer life deſerved to enjoy.
The guilt is mine. 'Twas I (poor ſoul) that ſlew thee,
Who to a place ſo full of danger drew thee,
Nor came before. You Lions, O deſcend
From your aboads, a wretch in pieces rend,
Condemned by his ſelf-pronounced doom,
And make your entrails my opprobrious Tomb.
But Cowards wiſh to die. Her mantle he
Carries along unto th' appointed Tree.
There having kiſt, and waſht it with his eyes;
Take from our bloud, ſaid he, the double dies.
With that, his Body on his Sword he threw:
Which from the reeking wound he dying drew.
Now, on his back, up ſpurts the bloud in ſmoak:
As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,
The waters at a little breach break out,
And, hiſſing, through the airy Region ſpout.

The

125 The Mulber[illegible] white forsake,
And from [illegible] crimson take.
Now she [illegible] her fear remove,
Returns, for fear [illegible] Love,
Her eager [illegible] her eyes,
130 Who longs to [illegible]
The place [illegible] she knew,
Yet doubts, the berries having chang'd their hue.
Uncertain [illegible] panting [illegible]
That struck the stained earth, and starts aside,
135 Box was not paler then her changed look,
And like the [illegible] the [illegible] shook.
But when [illegible] (now dispossest
Of her amaze) [illegible] her [illegible] breast,
Pulls off her hair, [illegible]
140 His [illegible] wound with tears.
Then, [illegible] (she said)
What [illegible]
O speak, [illegible]
Thy dear [illegible] to thee.
145 At Thisbe's [illegible]
And [illegible] and dies.
But [illegible]
And [illegible] the sword,
Then [illegible] pro-
Not [illegible] freed:
150 My love [illegible] give,
To [illegible] to live.
[illegible]
The [illegible]
Whom [illegible] (Death) [illegible] might
To part [illegible]
155 O you [illegible]
To your [illegible]
When [illegible] joyn'd, inter,
Without [illegible]
And [illegible] the fruits
Of [illegible]
160 In [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
The [illegible]
That [illegible]

The

165 The late white Mulberries in black now mourn;
And what the fire had left, lay in one Urn.
Here ended ſhe. Some intermiſſion made,
Leucothoe (her Siſters ſilent) ſaid:
This Sun, who all directeth with his light,
170 Weak Love hath tam'd; his loves we now recite.
He firſt diſcover'd the Adultery
Of *Mars* and *Venus*, (nothing ſcapes his eye)
And in diſpleaſure told to *Juno's* ſon
Their ſecret ſtealths, and where the deed was done:
175 His ſpirits faint, his hands could not ſuſtain
The work in hand. Forthwith he forg'd a chain,
With nets of braſs, that might the eye deceive,
(Leſs curious far the webs which Spiders weave)
180 Made pliant to each touch, and apt to cloſe:
This he about the guilty bed beſtows.
No ſooner theſe Adulterers were met,
Than caught in his ſo ſtrangely-forged net;
Who, ſtruggling, in compell'd imbracements lay.
185 The Ivory doors then *Vulcan* doth diſplay,
And calls the Gods. They ſhamefully lay bound:
Yet one, a wanton, wiſht to be ſo found.
The heavenly dwellers laught. This tale was told
Through all the Round, and mirth did long uphold.
190 *Venus*, incens'd, on him who this diſcloſ'd
A memorable puniſhment impos'd.
And he, of late ſo injurious to love,
Love's tyranny in juſt exchange doth prove.
Hyperion's Son, what boots thy piercing ſight,
Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light?
For thou, who earth inflameſt with thy fires,
195 Art now thy ſelf inflam'd with new deſires:
Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoe* view,
And give to her what to the World is due.
Now, in the Eaſt thou haſt'nſt thy up-riſe;
Now, ſlowly ſett'ſt, even loth to leave the Skies.
And while that object thus exacts thy ſtay,
200 Thou addeſt hours unto the Winter's day.
Oft in thy face thy mind's diſeaſe appears,
Affrighting all the darkned World with fears.
Nor *Cynthia's* interpoſed Orb doth move
Theſe pale aſpects; this colour ſprings from Love.
She all thy thoughts ingroſſes. Nor doſt then care
205 For *Clymene*, for [illegible]

For [illegible], *Clytie* who in love abounds,
Although despis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds.
All, all, were buried in *Leucothoe*,
Born in sweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.
210 As she in beauty far surpast all other,
So much the Daughter her surpast the Mother.
Great *Orchamus* was father to the Maid,
VVho, seventh from *Belus* [illegible] *Persia* sway'd.
In low *Hesperian* Vales those pastures are,
215 VVhere *Phœbus* horses on *Ambrosia* fare.
There, tired with the travels of the day,
They renovate what labour doth decay.
Now, while celestial food their hunger feeds,
And night in her alternate reign succeeds,
In figure of *Eurynome*, the God
Approach'd the chamber where his life abode.
220 He spinning by a Lamp *Leucothoe* found,
VVith twice six hand-maids, who inclos'd her round.
Then kissing her, (her Mother now by Art)
I have (said he) a secret to impart;
Maids, presently withdraw. They all obey'd.
225 He, after he had closed the chamber, said,
The tardie Year I measure; I am he
VVho see all Objects, and by whom all see;
The VVorld's clear eye: by thy fair self I swear,
I love thee above [illegible]. She shook for fear;
Her spindle and her distaff from her fell;
230 And yet [illegible] your well.
Then his own [illegible] he took;
Though [illegible] strook,
Yet vanquish'd [illegible] complaint,
She [illegible] constraint.
This *Clytie* [illegible]
235 Before [illegible]
Divulg'd the [illegible]
And to her Father [illegible]
VVho [illegible] all remorse
From [illegible] by force,
And [illegible]
240 Inter'd alive [illegible]
Hyperion's [illegible]
And [illegible]
Yet [illegible]
But she, too [illegible]

Never did *Phœbus* with ſuch ſorrow mourn
Since wretched *Phaeton* the world did burn:
Yet ſtrives he with his influence to beget
In her cold limbs a life-reviving heat.
But ſince the Fates ſuch great attempts withſtood,
He ſteeps the place and body in a flood
Of fragrant Nectar, much bewails her end,
And ſighing, ſaid; Yet ſhalt thou heaven aſcend.
Forthwith, her body thaws into a dew:
VVhich from the moiſtned earth an odour threw.
Then through the Hill a Shrub of Frankincenſe
Thruſt up his crown, and took his root from thence.
  Though Love might *Clytie's* ſorrow have excuſ'd,
Sorrow, her tongue; Day's King her bed refuſ'd.
She, with diſtracted paſſion, pines away,
Deteſteth company; all night, all day,
Diſrobed, with her ruffled hair unbound,
And wet with humour, ſits upon the ground;
For nine long days all ſuſtenance forbears,
Her hunger cloy'd with dew, her thirſt with tears.
Nor roſe; but rivets on the God her eyes,
And ever turns her face to him that flies.
At length, to earth her ſtupid body cleaves:
Her wan complexion turns her bloodleſs leaves,
Yet ſtreak'd with red: her periſht limbs beget
A flower, reſembling the pale Violet;
VVhich with the Sun, though rooted faſt, doth move;
And, being changed, changeth not her love.
  Thus ſhe. This wond'rous ſtory caught their ears:
To ſome the ſame impoſſible appears;
Others, that all is poſſible, conclude,
To true-ſtyl'd Gods; but *Bacchus* they extrude
All: whilſt *Alcithoe*, call'd upon, doth run
Her ſhuttle through the VVeb; and thus begun.
  T'omit the paſtoral loves, to few unknown,
Of young *Idæan Daphnis*, turn'd to ſtone
By that vext Nymph, who could not elſe aſſwage
Her jealouſie; ſuch is a Lover's rage.
And *Scython*, who all nature innovates,
Now male, now female, by alternate Fates:
VVith *Celmus* turn'd into an Adamant,
VVho of his faith when little *Jove* might vaunt:
The ſhorn *Curetes*, got by falling ſhowers;
Crocus and *Smilax*, chang'd to pretty flowers,

Never-

I overpass; and will your ears [illegible]
With sweet delight of unknown novelties.
Then know how *Salmacis* infamous grew,
285 Whose too strong waves all manly strength undo,
And mollifie, with their [illegible] touch:
The cause unknown; the fame is known too much.
Th' *Idæan* Nymphs nurst in [illegible] delight
The son of *Hermes* and fair *Aphrodite*.
290 His Father and his Mother in his look
You might behold; from whom his name he took.
When Summers five his [illegible] had multiply'd,
Leaving the [illegible] Hills of [illegible] *Ide*,
He wander'd through strange Lands, pleas'd with the (sight
295 Of foreign streams; toil lessning with delight.
The *Lycian* Cities past, he treads the grounds
Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds.
There lighted on a Pool so [illegible] clear,
That all the [illegible] ground did appear;
Inviron'd with no [illegible] Reeds,
Nor piked Bull-rush, nor with barren Weeds;
300 But living Turf [illegible]
Whose ever-Spring no parching Winter knew.
A Nymph [illegible] in the chace,
To bend a Bow, or [illegible]
Of all the Water-Nymphs, this Nymph alone
To [illegible] was unknown.
305 Her [illegible] *Salmacis*,
[illegible]
Upon [illegible]
And with [illegible] each
Or [illegible]
And [illegible]
310 [illegible]
And [illegible] golden hair
He [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Now [illegible]
315 Or [illegible] the Boy.
[illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
320 Not [illegible]

Sweet Boy, ſaid ſhe, well worthy the abode
Of bleſt Celeſtials! If thou be a God,
Then art thou *Cupid*; if of human race,
Happy the Parents whom thy perſon grace:
Thy Siſter, if thou haſt a Siſter, bleſt:
Thy Nurſe much more, who fed thee with her breaſt.
But (O) no leſs than deify'd is ſhe
Whom Marriage ſhall incorporate to thee.
If any ſuch, let me this treaſure ſteal:
If not, be't I; and our dear Nuptials ſeal.
This ſaid, ſhe held her peace: He bluſht for ſhame,
Not knowing love, whom ſhamefac'dneſs became.
So Apples ſhew upon the Sunny ſide;
So Ivory with rich Vermilion dy'd:
So pure a red the ſilver Moon doth ſtain,
When auxil'ary Braſs reſounds in vain.
She earneſtly intreats a Siſter's kiſs:
And now advancing to imbrace her bliſs,
He, ſtruggling, ſaid, laſcivious Nymph, forbear;
Or I will quit the place, and leave you here.
Fair Stranger, timorous *Salmacis* reply'd,
'Tis freely yours: And therewith ſtept aſide.
Yet looking back, amongſt the ſhrubby Trees
She cloſely ſculks, and crouches on her knees.
The vacant Boy, now being left alone,
Imagining he was obſerv'd by none,
Now here, now there, about the margin trips,
And in th' alluring waves his ancles dips.
Caught with the water's flatt'ring temp'rature,
He ſtraight diſrobes his body, (O, how pure!)
His naked beauty *Salmacis* amaz'd,
Who with unſatisfied longing gaz'd.
Her ſparkling eyes ſhoot flame through this ſweet error,
Much like the Sun reflected by a mirrour.
Now ſhe impatiently her hope delays;
Now burns t'imbrace; now, half mad, hardly ſtays.
He ſwiftly from the bank on which he ſtood,
Clapping his body, leaps into the flood;
And with his rowing arms ſupports his Limbs:
Which through the pure waves glitter as he ſwims;
Like Ivory ſtatues which the life ſurpaſs,
Or like a Lilly in a chryſtal glaſs.
He's mine, the Nymph exclaim'd: Who all unſtript,
And [illegible] ſpake, into the water ſkips,

Hanging about the neck that did reſiſt,
360 And with a ſtrugling force th' unwilling kiſt;
Now puts her hand beneath his ſcornful breſt,
Now every way invadeth the diſtreſt,
And wraps about the ſubject of her luſt;
Much like a Serpent by an Eagle truſs'd,
Which to his head and feet inſettered clings,
And wreaths her tail about his ſtretcht-out wings.
365 So claſping Ivy to the Oak doth grow;
And ſo the *Polypus* detains his foe.
But *Atlantiades*, relentleſs coy,
Still ſtruggles, and reſiſts her hop'd-for joy.
370 Inveſted with her Body; Fool, ſaid ſhe,
Struggle thou may'ſt, but never ſhalt be free.
O you, who in immortal thrones reſide,
Grant that no day may ever us divide.
Her wiſhes had their Gods. Ev'n in that ſpace
Their cleaving bodies mix; both have one face.
375 As when we two divided Cions join,
And ſee them grow together in one rine;
So they, by ſuch a firm Imbracement glu'd,
Are now but one, with double form indu'd.
No longer he a Boy, nor ſhe a Maid;
But neither, and yet either, might be ſaid.
380 *Hermaphroditus* [illegible] himſelf admires,
Who half a Female from the ſpring retires,
His manly Limbs now ſoftned, and thus prays,
With ſuch a voice as gentler ſex betrays:
Sweet *Hermes*, *Aphrodite*, him O hear,
Who was your ſon, who both your names doth bear.
385 May every male that in this water ſwims
Return half-woman, with infeebled Limbs.
His gentle parents ſigh to his requeſt,
And with unknown receits the ſpring infeſt.
Here they conclude; yet give their hands no reſt,
390 But *Bacchus* ſlight, and ſtill prophane his Feaſt.
When ſuddenly harſh [illegible] ſurprize,
Then [illegible] to their eyes;
Sweet Myrrh and Saffron all the houſe perfume;
Their Webs ([illegible]) [illegible] in the loom;
395 The hanging wooll to [illegible] Ivy ſpreads;
Part into Vines; [illegible]
[illegible]
And with the purple [illegible] bluſhing [illegible]
Now

Now to the day ſucceeds that doubtful light,
400 Which neither can be called day nor night.
The building trembles; torches of fat Pines
Appear to burn; the room with flaſhes ſhines,
Fill'd with fantaſtical reſemblances
Of howling Beaſts, whom bloud and ſlaughter pleaſe.
405 The Siſters to the ſmoaky roof retire;
And, there diſperſt, avoid both light and fire.
Thus while they corners ſeek, thin films extend
From lightned Limbs, with ſmall beams inter-penn'd.
But how their former ſhapes they did for-go,
410 Concealing darkneſs would not let them know.
Nor are theſe little Light-deteſting things
Born up with feathers, but tranſparent wings.
Their voice befits their bodies, ſmall and faint,
Wherewith they harſhly utter their complaint.
Theſe houſes haunt, in night conceal their ſhame,
415 And of the loved Evening take their name.
    All *Thebes* now feared *Bacchus* celebrates,
Whoſe wondrous pow'r his boaſting Aunt relates.
She only, of ſo many Siſters, knew
No grief as yet, but what from them ſhe drew.
420 An happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,
Nurſe to a God. Theſe caus'd her to ſurpaſs
The bounds of her felicities, and made
Vext *Juno* ſtorm; who to her ſelf thus ſaid:
    What? Could that Strumpet's Brat the form diſſeiſe
Of poor *Mæonian* Sailers drencht in Seas?
A Mother urge to murther her own Son?
425 And wing the three *Mineides* that ſpun?
Can I but un-revenged wrongs deplore?
Muſt this ſuffice? And is our pow'r no more?
He teacheth what to do; learn of thy Foe:
What Fury can, the wounds of *Pentheus* ſhew
430 More than too much. Why ſhould not *ſhe* tread
The path which late her frantick ſiſters led?
    A ſteep dark Cave, with deadly Yew repleat,
Through ſilence leads to Hell's infernal ſeat.
By this dull *Styx* ejects a blaſting fume:
435 Here ghoſts deſcend, whoſe bodies graves inhume.
Amongſt thoſe thorns ſtiff Cold and Paleneſs dwell;
The new-come ghoſts nor know the way to Hell,
Nor where the roomthy *Stygian* City ſtands,
Or that dire Palace where black *Dis* commands.

A thousand entries to this City guide;
The gates still open stand on every side.
440 And as all Rivers run into the deep;
So all unhoused souls do thither creep.
Nor are they pestered for want of room;
Nor can it be perceiv'd that any come.
Here Shadows wander from their Bodies sent.
Some plead, and some the Tyrant's Court frequent:
445 Some in life-practis'd Arts imploy their times;
Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.
Saturnia stooping from her Throne of Air,
(Her hate immortal) thither makes repair.
As soon as she had entered the gate,
The threshold trembled with her sacred weight.
450 Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddess dreads,
And barketh thrice at once with his three heads.
She calls the Furies, Daughters to old Night,
Implacable, and having all delight.
Before the doors of Adamant they sit,
And there with combs their snaky curls unknit.
455 When they through gloomy darkness did disclose
That form of Heaven, the Goddesses arose.
The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.
Here *Tityus*, for attempted Rape defam'd,
Had his vast body on nine Acres spred,
And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.
From *Tantalus* the flying water slips,
And catching fruit avoids his touched lips.
460 Thou ever seekest, or roll'st up in vain
A stone, O *Sisyphus*, to fall again.
Ixion, turn'd upon a restless wheel,
With giddy head pursues his flying heel.
The *Belides*, whom Kinsmens blood defiles,
For ever draw the water which they lose.
On all *Saturnia* frown'd, but most of all
465 At thee, *Ixion*; then a look let fall
On *Sisyphus*: And why (said she) remains
This brother only in perpetual pains;
When haughty *Athamas*, whose [illegible] despise
Both [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Then tells the cause of her [illegible]
470 And what she would; the [illegible]
That *Athamas* the [illegible]
And urge him to [illegible]

Importunately ſhe ſolliciteth,
Commands, intreats, promiſes, with one breath.
Incens'd *Tiſiphone* her Treſſes ſhakes,
And toſſing from her face the hiſſing Snakes,
Thus ſaid: You need not uſe long ambages;
Suppoſe all done already that may pleaſe.
Forſake this loathſome Kingdom, and repair
To th' upper world's more comfortable air.
Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to Heav'n withdrew:
Whom firſt *Thaumantian Iris* purg'd with dew.
Forthwith *Tiſiphone* her garment takes,
Dropping with bloud, and girt with knotted Snakes:
About her head her bloudy Torch ſhe ſhook,
And ſwiftly thoſe accurs'd Abodes forſook.
Still ſighing Sorrow, Horrour, Trembling, Fear,
And ghaſtly Madneſs, her aſſociates were.
The entred Palace groan'd; pale poiſon foils
The poliſht doors; the frighted Sun recoils.
Then *Athamas* and *Ino*, ſtruck with dread
And monſtrous Apparitions, ſought t' have fled.
But ſtern *Erymnis* their eſcape withſtands;
And ſtretching out her Viper-graſping hands,
Shook her dark brows: The troubled Serpents hiſt:
Some, falling on her ſhoulders, there untwiſt;
Others upon her ugly breaſt deſcend,
Spit poiſon, and their forked tongues extend.
Two Adders from her crawling hair ſhe drew;
And thoſe at *Athamas* and *Ino* threw.
Theſe up and down about their boſoms rowl;
And with infus'd infection ſad the ſoul.
No wound upon their Bodies could be found:
It was the Mind that felt the deſperate wound.
She brought beſides from her abhorred home
The ſurfeit of *Echidna*, with the foam
Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, ſtill-wandring Errours,
Oblivion, Miſchief, Tears, infernal Terrours,
Diſtracted Fury, an Affection fixt
On murther; all together ground, and mixt
With bloud yet reeking, boil'd in hollow braſs,
And ſtirr'd with Hemlock. While ſad *Athamas*
And *Ino* quake, ſhe pours into their breaſts
The ragefull poiſons which their peace infects.
Her flamy Torch then whisking in a round,
(Whoſe circularly fire her conqueſt crown'd)

To *Pluto's* empty regiment she makes
A swift descent, and there ungirts her Snakes.
Forthwith *Æolides* with Poison boils;
Io, my Mates, he cries, here pitch your toils:
Here late a Lionness by me was seen
515 With her two whelps. With that pursues the Queen,
And from her breast *Learchus* snatcht. The child
Stretcht forth his little arms, and on him smil'd;
Whom like a Sling about his head he swings,
And cruelly against the pavement flings.
The Mother, whether with her grief distraught,
520 Or that the Poison on her senses wrought,
Runs howling with her hair about her ears,
And in bare arms her *Melicerta* bears;
Cries, *Euoe Bacchus*. *Juno* laught, and said,
Thus art thou by thy Foster-child repaid.
525 There is a Rock that over-looks the Main,
Hollow'd by fretting Surges, scone'd from rain;
Whose craggy Brow to vaster Seas extends,
This *Ino* (fury adding strength) ascends,
Descending headlong, with the load she bears,
530 And strikes the sparkling waves, that fall in tears.
Then *Venus*, grieving at her Niece's Fate,
Her Uncle thus intreats; O thou whose State
Is next to *Jove's*, great Ruler of the Floud,
My suit is bold, yet pity thou my bloud,
535 Now tossed in the deep *Ionian* Seas,
And joyn them to thy watry Deities.
Some favour of the Sea I should obtain,
That am ingender'd of the foamy Main;
Of which the acceptable name I bear.
Neptune affords a favourable ear:
540 Who what was mortal from their beings took:
Then gave to either a Majestick look;
In all their faculties divinely fram'd,
And her *Leucothoe*, him *Palæmon* nam'd.
The *Theban* Ladies, who her steps pursu'd,
Her last on the first Promontory view'd.
545 There, held for dead, with hair and garments rent,
They beat their breasts, and *Cadmus* House lament,
Of little justice, and much cruelty,
All *Juno* tax. Indure (she said) shall I
Such blasphemies? I'll make you monuments
550 Of my revenge. Threats [illegible].

When one, of all the moſt affectionate,
Cry'd, O my Queen, I will partake thy Fate:
And thought to leap into the roaring Floud;
But could not move; her Feet faſt fixed ſtood.
Another, who her boſom meant to beat,
555 Perceiv'd her ſtiffned Arms to loſe their heat.
By chance her Hand, This ſtretcheth to the Main:
Nor could her Hand, now ſtone, unſtretch again.
As She her violated Treſſes tare,
Her Fingers forthwith hardned in her hair.
560 Their ſtatues now thoſe ſeveral geſtures bear,
Wherein they formerly ſurprized were.
Some, Fowls became, now call'd *Cadmeides*;
Who with their light wings ſweep thoſe gulfy Seas.
Little knew *Cadmus* that his Children reign'd
In ſacred Seas, and deathleſs ſtates retain'd.
Subdu'd with woes, with tragical events
565 That had no end, and many dire oſtents,
He leaves his City, as not through his own,
But by the fortune of the place o'rthrown;
And with his Wife *Hermione*, long toſt,
At length arriveth at th' *Illyrian* Coaſt.
Now ſpent with grief and age, whilſt they relate
570 Their former toils, and Family's firſt fate;
And was that Serpent ſacred which I ſlew,
(Said he) whoſe teeth into the Earth I threw
(An uncouth Seed) when I from *Sidon* came?
If this the vengeful Gods ſo much inflame,
575 May I my Belly Serpent-like extend.
His Belly lengthned e're his wiſh could end.
Tough Scales upon his hardned outſide grew;
The blacks diſtinguiſhed with drops of blue.
Then, falling on his breaſt, his Thighs unite;
580 And in a ſpiny progreſs ſtretcht out-right.
His Arms (for Arms as yet they were) he ſpreads;
And tears on Cheeks, that yet were human, ſheds.
Come, O ſad Soul, ſaid he, thy husband touch,
585 Whilſt I am I, or part of me be ſuch;
Shake hands, while yet I have an Hand to ſhake;
Before I totally intire a Snake.
His Tongue was yet in motion, when it cleft
In two: Forthwith of human ſpeech bereft,
He hiſt, when he his ſorrows ſought to vent,
The only Language now which Nature lent.

590 His Wife her naked bosom beats, and cries,
Stay, Cadmus, and put off these prodigies.
O strange! where are thy feet, hands, shoulders, breast,
Thy colour, face, and (while I speak) the rest?
Yon Gods, why also am not I a Snake?
595 He licks her willing lips even as she spake;
Into her well-known bosom glides; her waste
And yielding neck with loving twines imbrac'd.
Amazement all the standers by possest;
While glittering combs their slippery heads invest.
600 Now are they two; who creep, together chain'd,
Till they the covert of the Wood obtain'd.
These gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,
Do hurt to no man, nor man's presence fear.
Yet were their sorrows by their Daughter's son
605 Much comforted, who vanquish'd *India* won;
To whom th' *Achaian* Temples consecrate;
Divinely magnify'd through either State.
Alone *Acrisius Abantiades*,
Though of one Progeny, issuing from these;
Who from th' *Argolian* City made him fly,
And manag'd arms against a Deity.
610 Nor him, nor *Perseus* he for *Jove's* doth hold,
(Begot on *Danae* in a show'r of gold)
Yet straight repents (so prevalent is truth)
Both to have forc'd the God, and doom'd the Youth.
Now is the one inthroned in the skies;
The other through Air's empty Region flies,
615 And bears along the memorable spoil
Of that new Monster, conquer'd by his toil.
And as he o're the *Lybian* Desarts flew,
The blood that dropt from *Gorgon's* head straight grew
To various Serpents, quicken'd by the ground;
620 With these that one infested Clime abound.
Hither and thither, like a cloud of rain,
Born by cross winds, he cuts the airy Main;
Far distant earth beholding from on high,
And over all the ample World doth fly.
625 Thrice saw cold [illegible] thrice [illegible] press'd,
Oft hurried to the East, oft to the West;
And now, not trusting to approaching night,
Upon the *Hesperian* [illegible] light,
And craves some rest in [illegible] till
630 *Aurora's* blush, and the [illegible]

Huge-ſtatur'd *Atlas Iapetonides*
Here ſway'd the utmoſt bounds of Earth and Seas;
Where *Titan's* panting Steeds his Chariot ſteep,
And bathe their fiery fet-locks in the deep.
635 A thouſand Herds, as many Flocks, he fed
In thoſe large Paſtures, where no neighbours tread.
Here to their Tree the ſhining branches ſute,
To them their Leaves, to thoſe the Golden Fruit.
Great King, ſaid *Perſeus*, if high birth may move
640 Reſpect in thee, behold the ſon of *Jove*;
If admiration, then my Acts admire,
Who reſt and hoſpitable Rites deſire.
He, mindful of this propheſie, of old
By ſacred *Themis* of *Parnaſſus* told;
645 In time thy Golden fruit a prey ſhall prove,
O *Iapet's* ſon, unto the ſon of *Jove*;
This fearing, he his Orchard had incloſ'd
With ſolid Cliffs, that all acceſs oppos'd:
The Guard whereof a monſtrous Dragon held,
And from his Land all Foreigners expell'd.
Be gone, ſaid he, for fear thy glories prove
650 But counterfeit, and thou no ſon to *Jove*.
Then adds uncivill violence to threats.
With ſtrength the other ſeconds his intreats,
In ſtrength inferiour: Who ſo ſtrong as he?
Since courteſie nor any worth in me,
Vext *Perſeus* ſaid, can purchaſe my regard;
Yet from a gueſt receive thy due reward.
655 With that, *Meduſa's* ugly head he drew,
His own reverſed. Forthwith *Atlas* grew
Into a Mountain equal to the Man:
His hair and beard to Woods and Buſhes ran;
His arms and ſhoulders into ridges ſpred;
And what was his, is now the Mountain's head:
660 Bones turn to ſtones; and all his parts extrude
Into an huge prodigious altitude,
(Such was the pleaſure of the ever-bleſt)
Whereon the Heav'ns with all their tapers reſt.
Hippotades in hollow Rocks did cloſe
665 The ſtrife-ful Winds: Bright *Lucifer* aroſe,
And rous'd up Labour: *Perſeus*, having ty'd
His wings to his feet, his faulchion to his ſide,
Sprung into air: Below, on either hand,
Innumerable Nations left: The Land

Of

Of *Æthiop* and the *Cephean* fields ſurvey'd;
670 There where the innocently-wretched Maid
Was for her Mother's proud impiety
By unjuſt *Ammon* ſentenced to die.
Whom when the Hero ſaw to hard Rocks chain'd,
But that warm tears from charged eye-ſprings drain'd,
And light winds gently fann'd her fluent hair,
675 He would have thought her Marble. E're aware
He fire attracteth, and, aſtoniſht by
Her beauty, had almoſt forgot to fly.
He lighting ſaid; O faireſt of thy kind,
(More worthy of thoſe bands which Lovers bind,
Than theſe rude gyves,) the Land by thee renown'd,
680 Thy name, thy birth declare, and why thus bound.
At firſt the ſilent Virgin was afraid
To ſpeak t' a Man, and modeſtly had made
A Vizard of her hands, but they were ty'd:
Yet, what ſhe could, her tears their fountains hide.
685 Still urg'd, leſt ſhe ſhould wrong her Innocence,
As if aſham'd to utter her offence,
Her Country ſhe diſcovers, her own name,
Her beauteous Mother's confidence, and blame.
All yet untold, the Waves began to roar:
Th' apparent Monſter (haſt'ning to the ſhoar)
690 Before his breaſt the broad-ſpred Sea up-bears:
The Virgin ſhrieks: Her parents ſee their fears,
Both mourn, both wretched; (but ſhe juſtly ſo;)
Who bring no aid, but extaſies of wo;
With tears that fit the time, who take the leave
They're loth to take; and to her body cleave.
695 You for your grief may have, the ſtranger ſaid,
A time too long: Short is the hour of aid.
If ſought by me, *Jove's* ſon, in fruitful gold
Begot on *Danae*, through a Brazen Hold,
Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the ſnaky hair,
And boldly glide through unſupported air;
700 Me for your ſon you ſurely would preferr.
Add to this worth, that to deliver her
I'll try; (ſo favour me the Powers divine)
That ſhe, ſav'd by my valour, may be mine.
They give conſent, intreat what he doth offer;
705 And farther, for a dowre their Kingdom proffer.
Lo, as a Gally with fore-fixed prow
(Row'd by the ſweat of Slaves) the Sea doth plow;

Breaks

Even ſo the Monſter furroweth with his breaſt
The foaming floud, and to the near Rock preſt;
Not farther diſtant than a Man might fling
A way-enforcing Bullet from a ſling.
Forthwith the youthful iſſue of rich Show'rs,
Earth puſhing from him, ſo the blue ſky towrs.
The furious Monſter eagerly doth chaſe
His ſhadow, gliding on the Sea's ſmooth face.
And as *Jove*'s Bird, when ſhe from high ſurveys
A Dragon basking in *Apollo*'s rays,
Deſcends unſeen, and through his necks blue ſcales
(To ſhun his deadly teeth) her talons nails:
So ſwiftly ſtoops high-pitcht *Inachides*
Through ſinging air: Then on his back doth ſeize;
And near his right fin ſheaths his crooked ſword
Up to the hilts; who, deeply wounded, roar'd,
Now capers in the air, now dives below
The troubled waves, now turns upon his foe;
Much like a chaſed Boar, whom eager Hounds
Have at a Bay, and terrifie with ſounds.
He with ſwift wings his greedy jaws avoids:
Now with his Fauchion wounds his ſcaly ſides;
Now, his ſhell-rough-caſt back; now, where the tail
Ends in a Fiſh, or parts expos'd to aſſail.
A ſtream mixt with his bloud the Monſter flings
From his wide throat, which wets his heavy wings:
Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely
On their ſupport. He ſees a Rock hard by,
Whoſe top above the quiet waters ſtood,
But underneath the wind-incenſed floud.
There lights; and, holding by the Rock's extent,
His oft-thruſt ſword into his bowels ſent.
The ſhoar rings with th' applauſe that fills the ſky.
Then *Cepheus* and *Caſſiope*, with joy,
Salute him for their ſon; whom now they call
The Saviour of their Houſe, and of them all.
Up came *Andromeda*, freed from her chains;
The cauſe and recompence of all his pains.
Mean-while he waſheth his victorious hands
In cleanſing waves: And leſt the beachy Sands
Should hurt the Snaky head, the ground doth ſtrew
With leaves, and twigs that under water grew;
Whereon *Meduſa*'s ugly face he lays.
The green, yet juicy and attractive, ſprays

From

745 From the touch't Monſter ſtiffning hardneſs took,
And their own native pliancy forſook.
The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder try
On other ſprigs, and in the iſſue joy;
They ſow again thoſe Seeds upon the deep.
750 The Coral now this property doth keep,
Receiving hardneſs from ſoft air alone;
Beneath the Sea a twig; above, a ſtone.
Forthwith three Altars he of Turf erects,
To *Hermes*, *Jove*, and her who War affects.
Minerva's on the right, on the left hand
755 Stood *Mercury's*: *Jove's* in the midſt did ſtand.
To *Mercury*, a Calf they ſacrifice;
To *Jove*, a Bull; a Cow to *Pallas* dies.
Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward
Of ſo great worth, with Dow'r of leſs regard.
Now Love and *Hymen* urge the Nuptial bed;
The ſacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed;
760 The houſe hung round with Garlands; every where
Melodious Harps and Songs ſalute the ear,
Of jocund mirth the free and happy ſigns.
With Doors diſplay'd the golden Palace ſhines.
The *Cephen* Nobles and each ſtranger Gueſt
Together enter to this ſumptuous Feaſt.
765 The Banquet done, with generous Wines they chear
Their heightned ſpirits. *Perſeus* longs to hear
Their faſhions, manners, and original:
Who by *Lyncides* is inform'd of all.
That told, he ſaid, Now tell, O valiant Knight,
770 By what ſubtlety of force, or ſleight,
You got this purchaſe of the ſnaky hair.
Then *Agenorides* forthwith declares,
How under froſty *Atlas* chilly ſide
There lay a Plain, with Mountains fortify'd;
775 In whoſe acceſs the *Phorcides* did lie,
Two Siſters: Both of them had but one eye.
How cunningly whereon his hands he laid,
As they from one another it convey'd.
Through rough blind waies and rocky forreſts came
To *Gorgon's* houſe: The way unto the ſame
780 Beſet with forms of men and beaſts, alone
By looking on *Meduſa* turn'd to ſtone:
Whoſe horrid ſhape ſecurely he did eye
In his bright target's clear refulgency.

And how her head he from her ſhoulders took,
E're heavy ſleep her Snakes and her forſook.
Then told of *Pegaſus*, and of his brother,
Sprung from the bloud of their new-ſlaughter'd mother.
Adding the perils paſt in his long way;
What ſeas, what ſoils his eyes below ſurvey;
And to what ſtars his lofty pitch aſcends.
Yet long afore their expectation ends,
One Lord among the reſt would gladly know,
Why Serpents only on her head did grow.
  Stranger, ſaid he, ſince this that you require
Deſerves the knowledge, take what you deſire.
Her paſſing beauty was the only ſcope
Of mens affections, and their envy'd hope,
Yet was not any part of her more rare
(So ſay they who have ſeen her) than her hair.
Her *Neptune* in *Minerva*'s Fane compreſt.
Jove's daughter with the *Ægis* on her breaſt
Hid her chaſt bluſhes: And due vengeance takes,
In turning of the *Gorgon*'s hair to Snakes.
Who now, to make her enemies afraid,
Bears in her ſhield the Serpents which ſhe made.

OVID'S

Nor ſhall thy wings, nor *Jove* in forged gold,
Work thy eſcape. About to throw: O hold,
Perplexed *Cepheus* cries: What wilt thou do?
What fury, frantick brother, tempts thee to
So foul a fact? Is this the recompence
15 For ſuch high merits? For her life's defence?
Not *Perſeus*, but th' incens'd *Nereides*,
But horned *Ammon*, and the wrath of Seas,
(That Ork that ſought my bowels to devour)
Have ſnatcht her from thee, raviſht in the hour
20 Of her expoſure. But thy cruelty
Perhaps was well content that ſhe ſhould die,
To eaſe thy loſs with ours. May't not ſuffice,
That ſhe was bound in chains before thine eyes;
That thou, her Uncle and her Husband, brought
Her peril no prevention, nor none ſought;
But that another's aid thou muſt envy,
25 And claim the Trophies of his Victory?
Which if of ſuch eſteem, thou ſhould'ſt have ſtrain'd
T' have forc'd them from thoſe Rocks, where lately chain'd,
Let him, who did, enjoy them; nor exact
What is his due by merit and compact.
Nor think we *Perſeus* before thee prefer;
But him, before ſo abhorr'd a ſepulcher.
He, without anſwer, rowling to and fro 30
His eyes on either, doubts at which to throw:
And pauſing, his ill-armed Launce at length
At *Perſeus* hurls, with rage-redoubled ſtrength.
Fixt in the bed-ſtock, up fierce *Perſeus* ſtarts,
35 And his retorted Spear at *Phineus* darts;
Who ſuddenly behind an Altar ſtept:
An Altar vengeance from the wicked kept.
And yet in *Rhætus* brow the weapon ſtuck.
He fell: The ſteel out of his ſkull they pluck:
He ſpurns the Earth, and ſtains the board with bloud.
40 With that, the multitude, with fury wood,
Their Launces fling; and ſome there be who cry,
That *Cepheus* and his ſon-in-law ſhould die.
But *Cepheus* wiſely quits the clamorous Hall;
And faith and juſtice doth to record call,
45 With all the Hoſpitable Gods, that he
Was from this execrable uproar free.
The warlike *Pallas*, preſent, with her ſhield
Protects her brother, and his courage ſteel'd.

Young

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Gorgon *ſeen,* Cepheni *Statues grow:*
So Phineus, Prœtus, Polydect, *the foe*
To Perſeus *praiſe.* *The fountain* Hippocrene
By horſe-hoof rais'd. *The Muſes chang'd to Nine*
Rape-flying Birds; Pierides *to Pies.*
The Gods, by Typhon *chas'd, themſelves diſguiſe.*
Sad Cyane *into a Fountain flows.*
Th' ill-natur'd Boy a ſpotted Stellion grows.
Lov'd Arethuſa *thaws into a Spring.*
Aſcalaphus *an Owl.* *Light feathers wing*
The ſweet-tongu'd Sirens, *who on waters mourn.*
Stern Lyncus Ceres *to a Lynx doth turn.*

WHilſt the *Danaian* Hero this relates,
Amidſt th' Aſſembly of the *Cephen* States,
Exalted voices through the Palace ring:
Not like to theirs who at a marriage ſing;
But ſuch as menace War. The Nuptial Feaſt,
Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life expreſt
A peaceful Sea, whoſe brow no frown deforms,
Straight ruffled into billows by rude ſtorms.
Firſt *Phineus*, the raſh Author of this war,
Shaking a Launce, began the deadly jar.
Lo, I the Man that will upon thy life
Revenge, ſaid he, the rapture of my Wife.

Young *Indian Atys* by ill hap was there,
Whom *Ganges* got, *Limnace* did bear
In her clear Waves; his beauty excellent,
Which care and coſtly ornaments augment;
Who ſcarce had fully ſixteen Summers told;
Clad in a *Tyrian* mantle, fring'd with gold.
About his neck he wore a carkenet;
His hair with Ribband bound, and Odours wet.
Although he cunningly a Dart could throw;
Yet with more cunning could he uſe his Bow.
Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand;
Quick *Perſeus* from the Altar ſnatcht a Brand,
And daſht it on his face. Out ſtart his eyes;
And through his fleſh the ſhiv'red bones ariſe.
When *Syrian Lycabas* his *Atys* view'd
Shaking his formleſs looks, with bloud imbrew'd,
To him in ſtricteſt bands of friendſhip ty'd,
And one who could not his affection hide;
After he had his tragedy bewail'd,
Who through the bitter wound his ſoul exhal'd,
He took the Bow, which erſt the Youth did bend,
And ſaid, With me, thou Murtherer, contend;
Nor longer glory in a Boy's ſad fate,
Which ſtains thy actions with deſerved hate.
Yet ſpeaking, from the ſtring the arrow flew:
Which took his pleighted Robe as he withdrew.
Acriſioniades upon him preſt,
And ſheath'd his Harpy in his groaning Breaſt.
Now dying, he for *Atys* looks, with eyes
That ſwim in night, and on his boſom lies:
Then chearfully expires his parting breath,
Rejoycing to be join'd to him in death.
Phorbas the *Syenite*, *Methion's* ſon,
With him the *Libyan Amphimedon*,
Eager of combate, ſlipping in the bloud
That drencht the pavement, fall: His ſword withſtood
Their re-aſcent, which through the ſhort-ribs ſmote
Amphimedon, and cut the other's throat.
Yet *Perſeus* could not venture to invade
The Halberdier *Erithus* with his blade;
But in both hands a Goblet, high emboſt
And maſſy, took, which at his head he toſt.
He vomits clotted bloud, and tumbling down,
Knocks the hard pavement with his dying crown.
[illegible]

Then

85 Then *Polydæmon*, (ſprung from Goddeſs-born
Semiramis,) *Phlegyas*, the unſhorn
Helices, *Clitus*, *Scythian Abaris*,
And brave *Lycetus* (old *Spercheſius* bliſs)
Fell by his hand: Whoſe feet in triumph tread
Upon the ſlaughtered bodies of the dead.
But *Phineus*, fearing to confront his Foe
In cloſe aſſault, far off a dart doth throw;
90 Which, led by errour, did on *Idas* light,
A Neuter, who in vain forbare to fight.
He, ſternly frowning, thus to *Phineus* ſpake:
Since you me an unwilling party make,
Receive the enemy whom you have made;
That by a wound, a wound may be repay'd.
95 About to hurl the Dart drawn from his ſide,
With loſs of bloud he faints, and falling dy'd.
Then great *Odytes* fell by *Clymen*'s ſword;
Next to the King, the greateſt *Cephen* Lord.
Hypſeus ſlew *Protenor*; *Lyncides*,
Hypſeus. Old *Emathion* fell with theſe,
100 Who fear'd the Gods, and favoured the right.
He, whom old age exempted from the fight,
Fights with his tongue; himſelf doth interpoſe,
And deeply execrates their wicked blows.
Cromis, as he imbrac'd the Altar, dropt
His ſhaking head, which on the Altar, lopt
105 Whoſe half-dead tongue yet curſes; who expires
His righteous ſoul amidſt the ſacred Fires.
Then *Broteas* and *Ammon*, *Phineus* ſlew,
Who from one womb at once their being drew:
Invincible with hurl-bats, could they quell
The dint of ſwords. Near theſe *Alphitus* fell,
110 The Prieſt of *Ceres*, with a Miter crown'd,
Which to his Temples a white fillet bound.
And next *Lampetides*, whoſe pleaſant wit
Deteſted diſcord, in ſoft peace more fit
To ſing unto his tuneful Lyre, now preſt
With Songs to celebrate the nuptial Feaſt.
When *Pettalus* at him, who ſtood far off,
115 With his defenceleſs Harp, ſtrikes with this ſcoff;
Go, ſing the reſt unto the Ghoſts below:
And pierc'd his Temples with a deadly blow.
His dying fingers warble in his fall;
And then, by chance, the Song was tragical.

This unreveng'd *Lycormas* could not brook,
But from the door's right ſide a Leaver took,
And him between the head and ſhoulders knocks.
Down falls he, like a ſacrificed Ox.
Cinyphian Pelates then ſought to ſeize
Upon the left: When fierce *Marmarides*
His hand nail'd to the door-poſt with a Spear;
Whoſe ſide ſtern *Abas* pierc'd as he ſtuck there.
Nor could he fall; but giving up the ghoſt,
Hung by the hand againſt the ſmeared poſt.
Melaneus then, of *Perſeus* party, fell;
And *Dorilas*, whoſe riches did excel:
In *Naſamonia* none than he more great
For large poſſeſſions, and huge hoards of Wheat.
The ſteel ſtuck in his groin, which death purſu'd:
Whom *Halcyoneus* of *Bactria* view'd
(The Author of the wound,) as he did rowl
His turn'd-up eyes, and ſighed out his ſoul:
For all thy land, ſaid he, by this divorce
Receive thy length: And left his bloudleſs coarſe.
The Spear revengeful *Abantiades* drew
From his warm wound, and at the Thrower threw;
Which doth his noſtrils in the midſt divide,
And, paſſing through, appear'd on either ſide.
Whilſt Fortune crown'd him, *Clytius* he confounds
And *Clanis*, of one womb, with different wounds.
Through *Clytius* thighs, a ready dart he caſt;
Another 'twixt the jaws of *Clanis* paſt.
Mendeſian Celadon and *Aſtreus* dy,
His father doubtful, gotten on a *Jew*:
Ethion, late well ſeen in things to come,
Now overtaken by an unknown doom;
Thoactes, *Phineus* Squire, his Faulchion try'd;
And fell *Agyrtes*, that foul parricide.
Yet more remain'd than were already ſpent:
For all of them to murther one conſent.
The bold Conſpirators on all ſides fight,
Impugning promiſe, merit, and his right.
The faintly-pious Father ſides with th' other;
With him the frighted Bride, and penſive Mother:
Who fill the Court with outcries, by the ſound
Of claſhing Arms and dying groans drown'd.
Bellona the polluted floor imbrews
With ſtreams of bloud, and horrid war renews.

Phin

False *Phineus* with a thouſand in a ring
Begirt the Hero; who their Launces fling
As thick as Winter's hail, that blind his ſight,
Sing in his ears, and round about him light.
His guarded back he to a pillar ſets,
And with undaunted force confronts their threats.
Chaonian Molpeus preſt to his left ſide;
The right *Nabathæan Ethemon* ply'd.
As when a Tiger, pincht with famine, hears
Two bellowing Herds within one vale, forbears,
Nor knows on which to ruſh, as being loth
To leave the other, and would fall on both:
So *Perſeus* which to ſtrike uncertain proves;
Then daunted *Molpeus* with a wound removes;
Contented with his flight, in that the rage
Of fierce *Ethemon* did his force ingage:
Who at his neck uncircumſpectly ſtruck,
And his keen ſword againſt the pillar broke.
The blade from unrelenting ſtone rebounds,
And in his throat th' unhappy owner wounds.
Yet was not that enough to work his end,
Who fearfully doth now his arms extend
For pity unto *Perſeus*, all in vain,
Who thruſt him through with his *Cyllenian* Skein.
But when he ſaw his valour over-ſway'd
By multitude, I muſt, ſaid he, ſeek aid
(Since you your ſelves compel me) from my foe:
Friends, turn your backs. Then *Gorgon*'s head doth ſhow.
Some others ſeek, ſaid *Theſſalus*, to fright
With this thy Monſter; and with all his might
A deadly dart endeavour'd to have thrown;
But in that poſture became a ſtone.
Next, *Amphix*, full of ſpirit, forward preſt,
And thruſt his Sword at bold *Lyncides* breaſt:
When in the paſs his fingers ſtupid grow,
Nor had the pow'r of moving to or fro.
But *Nileus* (he who with a forged ſtyle
Vaunted to be the ſon of ſeven-fold *Nile*,
And bare ſeven ſilver Rivers in his ſheild,
Diſtinctly waving through a golden field)
To *Perſeus* ſaid, Behold! from whence we ſprung,
To ever-ſilent ſhadows bear along
This comfort of thy death, that thou didſt die
By ſuch a brave and high-born enemy.

His ſpeech quite faultered in the later clauſe;
The yet-unfiniſht ſound ſtuck in his jaws;
Who gaping ſtood as he would ſomething ſay:
And ſo had done, if words had found a way.
Theſe *Eryx* blames; 'Tis your faint ſouls that dead
Your powers, ſaith he, and not the *Gorgon*'s head.
Ruſh on with me, and proſtrate with deep wounds
This Youth, who thus with Magick arms confounds.
Then ruſhing on, the ground his footſteps ſtay'd,
Now mutely fixt, an armed Statue made.
These ſuffer'd worthily. One who did fight
For *Perſeus*, bold *Aconteus*, at the ſight
Of *Gorgon*'s Snakes, abortive Marble grew.
On whom *Aſtyages* in fury flew
As if alive, with his two-handed blade;
Which ſhrilly twang'd, but no inciſion made.
Who, whilſt he wonders, the ſame nature took;
And now his Statue hath a wondring look.
It were too tedious for me to report
Their names who periſht of the vulgar ſort.
Two hundred ſcap'd the fury of the fight;
Two hundred turn to ſtone at *Gorgon*'s ſight.
Now *Phineus* his unjuſt commotion rues:
What ſhould he do? The ſenſeleſs ſhapes he views
Of his known friends, which differing figures bore,
And doth by name their ſeveral aids implore.
And yet not truſting to his eyes alone,
The next he touch'd, and found them to be ſtone.
Then turns aſide, and now penitent,
With ſuppliant hands, and arms obliquely bent,
O *Perſeus*, thine, ſaid he, thine is the day:
Remove this Monſter; hence, O hence convey
Meduſa's ugly looks, or what more ſtrange,
Which human bodies into marble change.
Nor hate, nor thirſt of rule begot this ſtrife:
I only fought to re-obtain my Wife.
Thine is the plea of Merit, mine, of Time:
Yet in contending I confeſs my crime.
For life (O chief of men) I only ſue:
Afford me that, the reſt I yield to you.
Thus he, not daring to raiſe his eyes
On him whom he intreats: Who thus replies;
Faint-hearted *Phineus*, what I can afford,
(A gift of worth to ſuch a fearful Lord)
Take

Take courage, and perſuade thy ſelf I will.
No wounding ſword thy bloud ſhall ever ſpill.
Moreover, that I may thy wiſh prevent,
Here will I fix thy laſting monument:
That thou by her thou lov'ſt mayſt ſtill be ſeen,
And with her Spouſe's image chear our Queen.
Then on that ſide the *Gorgon's* head doth place,
To which the Prince had turn'd his trembling face.
And as from thence his eyes he would have thrown,
His neck grew ſtiff, his tears congeal to ſtone.
With fearful ſuppliant look, ſubmiſſive hands,
And guilty countenance, the Statue ſtands.
 Victorious *Abantiades* now hies
T' his native City, with the reſcu'd prize.
There vengeance takes on *Prœtus*, and reſtor'd
His Grand-father; whoſe wrongs redreſs implor'd.
For *Prœtus* had by force of Arms expell'd
His brother, and uſurped *Argos* held.
But him nor Arms nor Bulwarks could protect
Againſt the ſnaky Monſter's grim aſpect.
 Yet not the vertue of the Youth, which ſhone
Through ſo great toil, nor ſorrows undergone,
With thee, O *Polydectes*, King of ſmall
Sea-girt *Seriphus*, could prevail at all.
Endleſs thy wrath, thy hate inexorable,
Detracting, and condemning for a fable
Meduſa's death. The moved Youth replies,
The truth your ſelf ſhall ſee: Friends, ſhut your eyes:
Then repreſents *Meduſa* to his view:
Who preſently a bloudleſs Statue grew.
 Thus long *Tritonia* to her Brother cleaves;
Then in a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaves,
(*Cyprus* and *Gyaros* on the right-hand ſide)
And o're the toiling Seas her courſe apply'd
To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helicon*; there ſtay'd,
And thus unto the learned Siſters ſaid;
 The fame of your new Fountain, rais'd by force
Of that ſwift-winged *Meduſæan* horſe,
Me hither drew, to ſee the wondrous Flood,
Who ſaw Him iſſue from his Mother's blood.
 Goddeſs, *Urania* anſwered, what cauſe
So-ever you to this our Manſion draws,
You are moſt welcome. What you heard is true:
And from that *Pegaſus* this Fountain grew.

Then *Pallas* to the ſacred Spring convey'd,
Sh' admires the waters by the horſe-hoof made;
Surveys their high-grown groves, cool caves, freſh bowrs,
And meadows painted with all ſorts of flow'rs:
Then happy ſtyles ſhe the *Mnemonides*,
Both for their Arts, and ſuch abodes as theſe.
O heav'nly Virgin, one of them reply'd,
Moſt worthy our Society to guide,
If ſo your active vertue did not move
To greater deeds; deſerv'dly you approve
Our ſtudies, pleaſant ſeat, and happy ſtate,
Were we ſecure from what we chiefly hate.
But nothing is unlawful to the lewd:
And Maids by nature are with fear indu'd.
The dire *Pyreneus* ſtill invades my ſight;
Nor have I yet recover'd that affright.
He *Daulis* with all *Phocis* had obtain'd
By *Thracian* Arms, and there unjuſtly reign'd.
Bound for *Parnaſſus* Temple, us he ſpies;
And with falſe zeal adores our Deities.
Mnemonides, ſaith he, (he knew us well)
While ſad ſtars govern, and ſhow'rs fall, (then fell
By chance a mighty ſhow'r) vouchſafe, I pray,
Beneath the ſhelter of my roof to ſtay;
The Gods have entred humble Cottages.
Urg'd by the weather, and ſuch words as theſe,
We to his importunity aſſent,
And yet no farther than the Lobby went.
It now held up; the vanquiſht South-winds fly
Before the North, which purge the duſky sky.
Preſt to depart, he ſhuts the door, prepares
To offer force: With wings we 'ſcape his ſnares.
He preſently the higheſt tow'r aſcends,
And, as he would have flown, his body bends.
This way you [illegible] he, will I purſue;
And from the battlements himſelf he threw.
Who falling, ſmites the earth with daſht-out brains,
Which with his wicked blood he dying ſtains.
The Muſe yet ſpake; when wings were heard to clatter,
And from high trees ſaluting voices chatter.
Joves [illegible] and inquires from whence
Thoſe voices came, [illegible] humane ſence.
Not Men; but nine [illegible]
Bewailing [illegible]

The Goddeſs to th' admiring Goddeſs ſaid;
They, foil'd by us, by us were thus repaid.
Pierus, who rich *Pella* held by lot,
Theſe on *Pæonian Evippe* got.
Nine times ſhe on *Lucina* call'd aloud.
The fooliſh Siſters, of their number proud,
Through all *Æmonia* and *Achaia* came;
And thus uncivilly they ſtrife proclaim.
Theſpiades, th' unlearned multitude
No more with your vain harmony delude;
But cope with us, (if hope excite you will)
As many, yet unmatcht for voice or skill.
Surrender you to us, if we excel,
Hyantian Aganip and *Gorgon*'s Well:
Th' *Emathian* Woods to ſnowy *Pæone*
Shall pay our loſs. The Nymphs our judges be.
A ſhame it was to ſtrive: More ſhame it were
To yield. The Nymphs by their own rivers ſwear,
And ſit on benches made of living ſtone.
Then, un-elected, rudely ſteps forth one,
Who ſung the Giants war: Their feigned acts
She magnifies, and from the Gods detracts.
How *Typhon*, from earth's gloomy intrals rais'd,
Struck all their pow'rs with fear: Who fled amaz'd,
Till *Ægypt*'s ſcorched ſoil them weary hides,
And wealthy *Nile*, who in ſeven chanels glides.
That thither Earth-born *Typhon* them purſu'd:
Whenas the Gods concealing ſhapes indu'd.
Jove turn'd himſelf, ſhe ſaid, into a Ram;
From whence the horns of *Libyan Ammon* came.
Bacchus a Goat, *Apollo* was a Crow,
Phœbe a Cat, *Jove*'s wife a Cow of ſnow;
Venus a Fiſh, a Stork did *Hermes* hide.
And ſtill her voice unto her Harp apply'd.
Then call they us. But ours perhaps to hear,
Nor leiſure ſerves you, nor is't worth your ear.
Doubt not, ſaid *Pallas*, orderly repeat
Your long'd-for Verſe, and takes a ſhady ſeat.
Then ſhe; on one we did the taſk impoſe:
Calliope, with Ivy crown'd, up-roſe;
Who with her thumb firſt tun'd the quiv'ring ſtrings,
And then this Ditty to the Muſick ſings.
The glebe with crooked plough firſt *Ceres* rent;
Firſt gave us corn, a better nouriſhment;

First Laws preſcrib'd: All from her bounty ſpring.
By me the Goddeſs *Ceres* ſhall be ſung.
Would we could Verſes worthy her rehearſe:
345 For ſhe is more than worthy of our Verſe.
Trinacria was on wicked *Typhon* thrown,
Who underneath the Iſland's weight doth groan;
That durſt affect the Empire of the skies.
Oft he attempteth, but in vain, to riſe.
350 *Auſonian Pelorus* his right hand
Down weighs, *Pachyne* on the left doth ſtand;
His legs are under *Lilybæum* ſpred;
And *Ætna's* baſes preſs his horrid head.
Where, lying on his back, his jaws expire
Thick clouds of duſt, and vomit flakes of fire.
Oft-times he ſtruggles with his load below,
355 And Towns and Mountains labours to ore-throw.
Earth quakes therewith. The King of ſhadows dreads,
For fear the ground ſhould ſplit above their heads,
And let in Day, t' affright the trembling Ghoſts.
For this, he from his ſilent Empire poſts,
360 Drawn by black horſes, tracing all the Round
Of rich *Sicilia*; but no breaches found.
Him *Erycina* from her Mount ſurvey'd,
(Now fearleſs) and, her Son imbracing, ſaid;
365 My arms, my ſtrength, my glory, for my ſake,
O *Cupid*, thy all-conquering weapon take,
And fix thy winged arrows in his heart,
Who rules the triple World's inferiour part.
The Gods, even *Jove* himſelf, the God of Waves,
370 And who illumines Earth, have been thy ſlaves.
Shall Hell be free? thine and thy mother's Sway
Enlarge, and make th' infernal Powers obey.
Yet we (ſuch is our patience) are deſpis'd
In our own heaven, and all our force unpriz'd.
375 [illegible] *Pallas*, and the Queen of Night,
Far-darting *Dian*, how little worth they ſlight?
And *Ceres* daughter will a Maid abide,
If we permit, for ſhe affects their pride.
But if thou tender our joint Monarchy,
Thy Uncle to the Virgin-goddeſs tie.
[illegible] He his quiver doth uncloſe,
380 And one of [illegible]
[illegible]
None [illegible]

Then bends his bow. The ſtring this far arrives,
And through the heart of *Dis* the arrow drives.
Not far remov'd from *Ætna*'s high-built walls,
A Lake there is which men *Pergusa* call:
Cayſter's ſlowly-gliding waters bear,
Far fewer ſinging Swans than are heard there:
Woods crown the Lake, and cloath it round about
With leafy veils, which *Phœbus* beams keep out.
The Trees create freſh air, th'Earth various flowers;
Where heat and cold th'eternal Spring devours.
Whilſt in this grove *Proſerpina* diſports,
Or Violets pulls, or Lillies of all ſorts;
And whilſt ſhe ſtrove with childiſh care and ſpeed
To fill her lap, and others to exceed;
Dis ſaw, affected, carried her away,
Almoſt at once. Love could not brook delay.
The ſad-fac'd Goddeſs cries (with fear appall'd)
To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd.
And as ſhe tore th'adornment of her Hair,
Down fell the flow'rs which in her lap ſhe bare.
And ſuch was her ſweet Youth's ſimplicity,
That their loſs alſo made the Virgin cry.
The Raviſher flies on ſwift wheels; his horſes
Excites by name, and them ſtill ſpeed inforces;
Shaking for haſte the ruſt-obſcured reins
Upon their coal-black necks and ſhaggy manes.
Through Lakes, through the *Palici*, which expire
A ſulph'rous breath, through earth ingend'ring fire,
They paſs to where *Corinthian Bacchiades*
Their City built between unequal Seas.
The Land 'twixt *Arethuſe* and *Cyane*
With ſtretcht-out horns begirts th'included Sea.
Here *Cyane*, who gave the Lake a name,
Amongſt *Sicilian* Nymphs of ſpecial Fame,
Her head advanc'd, who did the Goddeſs know,
And boldly ſaid, You ſhall not farther go;
Nor can you be unwilling *Ceres* ſon.
What you compel, perſwaſion ſhould have won.
If humble things I may compare with great;
Anapis lov'd me, yet did he intreat,
And me not frighted thus, eſpouſe. This ſaid,
With out-ſtretcht arms ſhe's *Pluto*'s paſſage ſtaid.
His wrath no longer *Pluto* could retain,
But gives his terror-ſtriking Steeds the rein;

And with his Regal Mace through the profound
And yielding water cleaves the ſolid ground.
The breach t' infernal *Tartarus* extends:
At whoſe dark jaws the Chariot deſcends.
425 But *Cyane* the Goddeſs Rape laments,
And her own injur'd Spring; whoſe diſcontents
Admit no comfort: in her heart ſhe bears
Her ſilent ſorrow: now reſolves to tears,
And with that Fountain doth incorporate,
Whereof th' immortal Deity but of late.
Her ſoftned members thaw into a dew;
430 Her nails leſs hard, her bones now limber grew.
The ſlender'ſt parts firſt melt away, her hair,
Fine fingers, legs, and feet, that ſoon impair,
And drop to ſtreams: then arms, back, ſhoulders, ſide,
435 And boſom, into little Currents glide.
Water, in ſtead of bloud, fills her pale veins:
And nothing now that may be graſpt remains.
Meanwhile through all the Earth and all the Main
The fearful Mother ſought her child in vain.
440 Not dewy-hair'd *Aurora*, when ſhe roſe,
Nor *Heſperus* could witneſs her repoſe.
Two pitchy Pines ſhe at flaming *Ætna* lights;
And, reſtleſs, carries them through freezing Nights.
Again, when Day the vanquiſht Stars ſuppreſt,
Her vaniſht comfort ſeeks from Eaſt to Weſt.
445 Thirſty with travel, and no Fountain nigh,
A Cottage thatcht with ſtraw invites her eye.
At th' humble gate ſhe knocks. An old Wife ſhews
Her ſelf thereat; and, ſeeing her, beſtows
The water ſo deſired; which ſhe before
450 Had boyl'd with Barley. Drinking at the door,
A rude hard-favour'd Boy beſide her ſtood,
Who laught, and call'd her Greedy-gut. Her bloud
Inflam'd with anger, what remain'd ſhe threw
455 Full in his face; which forthwith ſpeckled grew.
His arms convert to legs; a tail withal
Spring from his changed ſhape; his Body ſmall,
Leſt he might prove [illegible] foe to life; [illegible]
Though leſs, yet living [illegible] Th' aged Wife
(That wonder'd, wept, and [illegible] he ſhuns,
460 And [illegible]
Fit to his [illegible] drew [illegible]
With ſundry [illegible] all over [illegible]

What Lands, what Seas the Goddeſs wandred through,
Were long to tell: Earth had not room enough.
To *Sicily* ſhe returns; where-e're ſhe goes,
465 Inquires, and comes where *Cyane* now flows.
She, had ſhe not been changed, all had told;
Now wants a tongue her knowledge to unfold:
Yet to the Mother of her Daughter gave
A certain ſign, bearing upon a wave
470 *Perſephone*'s rich Zone, that from her fell
When through the ſacred Spring ſhe ſunk to Hell.
This ſeen, and known, as but then loſt, ſhe tare,
Without ſelf-pity, her diſ-ſhevell'd hair;
And with redoubled blows her breaſt invades:
Nor knows what Land t'accuſe, yet all upbraids;
475 Ingrate, unworthy with her gifts t'abound;
Trinacria chiefly, where the ſteps ſhe found
Of her misfortunes. Therefore there ſhe brake
The furrowing plough; the Ox and owner ſtrake
Both with one death; then, bad the fields beguile
480 The truſt impos'd; ſhrunk ſeed corrupts. That ſoil,
So celebrated for fertility,
Now barren grew: Corn in the blade doth die.
Now too much drought annoys, now lodging ſhowrs;
Stars ſmitch, winds blaſt. The greedy fowl devours
485 The new-ſown grain: elſe Tares and Darnel tire
The fetter'd Wheat, and Weeds that through it ſpire.
In *Elean* waves *Alpheias* then appear'd,
And from her dropping hair her forehead clear'd:
O Mother of that far-ſought Maid; thou friend
490 To life, ſaid ſhe, here let thy labour end:
Nor be offended with thy faithful Land,
That blameleſs is, nor could her Rape withſtand.
I, here a Gueſt, not for my Country plead.
My Country *Piſa* is; in *Elis* bred,
I as an Alien in *Sicily* dwell:
495 But yet no Country pleaſeth me ſo well.
I, *Arethuſa*, now theſe Springs poſſeſs;
This is my ſeat: which, courteous Goddeſs, bleſs.
Why I affect this place, t'*Ortygia* came
Through ſuch vaſt Seas, I ſhall impart the ſame
500 To your deſire, when you, more fit to hear,
Shall quit your care, and be of better chear.
Earth gives me way, through whoſe dark caverns roll'd,
I here aſcend, and long-miſt Stars behold.

While under ground by *Styx* my waters glide,
505 Your ſweet *Proſerpina* I there eſpy'd.
Full ſad ſhe was; even then you might have ſeen
Fear on her face: and yet ſhe is a Queen;
And yet ſhe in that gloomy Empire ſways;
And yet her will th' Infernal King obeys.
  Stone-like ſtood *Ceres* at this heavy news,
510 And, ſtaring, long continu'd in a muſe.
When grief had quick'ned her ſtupidity,
She took her Chariot, and aſcends the sky:
There, veil'd all in clouds, with ſcatter'd hair,
She kneels to *Jupiter*, and makes this Pray'r.
515   Both for my bloud and thine, O *Jove*, I ſue;
If I be nothing gracious, yet do you
A Father to your Daughter prove; nor be
Your care the leſs, becauſe ſhe ſprung from me.
Lo, ſhe at length is found, long ſought through all
The ſpacious World; if you a Finding call
What more the Loſs aſſures: but if to know
520 Her being, be to Find; I've found her ſo.
And yet I would the injury remit,
So he the ſtol'n reſtore. 'Twere moſt unfit
That holy *Hymen* ſhould thy Daughter joyn
Unto a Thief, although ſhe were not mine.
  Then *Jove*: The pledge is mutual, and theſe cares
To either equal. Yet this deed declares
525 Much Love, miſcalled Wrong: nor ſhould we ſhame
Of ſuch a Son, could you but think the ſame.
All Wants ſuppoſe; can he be leſs than great,
And be *Jove's* Brother? What, when all compleat?
I but preferr'd by lot? Or if you burn
530 In endleſs ſpleen, let *Proſerpine* return;
On this condition, That ſhe yet have tane
No ſuſtenance: ſo Deſtinies ordain.
  To fetch her Daughter, *Ceres* poſts in haſte;
But Fates withſtood; the Maid had broke her faſt.
535 For, wand'ring in the Orchard, ſimply ſhe
Pluckt a Pomegranate from the ſtooping Tree;
Thence took ſeven grains, and eat them one by one:
Obſerved by *Aſcalaphus* alone;
Whom *Acheron* on *Orphne* erſt begot
In pitchy Caves, a Dame of ſpecial note
540 Amongſt th' *Avernal* Nymphs. This [illegible], told
The ſighing Queen of *Erebus* who made;

The Blab a Bird with waves of *Phlegeton*
His Face beſprinkled, Plumes appear thereon,
Crookt Beak, and broader Eyes; the ſhape he had
545 He loſt, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.
His Head o're-ſiz'd, his long Nails talons prove;
His winged Arms for lazineſs ſcarce move.
He proves a filthy, ill-preſaging Fowl,
To Mortals ominous, a ſcreeching Owl.
550 Yet was the puniſhment no more than due
To his offence. But how offended you,
Acheloïdes, that wings and claws diſgrace
Your goodly forms, yet keep your Virgin-face?
Was it, you *Sirens*, that your deathleſs Powers
555 Were with the Goddeſs when ſhe gather'd Flowers?
Whom when through all the earth you ſought in vain,
You wiſht for wings to fly upon the Main,
That pathleſs Seas might teſtifie your care.
The eaſie Gods conſented to your pray'r.
560 Straight golden feathers on your Backs appear:
But leſt that Muſick, fram'd t'inchant the ear,
And ſo great gifts of ſpeech ſhould be profan'd,
Your Virgin-looks and human voice remain'd.
But *Jove*, his Siſter's diſcontent to chear,
565 Between her and his Brother parts the year.
The Goddeſs now in either Empire ſways;
Six months with *Ceres*, ſix with *Pluto* ſtays.
Proſerpina then chang'd her mind and look,
(Late ſuch as ſullen *Dis* could hardly brook)
570 And clear'd her brows: as *Sol*, obſcur'd in ſhrowds
Of exhalations, breaks through vanquiſht clouds.
Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Arethuſa* tell
Her cauſe of flight: and why a ſacred Well?
Th' obſequious waters left their murmuring.
The Goddeſs then above the Chryſtal Spring
575 Her head advanc'd; and, wringing her green hairs,
She thus *Alpheus* ancient love declares.
I of *Achaia* once a Nymph; none more
The Chace affected, or t'inroll the Boar.
580 By Beauty though I never ſought for fame;
Though maſculine, of Fair I bare the name.
Nor took I pleaſure in my praiſed face,
Which others value as their onely grace:
But, ſimple, was aſhamed to excel;
And thought it infamy to pleaſe too well.

585 As from *Stymphalian* woods I made retreat,
('Twas hot, and labour had increaſt the heat)
When well-nigh tir'd, a ſilent Stream I found,
All eddileſs, perſpicuous to the ground,
Through which you ev'ry pebble might have ſeen:
It ran as if it had no River been.
590 The Poplar and the hoary Willow, fed
By bord'ring ſtreams, their grateful ſhadow ſpread.
In this cool Rivulet my foot I dipt,
Then knee-deep wade; nor ſo content, unſtript
My ſelf forthwith: upon a Sallow ſtud
My Robe I hung, and leapt into the Flood.
595 Where while I ſwim, and labour to and fro
A thouſand ways, with arms that ſwiftly row,
I from the bottom heard an unknown tongue;
And, frightned, to the higher margent ſprung.
Whither ſo faſt, O *Arethuſa*? twice
600 Out-cry'd *Alpheus*, with an hollow voice.
Unclothed as I was, I fled for fear,
(For on the other ſide my garments were.)
The faſter followed he, the more did burn:
I naked, ſeem'd the readier for his turn.
605 As trembling Doves the eager Hawks eſchew;
As eager Hawks the trembling Doves perſue;
I fled, he follow'd. To *Orchomenus*,
Pſophis, *Cyllene*, high-brow'd *Mænalus*,
Cold *Erymanthus*, and to *Elis*, I
My flight maintain'd; nor could he come nigh.
610 But I unable to hold out ſo long;
He, patient of much labour, and more ſtrong.
And yet o're Plains, o're woody Hills I fled,
And craggy Rocks, where foot did never tread:
The Sun was at our backs: before my feet
615 I ſaw his Shadow, or my fear did ſee't.
Howe're, his ſounding ſteps and thick-drawn breath
That fann'd my hair, affrighted me to death.
Stark tir'd, I cry'd; Ah caught! help, (O forlorn!)
Diana, help thy Squire, who oft have born
620 Thy Bow and Quiver. Mov'd at my requeſt,
With miſtling clouds ſhe cover'd the diſtreſt.
The River ſeeks me in that pitchy ſhrowd,
And ſearches round about the hollow cloud.
Twice came he where *Diana* me did hide;
625 And twice he, *Io Arethuſa*, cry'd.

Then what a heart had I! the Lamb ſo fears,
When howling Wolves about the Fold ſhe hears,
So heartleſs Hare, when trailing Hounds draw nigh
630 Her ſented Form; nor dares ſhe move an eye.
Nor went he on, in that he could not trace
My further ſteps; but guards the cloud and place.
Cold ſweats my then-beſieged limbs poſſeſt;
635 In thin thick-falling drops my ſtrength decreaſt,
Where-e're I ſtept, ſtreams ran; my hair now fell
In trickling dew; and, ſooner than I tell
My deſtiny, into a Floud I grew.
Alpheus his beloved Waters knew,
And, putting off th' aſſumed ſhape of Man,
Reſumes his own, and in my Current ran.
Chaſt *Delia* cleft the ground. Then through blind Caves
640 To lov'd *Ortygia* ſhe conducts my waves;
Affected for her name; where firſt I take
Review of day. This *Arethuſa* ſpake.
The fertile Goddeſs to her Chariot Chains
Her yoked Dragons, checkt with ſtubborn reins:
Her courſe, 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, to *Athens* bends;
645 And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot ſends.
Part of the ſeed ſhe gave, ſhe bade him throw
On untill'd Earth; part on the till'd to ſow.
O're *Europe* and the *Aſian* ſoyl convey'd,
The Youth to *Scythia* turns, where *Lyncus* ſway'd.
His Court he enters. Ask'd, what way he came,
650 His cauſe of coming, Country, and his Name;
Triptolemus men call me, he reply'd,
And in renowned *Athens* I reſide.
No Ship through toyling Seas me hither bare;
Nor over land came I, but through the air.
655 I bring you *Ceres* gift; which, ſown in fields,
Corn-bearing Crops (a better feeding) yields.
The barbarous King envies it; and, that he
The Author of ſo great a good might be,
Gives entertainment: but, when ſleep oppreſt
His heavy eyes, with ſteel attempts his breaſt.
660 Whom *Ceres* turns t' a *Lynx*; and homewards makes
The young *Mopſopian* drive her ſacred Snakes.
Our Chief concluded here here learned Lays.
The Nymphs, with one conſent, give us the Bays.
665 The vanquiſht rail. To whom the Muſe: Since you
Eſteem it nothing to deſerve the due

To your contention, but muſt add foul words
To your ill deeds; nor this your pride affords
Our patience room; we'll wreak it on your heads,
And tread the path which Indignation leads.
Pæonians laugh, and our ſharp threats deſpiſe.
670 About to ſcold, and with diſgraceful noiſe
To clap their hands, they ſaw the feathers ſprout
Beneath their Nails, and cloath their arms throughout;
Hard nebs in one another's faces ſpie;
And now new Birds into the Foreſt flie:
675 Theſe Sylvan ſcolds, as they their arms prepare
To beat their boſoms, mount, and hang in air:
Who yet retain their antient eloquence,
Full of harſh chat, and prating without ſenſe.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pallas *an old Wife.* *Haughty thoughts o'rethrow*
Hæmus *and* Rhodope; *who Mountains grow.*
The Pygmy *a Crane.* Antigone *becomes*
A Stork. *A Statue* Cynaras *entombs.*
His impious Daughters, Stones. *In various ſhapes*
The Gods commit adulteries and rapes.
Arachne, *a Spider.* Niobe *yet drowns*
Her Marble cheeks in tears. *Uncivil Clowns*
Are curſt to Frogs. *From Tears clear* Marſyas *flows.*
His Ivory ſhoulder, new-made, Pelops *ſhows.*
Progne, *a Swallow, ſign'd with murther's ſtains.*
Sad Philomel *to ſecret night complains.*
Rage to a Lapwing turns th' Odryſian *King.*
Calais *and* Zetes *native feathers wing.*

T*Ritonia* to the Muſe attention lends,
Who both her Verſe, and juſt revenge commends.
Then ſaid t'herſelf; To praiſe is of no worth:
Let our revengeful Pow'r our praiſe ſet forth.
Intends *Arachne*'s ruin. She, ſhe heard,
Before her curious webs, her own preferr'd.
Nor dwelling nor her nation fame impart
Unto the Damſel, but excelling Art.
Deriv'd from *Colophonian Idmon*'s ſide,
Who thirſty Wool in *Phocæan* purple dy'd.

Her Mother (who had paid her debt to fate)
Was alſo mean, and equal to her mate.
Yet through the *Lydian* towns her praiſe was ſpred,
Though poor her birth, in poor *Hypæpa* bred.
The Nymphs of *Tmolus* oft their vines forſook,
The ſleek *Pactolian* Nymphs their ſtreams, to look
On her rare works: nor more delight in viewing
Them done, (done with ſuch grace) than when a doing.
Whether ſhe Orb-like roul the ruder wool;
Or, finely finger'd, the ſelected cull;
Or draw it into cloud-reſembling flakes;
Or equal twine with ſwift-turn'd ſpindle makes;
Or with her lively-painting Needle wrought:
You might perceive ſhe was by *Pallas* taught.
Yet ſuch a Miſtreſs her proud thoughts diſclaim.
Let her with me contend; if foil'd, no ſhame
(Said ſhe) nor puniſhment will I refuſe.
Pallas forthwith an old-wive's ſhape indues;
Her hair all white, her limbs, appearing weak,
A ſtaff ſupports; and thus began to ſpeak:
Old Age hath ſomething which we need not ſhun:
Experience by long tract of time is won.
Scorn not advice: with Dames of human race
Contend for fame, but give a Goddeſs place.
Crave pardon, and ſhe will thy crime remit.
  With eyes confeſſing rage, and eye-brows knit,
(Her labour-leaving hands ſcarce held from ſtrokes)
She masked *Pallas* with theſe words provokes:
  Old Fool, that dot'ſt with age, to whom long life
Is now a curſe, thy Daughter, or ſon's Wife,
(If thou haſt either) taught be they by this;
My wiſdom for my ſelf ſufficient is.
And leſt thy counſel ſhould an int'reſt claim,
In my diverſion, I am ſtill the ſame.
Why comes ſhe not? why trial thus delays?
  She comes, ſaid *Pallas*, and her ſelf diſplays.
Nymphs and *Mygdonian* Dames the Power adore:
Only the Maid her ſelf undaunted bore.
And yet ſhe bluſht; againſt her will the red
Fluſht in her cheeks, and thence as ſwiftly fled.
Even ſo the purple Morning paints the skies,
And ſo they whiten at the Sun's up-riſe.
She now, as deſperately obſtinate,
Praiſe ill affecting, runs on her own fate.

No more *Jove's* daughter labours to diſſuade
No more refuſeth, nor the ſtrife delay'd.
Both ſettle to their tasks apart; both ſpread
At once their warps, conſiſting of fine thread,
Ty'd to their beams. A reed the thread divides,
Through which the quick-returning ſhuttle glides,
Shot by ſwift hands. The comb's inſerted tooth
Between the warp ſuppreſt the riſing woof.
Strife leſs'ning toil; with skirts tuckt to their waſt,
Both move their cunning arms with nimble haſt.
Here crimſon dy'd in *Tyrian* braſs they weave:
The ſcarce-diſtinguiſh'd ſhadows ſight deceive.
So watry clouds, guilt by *Apollo*, ſhow
The vaſt sky painted with a mighty Bow:
Where though a thouſand ſeveral colours ſhine,
No eye their cloſe tranſition can define;
The next the former clearly repreſents;
Yet by degrees ſcarce ſenſible diſſents.
Their work's imbelliſhed with ductil gold;
And both reviv'd Antiquities unfold.
Pallas in *Athens Mars* his Rock doth frame,
And that old ſtrife about the City's name.
Twice ſix Celeſtials ſit enthron'd on high,
Repleat with aw-infuſing gravity:
Jove in the midſt. The ſuted figures took
Their lively forms. *Jove* had a royal look.
The Sea-god ſtood, and with his Trident ſtrake
The cleaving Rock, from whence a Fountain brake:
Whereon he grounds his claim. With ſpear and ſhield
Her ſelf ſhe arms: her head a mourian ſteel'd,
Her breaſt her *Ægis* guards. Her Launce the ground
Appears to ſtrike; and from that pregnant wound
The hoary Olive charg'd with fruit aſcends.
The Gods admire: with victory ſhe ends.
Yet ſhe, to ſhew the Rival of her praiſe
What hopes to cheriſh for ſuch bold aſſays,
Adds four contentions in the utmoſt bounds
Of every angle, wrought in little rounds.
One *Thracian Rhodope* and *Hæmus* ſhows,
Now Mountains topt with never-melting ſnows,
Once human bodies, who durſt emulate
The bleſt Celeſtials both in ſtyle and ſtate:
The next contains the miſerable doom
Of that *Pygmæan* matron, overcome

By *Juno* made a Crane, and forc'd to jar
With her own Nation in perpetual war.
A third preſents *Antigone*, who ſtrove
For unmatcht beauty with the Wife of *Jove*,
95 (Nor *Ilium*, nor *Laomedon* her ſire,
Prevail'd with violent *Saturnia's* ire)
Turn'd to a Stork, who, with white pinions rais'd,
Is ever by her creaking Bill ſelf-prais'd.
In the laſt circle *Cinyras* was plac't,
Who, charg'd with grief, the Temple ſtairs imbrac't,
(Of late his Daughters, by their pride o'rethrown)
100 Appears to weep, and grovel on the ſtone.
The web a wreath of peaceful Olive bounds;
And her own tree her work both ends and crowns.
Arachne weaves *Europa's* rape by *Jove*:
The Bull appears to live, the Sea to move.
105 Back to the ſhore ſhe caſts an heavy eye,
To her diſtracted Damſels ſeems to cry;
And from the ſprinkling waves, that skip to meet
With ſuch a burthen, ſhrinks her trembling feet.
Aſteria there a ſtruggling Eagle preſt:
A Swan here ſpreads his Wings o're *Leda's* breaſt.
110 *Jove*, Satyr-like, *Antiope* compels;
Whoſe fruitful Womb with double iſſue ſwells.
Amphitryon for *Alcmena's* love became;
A Show'r for *Danae*, for *Ægina*, Flame:
For beautiful *Mnemoſyne* he takes
A Shepherd's form; for *Deois* a Snake's.
115 Thee alſo, *Neptune*, like a luſtful Steer,
She makes the fair *Æolian* Virgin bear;
And get th' *Aloides* in *Enipeus* ſhape;
Now turn'd t' a Ram in fair *Biſaltis* rape.
The gold-hair'd mother of life-ſtrengthning ſeed,
The ſnake-hair'd mother of the winged Steed,
120 Found thee a Stallion: thee *Melantho* finds
A Dolphin. She to every form aſſigns
Like-proper looks, to every place the ſame
Aſpect. An Herdſman *Phœbus* here became;
A Lion now, now Falcon's wings diſplays,
And now *Iſſa* Shepherd-like betrays.
125 *Liber*, a Grape, *Erigone* compreſt:
And *Saturn* Horſe-like *Chiron* gets, half-beaſt.
About her web a curious trail deſigns,
Flowers intermixt with claſping Ivy twines.

Not *Pallas* this, nor Envy this reproves.
130 Her fair ſucceſs the vext Virago moves:
Who tears the web with crimes celeſtial fraught;
With ſhuttle from *Cytorian* Mountains brought,
Arachne thrice upon the forehead ſmote.
Her great heart brooks it not, about her throat
135 An halter knits. Remorſeful *Pallas* ſtaid
Her falling weight; Live, wretch, yet hang, ſhe ſaid.
This curſe (leſt of ſucceeding times ſecure)
Still to thy iſſue and thy race endure.
140 Sprinkled with *Hecate*'s baneful weeds, her hair
She forthwith ſheds: her noſe and ears impair;
Her head grows little, her whole body ſo;
Her thighs and legs to ſpiny fingers grow;
The reſt all belly, whence a thred ſhe ſends:
145 And now, a Spider, her old webs extends.
All *Lydia* ſounds, the fame through *Phrygia* rung,
And gave an argument to every tongue.
Her *Niobe* had known, when ſhe a maid
In *Sipylus* and in *Mæonia* ſtaid,
150 Yet ſlights that home example; ſtill rebels
Againſt the Gods, and with proud language ſwells.
Much made her haughty. Yet *Amphion*'s town,
Their high deſcents, nor glory of a crown,
So pleas'd her (though ſhe pleas'd her ſelf in all)
155 As her fair race. We *Niobe* might call
The happieſt mother that yet ever brought
Life unto light, had not her ſelf ſo thought.
Tireſian Manto, in preſages ſkill'd,
The ſtreets, inſpir'd by holy fury, fill'd
With theſe exhorts: *Iſmenides*, prepare
160 To great *Latona* and her Twins with prayer
Mix ſweet perfumes; your brows with Lawrel bind:
By me *Latona* bids. The *Thebans* wind
About their Temples the commanded Bay;
And, ſacred fires with incenſe feeding, pray.
165 Behold, the Queen in height of ſtate appears:
A *Phrygian* mantle weav'd with gold ſhe wears:
Her face, as much as rage would ſuffer, fair.
She ſtops, and ſhaking her diſhevell'd hair,
The godly troup with haughty eyes ſurveys.
170 What madneſs is it, unſeen Gods (ſhe ſays)
Before the ſeen Celeſtials to prefer?
Or, while I Altars want, to worſhip her?

Me *Tantalus* (alone allow'd to feaſt
In Heav'n) begot; my Mother not the leaſt
Pleias; and greateſt *Atlas* Sire to thoſe,
On whoſe high ſhoulders all the Stars repoſe.
Jove is my other Grandfather; and he
My Father-in-law: a double grace to me.
Me *Phrygia*, *Cadmus* kingdoms me obey:
My Husband's harpraiſ'd walls I jointly ſway.
Throughout my Court behold in every place
Infinite riches: add to this a Face
Worthy a Goddeſs; then, to crown my joys,
Seven beauteous Daughters, and as many Boys:
All theſe by marriage to be multiply'd.
Behold, have we not reaſon for our pride?
Dare you *Latona* then, by *Cæus* got,
Before me place? to whom a little ſpot
The ample Earth deny'd t'unlade her womb?
Heav'n, Earth, nor Seas afford your Goddeſs room;
A Vagabond, till *Delos* harbour gave.
Thou wandreſt on the land, I on the wave,
It ſaid; and granted an unſtable place.
She brought forth two; the ſeventh part of my race.
I happy am, who doubts? ſo will abide;
Or who doubts that? with plenty fortify'd.
My ſtate's too great for Fortune to bereave;
Though much ſhe raviſh, yet much more muſt leave.
My bleſſings are above low fear. Suppoſe
Some of my hopeful ſons this people loſe;
They cannot be reduced unto two,
Off with your Bays, theſe idle Rites eſchew.
They put them off, the ſacrifice forbore;
And yet *Latona* ſilently adore.
 As much as free from barrenneſs, ſo much
Diſdain and grief th' ingraged Goddeſs touch.
Who on the top of *Cynthus* thus begins,
To vent her paſſions to her ſacred Twins.
Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone,
(Excepting *Juno*) ſecond unto none,
Am queſtion'd if a Goddeſs, and muſt loſe,
If you aſſiſt not, all religious vows.
Nor is this all; that curſt *Tantalian* Seed
Adds foul reproaches to her impious deed.
She dares her children before you prefer,
And calls me childleſs: may it light on her,

Whoſe wicked words her Father's tongue declares.
About to ſecond her report with prayers;
Peace, *Phœbus* ſaid, complaint too long delays
Conceiv'd revenge; the ſame vext *Phœbe* ſays.
Then ſwiftly through the yielding air they glide
To *Cadmus* tow'rs; the clouds their glories hide.
A ſpacious plain before the City lies,
Made duſty with the daily exerciſe
Of trampling hoofs, by ſtrifeful Chariots track'd.
Part of *Amphion's* active ſons here back't
High-bounding Steeds; whoſe rich capariſon
With ſcarlet bluſht, with gold their bridles ſhone.
Iſmenus, from her womb who firſt did ſpring,
As with his ready horſe he beats a ring,
And checks his foamy jaws, Ay me! out-cries;
While through his groaning breaſt an arrow flies.
His bridle ſlackning with his dying force,
He leiſurely ſinks ſide-long from his horſe.
Next, *Sipylus* from claſhing quiver flies
With ſlackned reins; as when a Pilot ſpies
A growing ſtorm, and, leſt the gentle gale
Should ſcape beſides him, claps on all his ſail.
His haſt th' unevitable bow o're-took,
And through his throat the deadly arrow ſtruck.
He, by the horſe's mane, and ſpeedy thighs,
Drops head-long, and the Earth in purple dyes.
Now *Phædimus*, and *Tantalus*, the heir
T'his Grand-ſire's name, that labour done, prepare
To wraſtle. Whilſt with oiled limbs they preſt
Each other's pow'r, cloſe graſping breaſt to breaſt,
A ſhaft, which from th' impulſive bow-ſtring flew,
Them in that ſad Conjunction jointly ſlew.
Both groan at once, at once their bodies bend
With bitter pangs, at once to earth deſcend.
Their rowling eyes together ſet in death,
Together they expire their parting breath.
In ruſht *Alphenor*, (bleeding in their harms)
And rais'd their heatleſs corſes in his arms:
But in that pious duty fell; the threds
Of life, his heart-ſtrings, wrathful *Delius* ſhreds.
Part of his lungs clave to th' extracted head;
And with his bloud his troubled ſpirit fled.
But unſhorn *Damaſichthon* ſlaughter'd lies,
Not by a ſingle wound; ſhot where the thighs

Knit with the ham-ſtrings in the knotty joint.
Striving from thence to tug the fatal point,
260 Another at his neck the bow directs,
Thick-guſhing bloud the piercing ſhaft ejects;
Which, ſpinning upward, cleft the paſſive air.
Laſt *Ilioneus*, with ſucceſsleſs prayer,
His hands up-heaves; You Gods in general,
Said he, (and ignorantly pray'd to all)
265 O pity me. The Archer ſad remorſe,
But now irrevocable was that force;
And yet his life a little wound diſpatcht,
His heart but only with the arrow ſcratcht.
Ill news, the people's grief, her houſhold's tears
Preſent their ruin to their mother's ears.
270 Who wonders how the Gods their lives durſt touch;
And ſwells with anger that their power was ſuch.
For ſad *Amphion*, wounding his own breaſt,
Had now his ſorrow with his ſoul releaſt.
How different is this *Niobe*, from that
275 Who great *Latona's* Rites ſuppreſt of late,
And proudly pac'd the ſtreets, envy'd by thoſe
That were her friends; now pitied by her foes?
Frantick ſhe doth on their cold corſes fall,
And her laſt kiſſes diſtributes to all.
280 From whom to Heav'n erecting her bruis'd arms,
Cruel *Latona*, feaſt thee with our harms;
Feaſt, feaſt, ſhe ſaid; thy ſavage ſtomach cloy;
Cloy thy wild rage, and in our ſorrows joy.
Seven times, upon ſeven Herſes born, I die.
Triumph, triumph, victorious foe. But why
285 Victorious? hapleſs I have not ſo few;
Who, after all theſe funerals, ſubdue.
This ſaid, the bow-ſtring twangs. Pale terrour chills
All hearts ſave *Niobe's*, obdur'd by ills.
The ſiſters, in long mourning robes array'd,
290 About their herſes ſtood, with hair diſplay'd.
One draws an arrow from her brother's ſide,
And joining her pale lips to his, ſo dy'd.
Another ſtriving to aſſwage the woes
That rack her mother, forthwith ſpeechleſs grows;
And bowing with the wound, which inly bled,
295 Shuts her ſad teeth, the ſoul already fled.
This, flying, falls; that on her ſiſter makes
Her bed of death; this hides her ſelf, this quakes.

Six ſlain by ſundry wounds; the ſeventh the laſt,
Her mother over her her body caſt:
This one, ſhe cries, and that the leaſt, O ſave.
The leaſt of many, and but one, I crave.
Whilſt thus ſhe ſues, the ſu'd-for *Delia* hits.
She by her husband, ſons and daughters, ſits
A childleſs Widow, waxing ſtiff with woes.
The wind wags not one hair; the ruddy Roſe
Forſakes her cheek; in her declining head
Her eye-balls fix, throughout appearing dead.
Her tongue and palate robb'd of inward heat,
At once congeal; her pulſe forbears to beat,
Her neck wants power to turn, her feet to go,
Her arms to move: her very bowels grow
Into a ſtone. She yet retains her tears:
Whom ſtraight a whirl-wind to her country bears,
And fixes on the ſummit of an Hill.
Now from this mourning Marble tears diſtil.
Th' exemplary revenge ſtruck all with fear:
Who offerings to *Latona's* altars bear
With doubled zeal. When one, as oft befals,
By preſent accidents the paſt recals.
In fruitful *Lycia* once, ſaid he, there dwelt
A ſort of Peaſants who her vengeance felt.
'Twas of no note, in that the men were baſe;
Yet wonderful. I ſaw the pool and place
Fam'd by the prodigy. My father, ſpent
Almoſt with age, ill-brooking travel, ſent
Me thither for choice Steers; and for my Guide
A native gave. Thoſe Paſtures ſearcht, we ſpy'd
An ancient Altar, black with cinders, plac'd
Amidſt a Lake, with ſhivering reeds imbrac'd.
O favour me, he, ſoftly murmuring, ſaid:
O favour me, I, ſoftly murmuring, pray'd.
Then askt, if Nymph or Faun therein reſide,
Or rural God. The *Lycian* thus reply'd:
O Youth, no Mountain Powers this Altar hold:
She calls it hers, to whom *Jove's* Wife of old
Earth interdicted: ſcarce that floating Iſle,
Wave-wandring *Delos* finiſht her exile:
Where, coucht on Palms and Olives, ſhe, in ſpight
Of fretful *Juno*, brought her Twins to light.
Thence alſo, frighted from her painful bed,
With her two infant Deities ſhe fled.

Now

340 Now in *Chimæra*-breeding *Lycia*, (fir'd
By burning beams) with her long travel tir'd,
Heat-raiſing thirſt the Goddeſs ſore oppreſt;
By their exhauſting of her milk increaſt.
By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes
A lake of ſhallow water ſhe deſcries,
345 Where Clowns were then a-gathering picked weeds,
With ſhrubby oſiers, and plaſh-loving reeds.
Approacht, *Titania* kneels upon the brink,
And of the cooling liquor ſtoops to drink.
The Clowns withſtood. Why hinder you, ſaid ſhe,
350 The uſe of water, that to all is free?
The Sun, Air, Water, Nature did not frame
Peculiar; a publick gift I claim.
Yet humbly I intreat it; not to drench
My weary limbs, but killing thirſt to quench.
355 My tongue wants moiſture, and my jaws are dry:
Scarce is there way for ſpeech: for drink I die.
Water to me were Nectar. If I live,
'Tis by your favour: life with water give.
Pity theſe babes: for pity they advance
360 Their little arms. Their arms they ſtretcht by chance.
With whom would not ſuch gentle words prevail?
But they, perſiſting to prohibit, rail;
The place with threats command her to forſake.
365 Then with their hands and feet diſturb the lake;
And leaping, with malicious motion move
The troubled mud, which riſing, floats above.
Rage quencht her thirſt: no more *Latona* ſues
To ſuch baſe ſlaves, but Goddeſs-like doth uſe
Her dreadful tongue, which thus their fates imply'd;
370 May you for ever in this Lake reſide.
Her wiſh ſucceeds. In loved lakes they ſtrive,
Now ſprawl above, now under water dive;
Oft hop upon the bank, as oft again
375 Back to the water: nor can yet refrain
Their brawling tongues, but, ſetting ſhame aſide,
Though hid in water, under water chide.
Their voices ſtill are hoarſe; the breath they fetch
Swells their wide throats; their jaws with railing ſtretch:
380 Their heads their ſhoulders touch; no necks between,
As intercepted; all the back is green,
Their bellies (every part o're-ſizing) white.
Who now, new Frogs, in ſlimy pools delight.

Thus much I know not by what *Theban* ſaid,
Another mention of a Satyre made,
385 By *Phœbus* with *Tritonia*'s reed o'recome;
Who for preſuming felt an heavy doom.
Me from my ſelf, ah! why do you diſtract?
(Oh!) I repent, he cry'd; alas! this fact
Deſerves not ſuch a vengeance. Whilſt he cry'd,
Apollo from his body ſtript his hide.
His body was one wound; blood every way
390 Streams from all parts; his ſinews naked lay;
His bare veins pant: his heart you might behold,
And all the fibers in his breaſt have told.
For him the Fauns that in the foreſts keep,
395 For him the Nymphs and brother Satyrs weep:
His end *Olympus* (famous then) bewails,
With all the ſhepherds of thoſe hills and dales.
The pregnant Earth conceiveth with their tears,
Which in her penetrated womb ſhe bears,
Till big with water; then diſcharg'd her fraught.
400 This pureſt *Phrygian* Stream a way out ſought
By down-falls, till to toiling ſeas he came:
Now called *Marſyas* of the Satyr's name.
The Vulgar, theſe examples told, return
Unto the preſent; for *Amphion* mourn,
And his loſt iſſue. All the mother hate.
405 *Pelops* alone laments his ſiſter's fate,
While with torn garments he preſents his woes,
The Ivory piece on his left ſhoulder ſhows.
This once was fleſh, and coloured like the right:
Slain by his *Sire*, the Gods his limbs unite;
His ſcattered parts all found, ſave that alone
410 Which interpos'd the neck and ſhoulder bone:
They then with Ivory ſupply'd th' unfound:
And thus reſtored *Pelops* was made ſound.
The neighbouring Princes met: the Cities near
Intreat their Kings the deſolate to chear;
415 Renown'd *Mycenæ*, *Sparta*, th' *Argive* State,
And *Calydon*, not yet in *Dian*'s hate,
Fertil *Orchomenos*, *Corinthus*, fam'd
For high-priz'd braſs, *Meſſene*, never tam'd,
Cleonæ, *Patræ*, *Pylos*, (*Neleus* crown)
And *Træzen*, not as then *Pitthean* town;
420 With all that two-ſea'd *Iſthmus* Streights include,
And all without, by two-ſea'd *Iſthmus* view'd.
Athens

Athens alone (who would belief it?) withheld.
Thee from that Civil office War compell'd.
Th' inhabitants about the *Pontick* coast
Had then besieg'd thee with a barbarous host;
Whom *Thracian Tereus* with his Aids o're-threw,
And by that victory renowned grew.
Powerful in wealth and people, from the loins
Of *Mars* deriv'd, *Pandion Progne* joins
To him in marriage. This nor *Juno* blest,
Nor *Hymen*, nor the Graces grac'd that feast.
The snake-hair'd Furies held the ſputtering light
From funeral ſnatcht, and made the bed: that Night
Th' ill-boding Owl upon the roof was ſet.
Progne and *Tereus* with theſe omens met;
Thus Parents grew. The *Thracians* yet rejoice,
And thank the Gods with one united voice.
The marriage day, and that of *Itys* birth,
They conſecrate to univerſal mirth.
So lies the good unſeen. By this the Sun,
Conducting Time, had through five Autumns run;
When flattering *Progne* thus allures her Lord.
If I have any grace with thee, afford
This favour, that I may my ſiſter ſee:
Send me to her, or bring thou her to me.
Promiſe my father, that with ſwifteſt ſpeed
She ſhall return. If this attempt ſucceed,
The ſum of all my wiſhes I obtain.
He bids them launch his ſhips into the Main:
Then makes th' *Athenian* port with ſails and oars,
And lands upon the wiſht *Piræan* ſhores.
Brought to *Pandion*'s preſence, they ſalute.
The King with bad preſage begins his ſuit.
For lo, as he his wife's command recites,
And for her quick return his promiſe plights,
Bright *Philomela* came in rich array;
More rich in beauty. So they uſe to ſay
The ſtately *Naiade's* and *Dryad's* go
In Sylvan ſhades, were they apparell'd ſo.
This ſight in *Tereus* such a burning breeds,
As when we fire an heap of wither'd reeds,
Or catching flames to Stubble-fields thruſt.
Her face was excellent; and ſo his luſt
Inflam'd his blood; to which thoſe climes are prone,
Stung by his Countrie's ſurplus and his own.

He ſtraight intends her women to intice,
And bribe her Nurſe, to proſecute his vice;
Her ſelf to tempt with gifts; his crown to ſpend:
Or raviſh, and by war his rape defend.
What dares he not, thruſt on by wild deſire?
Nor can his breaſt contain ſo great a fire.
Rackt with delay, he *Progne's* ſute renews;
And for himſelf, that but pretended, ſues.
Love made him eloquent. As oft as he
Exceeded, he would ſay, Thus charged ſhe:
And moving tears (as ſhe had ſent them) ſheds.
You Gods, how dark a blindneſs over-ſpreads
The ſouls of men! whilſt to his ſin he climbs,
They think him good, and praiſe him for his crimes.
Even *Philomela* wiſht the ſame. Now ſhe
Hangs on her Father's neck; and what would be
Her utter ruin, as her ſafety preſt.
While *Tereus* by beholding pre-poſſeſt
Her kiſſes and imbraces heat his bloud,
And all afford his fire and fury food.
He wiſht, as oft as ſhe her Sire imbrac't,
Himſelf her Sire: nor would have been more chaſt.
He by their importunities is wrought.
She, over-joy'd, her Father thanks; and thought
Her ſelf and Siſter in that fortunate,
Which drew on both a lamentable fate.
The labour of the Day now near an end,
From ſteep *Olympus Phœbus* Steeds deſcend.
The boards are Princely ſerv'd: *Lyæus* flows
In burniſht gold. Then take they ſoft repoſe.
And yet th' *Odryſian* King, though parted, fries;
Her face and grace incurre in his eyes.
He paints unſeen unto his fancy feigns,
And feeds his fires: Sleep flies his troubled brains.
Day roſe. *Pandion* his departing Son
Wrings by the hand; and, weeping, thus begun:
Dear ſon, ſince Piety this due requires,
With her, receive both yours and their deſires:
By faith, alliance, by the Gods above,
I charge you guard her with a Father's love:
And ſuddenly ſend back (for all delay
To me is death) my ages only ſtay.
And, Daughter, (t'is enough thy Siſter's gone)
For pity leave me not too long alone.

At

505 As he impoſ'd this charge, he kiſt withal [illegible]
And drops of tears at every accent fall.
The pledges then of promiſ'd faith demands,
(Which mutually they give) their plighted hands.
To *Progne*, and her little Boy, ſaid he,
My love remember; them ſalute from me.
510 Scarce could he bid Farewel, ſobs ſo ingage
His troubled ſpeech; dreading his ſoul's preſage.
  As ſoon as ſhipt, as ſoon as active oars
Had mov'd the ſurges, and remov'd the ſhoars,
She's ours, With me my wiſh I bear, he cries;
515 Exults, and barbarous, ſcarce defers his joys,
His eyes faſt fixt. As when *Jove*'s Eagle bears
An Hare t' her Airy truſs'd in rapeful fears,
And to the trembling priſoner leaves no way
For hoped flight, but ſtill beholds her prey.
520 The voiage made; on his own land he treads;
And to a Lodg *Pandion*'s Daughter leads,
(Obſcur'd with woods) pale, trembling, full of fears,
And for her Siſter asking now with tears.
There mues her up; his foul intent makes known;
525 Inforc'd her, a weak virgin, and but one.
Help, Father, Siſter, help, in her diſtreſs
She cries; and on the Gods with like ſucceſs.
She trembles like a Lamb, ſnatcht from the fangs
Of ſome fell Wolf, that dreads her former pangs;
530 Or as a Dove, who on her feathers bears
Her bloud's freſh ſtains, and late-felt talons fears.
Reſtor'd unto her mind, her ruffled hair,
As at a woful funeral, ſhe tare;
Her arms with her own fury bloudy made;
Then, wringing her up-heaved hands, thus ſaid;
  O Monſter! barbarous in thy horrid luſt!
535 Treacherous Tyrant! whom my Father's truſt,
Impoſ'd with holy tears, my Siſter's love,
My Virgin ſtate, nor Nuptial ties could move!
O what a wild confuſion haſt thou bred!
I'm an Adultereſs to my Siſter's bed;
Thou, Husband to us both; my only hate,
And to expect a miſerable fate!
540 Why mak'ſt thou not thy villanies compleat,
By forcing life from her [illegible]
O would thou hadſt, e're my honour loſt!
Then had I parted with a ſpotleſs ghoſt.

Yet, if the Gods have Eyes; if their Powers be,
Not merely Names; nor all decay with me;
545 Thou ſhalt not ſcape due vengeance. Senſe of ſhame
I will abandon; and thy crime proclame
To men, if free: if not, my voice ſhall break (ſpeak;
Through theſe thick walls, and teach the woods to
Hard rocks reſolve to ruth. Let heav'n this hear,
And Heav'n-thron'd Gods; if there be any there.
550 Theſe words the ſavage Tyrant move to wrath:
Nor leſs to fear. Alike provok'd by both,
He draws his ſword: his cruel hands he winds
In her looſe hair, her arms behind her binds.
Her throat glad *Philomela* ready made,
555 Conceiving hope of death from his drawn blade.
Whilſt ſhe reviles, invokes her Father, ſought
To vent her ſpleen; her Tongue, in pincers caught,
His ſword divided from the panting root:
Which, trembling, murmurs curſes at his foot.
560 And as a Serpent's tail, diſſever'd, leaps;
Even ſo her Tongue, and dying ſought her ſteps.
After this fact (if we may rumour truſt)
He oft abus'd her body with his luſt.
Yet to his Wife even after this retires,
565 Who for her Siſter earneſtly inquires.
Her Funerals he belies, with feigned grief;
And by inſtructed tears begets belief.
Progne her royal ornaments rejects,
And puts on black; an empty tomb erects;
570 To her imagin'd Ghoſt oblations burns;
Her Siſter's fate, not as ſhe ſhould, ſhe mourns.
Now through twelve Signs the Sun had born his light.
What ſhould ſad *Philomela* do? her flight
A barbarous guard reſtrain'd; the walls were ſtrong;
575 Her mouth had loſt the Index of her wrong.
The wit that miſery begets is great;
Great ſorrow adds a quickneſs to conceit.
A woof upon a *Thracian* loom ſhe ſpreads,
And inter-weaves the white with crimſon threads,
That character her wrong. This cloſely wrought
She gave t'her ſervant, by her looks beſought
580 To bear it to her Miſtreſs; who preſents
The Queen therewith, not knowing the contents.
The Wife to that dire Tyrant this unfolds;
And in a woful verſe her fate beholds:

She held her peace: ('twas ſtrange) grief ſtruck her mute:
585 No language could with ſuch a paſſion ſute.
Nor had ſhe time to weep. Right, wrong, were mixt
In her fell thoughts; her ſoul on vengeance fixt.
It was that time when, in a wild diſguiſe,
Sithonian matrons uſe to ſolemnize
590 *Lyæus* three-years Feaſt. Night ſpreads her wings:
By night high *Rhodope* with timbrels rings.
By night th' impatient Queen a javelin takes,
And, now a Bacchanal, the Court forſakes.
Vines ſhade her brows: the rough hide of a Deer
595 Shogs at her ſide: her ſhoulder bare a ſpear.
Hurries through woods, with her attendant frows,
Terrible *Progne*, frantick with her woes,
Thy ſain more ſober fury, *Bacchus*, ſtrives
To counterfeit. Now at the Lodge ſh'arrives;
600 Howls, *Evoe* cries, breaks ope the doors; and took
Her Siſter thence; with Ivy hides her look,
In habit of a Bacchanal array'd;
And to her City the amaz'd convey'd.
That hated roof when *Philomela* knew,
The poor ſoul ſhook; her viſage bloudleſs grew.
Progne withdrawn, the ſacred weeds unlous'd;
605 Her woful Siſter's baſhful face diſclos'd;
Falls on her neck. The other durſt not raiſe
Her down-caſt eyes; herſelf her wrong ſurveys
In her diſhonour. As ſhe would have ſworn,
With up-rais'd hands, and call'd the Gods t'have born
610 Her pure thoughts witneſs, how ſhe was compell'd
To that loath'd fact; ſhe hands, for ſpeech, upheld.
Stern *Progne* broils; her boſom hardly bears
So vaſt a rage; ſhe chides her Siſter's tears.
No tears, ſaid ſhe, our ſad condition needs;
But ſteel, or if thou haſt, what ſteel exceeds.
615 I for all horrid practiſes [illegible]
To wrap this roof in flame, and him in't:
His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforce,
T'extirpe; or with a thouſand wounds divorce
His guilty ſoul. The deed I intend is great:
620 But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat
Came *Itys* in; [illegible]
[illegible]
In thee, ſaid ſhe, [illegible]
Her tragick [illegible]

But when her Son ſaluted her, and clung
Unto her neck, mixt kiſſes as he hung,
With childiſh blandiſhments; her high-wrought bloud
Began to calm, her rage abated ſtood:
Tears trickled from her eyes by ſtrong conſtraint.
But when ſhe found her reſolution faint
With too much pity; ſhe her Siſter views,
And ſays, while both by turns her eyes peruſe,
Why flatters he? why tongueleſs weeps the other?
Why Siſter calls not ſhe, whom he calls Mother?
Degenerate! think whoſe Daughter, to whom wed:
All piety is ſin to *Tereus* bed.
Then *Itys* trails, (as when by *Ganges* flouds
A Tigreſs drags a Fawn through ſilent woods)
Retiring to the moſt ſequeſtred room.
While he, with hands up-heav'd, foreſees his doom;
Clings to her boſom; Mother! Mother! cry'd;
She ſtabs him, nor once turn'd her face aſide.
His throat was cut by *Philomela*'s knife:
Although one wound ſuffic'd to vanquiſh life.
His yet quick limbs, e're all his ſoul could paſs,
She piece-meal tears: ſome boil in hollow braſs,
Some hiſs on ſpits. The pavements bluſht with bloud.
Progne invites her Huſband to this food,
And feigns her Countrie's Rite; which would afford
No ſervant, nor companion, but her Lord.
Now *Tereus*, mounted on his Grand-ſire's throne,
With his Son's carved intrals ſtuffs his own;
And bids her (ſo Soul-blinded) call his Boy.
Progne could not diſguiſe her cruel joy:
In full fruition of her horrid ire,
Thou haſt, ſaid ſhe, within thee thy deſire.
He looks about, asks where. And while again
He asks, and calls; all bloudy with the ſlain,
Forth, like a Fury, *Philomela* flew,
And at his face the head of *Itys* threw.
Nor ever, more than now, deſir'd a Tongue,
T'expreſs the joy of her revenged wrong.
He with loud out-cries doth the board repel;
And calls the Furies from the depth of Hell.
Now tears his breaſt, and ſtrives from thence in vain
To pull th'abhorred food: now weeps amain.
And calls himſelf his Son's unhappy tomb.
Then draws his ſword, and through the guilty room

Purſues the Siſters ; who appear with wings
To cut the air : and ſo they did. One ſings
In woods ; the other near the houſe remains,
And on her breaſt yet bears her murther's ſtains.
He, ſwift with grief and fury, in that ſpace
His perſon chang'd. Long tufts of Feathers grace
His ſhining crown ; his Sword a Bill became ;
His Face all arm'd : whom we a Lapwing name.
This killing news, e're half his age was ſpent,
Pandion to th' infernal Shadows ſent.
Erechtheus the throne and ſcepter held ;
Who both in juſtice and bold arms excell'd.
To him his Wife four Sons, all hopeful, bare ;
As many Daughters, two ſurpaſſing fair.
Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made :
But *Thrace* and *Tereus Boreas* nuptial ſtaid,
Who God-belov'd *Orithya* wanted long,
While he put off his pow'r, to uſe his tongue.
His ſute rejected, horridly inclin'd
To anger, (too familiar with that Wind,)
I juſtly ſuffer this indignity :
For why, ſaid he, have I my arms laid by,
Strength, violence, high rage, and awful threats ?
'Tis my diſhonour to have us'd intreats :
Force me befits. With this thick clouds I drive,
Toſs the blue billows, knotty Oaks up-rive,
Congeal ſoft Snow, and beat the earth with hail.
When I my brethren in the air aſſail,
(For that's our field) we meet with ſuch a ſhock,
That thundring skies with our incounters rock,
And cloud-ſtruck lightning flaſhes from on high.
When through the crannies of the earth I fly,
And force her in her hollow caves, I make
The Ghoſts to tremble, and the ground to quake.
Thus ſhould I've woo'd, with theſe my match have made:
Erechtheus ſhould have been compell'd, nor pray'd.
Thus *Boreas* chafes, or no leſs ſtorms, and ſhook
His horrid wings ; whoſe airy motion ſtruck
The earth with blaſts, and made the Ocean roar.
Trailing his dusky mantle on the floor,
He hid himſelf in clouds of duſt, and caught
Belov'd *Orithya*, with her fear diſtraught.
Flying, his agitated fires increaſe :
Nor of his airy race the reins ſuppreſt,

Till to the walled *Cicones* he came.
Two goodly Twins th' eſpous'd *Athenian* Dame
Gave to the Icy author of her rape,
Who had their Father's wings, and Mother's ſhape:
Yet not ſo born. Before their Faces bare
The manly enſigns of their yellow hair,
Calais and *Zetes* both unplumed were.
But when the down did on their chins appear,
Then, fowl-like, from their ſides ſoft feathers bud.
When youth to action had inflam'd their bloud;
In the firſt veſſel, with the flow'r of *Greece*,
Through unknown Seas they ſought the Golden Fleece.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Men, Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their years
By Odours *caſt. A dry branch* Olives *bears.*
Drops ſprout to flowers. Old Æſon *young became:*
So Liber's *Nurſes. An old Sheep, a Lamb.*
Cerambus *flies. A Snake, a ſnake-like ſtone.*
An ox, a Stag. Sad Mera *barks unknown.*
Horns front the Coan *Dames. The* Telchines
All change. A Dove turn'd Maid. The hard to pleaſe
Becomes a Swan. His Mother Hyrie *weeps*
Into a Lake. High-mounting Combe *keeps*
Her Son-ſought life. A King and Queen eſtrang'd
To flightful Fowls. Cephiſus *Nephew chang'd*
Into a ſeal. Eumelus *daughter flies*
Through traceleſs regions. Men from Muſhrooms riſe.
Phineus *and* Periphas *light wings aſſume.*
So Polyphemon's *Niece. From* Cerberus *ſpume*
Springs Aconite. Juſt Earth a grave denies
To Sciron's *bones; which now in Rocks ariſe.*
Arne, *a Chough. Stout* Myrmidons *are born*
Of toiling Ants. The late-rejected Morn
Masks Cephalus. *The Dog that did purſue,*
And Beaſt purſu'd, two Marble Statues grew.

With *Pegaſæan* keel the *Minyæ* plow
The curling waves; & *Phineus* ſee, who now
In endleſs night his needy Age conſumes.
The youthful ſons of *Boreas*, rais'd with plumes,

Thoſe greedy *Harpyes*, with the Virgin face,
Far off from his polluted table chaſe.
5 They, under *Jaſon*, having ſuffered much,
At length the banks of ſlimy *Phaſis* touch.
Now *Phryxus* fleece the hardy *Minyæ* ask;
And from the King receive a dreadful task.
Meanwhile *Æetias* fries in ſecret fires:
10 Who ſtruggling long with over-ſtrong deſires,
When Reaſon could not ſuch a rage reſtrain,
She ſaid, *Medea*, thou ſtriv'ſt all in vain: (prove?
Some God, unknown, withſtands. What will this
Or is it ſuch a thing as Men call Love?
Why ſeems the King's commands ſo too ſevere?
15 And ſo in truth they be. Why ſhould I fear
A Stranger's ruin, never ſeen before?
Whence ſpring theſe cares? why fear I more and more?
Theſe furies from thy Virgin-breaſt repel,
Wretch, if thou canſt. Could I, I ſhould be well.
A new-felt force my ſtriving pow'rs invades:
Affection this, Diſcretion that, perſuades.
20 I ſee the better, I approve it too:
The worſe I follow. Why ſhould'ſt thou purſue
An Husband of another world, that art
Of royal birth? Our Country may impart
A choice as worthy. If this foreign mate
Or live, or die, 'tis in the hands of fate.
Yet, may he live. I ſuch a ſute might move
25 To equal Gods, although I did not love.
For what hath *Jaſon* done? his hopeful youth
Would move all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth;
His birth, his valour. See all theſe apart?
His perſon would: I feel it moves my heart.
Yet ſhould not I aſſiſt, the flaming breath
Of Bulls would blaſt him; or aſſaults of death
30 Spring up in arms from *Tellus* hoſtile womb;
Or elſe the greedy Dragon prove his tomb.
This ſuffer, and thou haſt an heart of ſtone,
Born of a Tigreſs, and more ſavage grown.
Yet why ſtand I not by? behold him ſlain?
And ſo my acceſſary eyes profane?
35 Add fury to the Bulls? to th' Earth-born, Ire?
And ſleepleſs Dragon with more ſpleen inſpire?
The Gods forbid. I'll rather help than pray.
My Father's Kingdom ſhall I then betray?

And ſave this Stranger, whom I hardly know,
40 That, ſav'd by me, he ſhould without me go,
Marry another, and leave me behind
To puniſhment? Could he prove ſo unkind,
Or for another my deſerts neglect,
Then ſhould he die. *Such* is not his aſpect,
The clearneſs of his mind, his very grace,
45 That I ſhould fraud ſuſpect, or think him baſe.
Beſides, beforehand he ſhall plight his troth,
And bind the contract with a ſolemn oath.
What needſt thou doubt; go on; delay decline:
Obliged *Jaſon* will be ever thine.
50 *Hymen* ſhall crown thee, mothers celebrate
Their ſons Protectreſs through th' *Achaian* State.
My Siſter, Brother, Father, country Gods,
Shall I abandon for unknown abodes?
Fierce is my Father, barbarous my land,
My Brother a child: my Siſters wiſhes ſtand
55 With my deſires: the greateſt God of all
My breaſt inſhrines. What I forſake, is ſmall;
Great hopes I follow: to receive the grace
For *Argo*'s ſafety; know a better place;
And Cities which in theſe far-diſtant parts
Are famous with civility and arts;
60 And *Æſon*'s ſon, whom I more dearly prize
Than wealthy Earth, and all her Monarchies.
In him moſt happy, and affected by
The bounteous Gods, my crown ſhall reach the ſky.
They tell of Rocks that juſtle in the main:
Charybdis, that ſucks in, and caſts again
The wreckful waves: how in *Sicilian* Streights,
65 Girt round with barking dogs, fierce *Scylla* waits.
My love poſſeſt, in *Jaſon*'s boſom laid,
Let Seas ſwell high, I cannot be diſmay'd,
While I infold my Huſband in my arms.
Or ſhould I fear, I ſhould but fear his harms.
Call'ſt thou him Huſband? wilt thou then thy blame,
70 *Medea*, varniſh with an honeſt name?
Conſider well what thou intend'ſt to do;
And, while thou mayſt, ſo foul a crime eſchew.
Thus ſhe: When Honour, Piety, and Right,
Before her ſtood, and *Cupid* put to flight.
She goes where *Hecate's* old Altar ſtood,
75 O're-ſhadowed by a dark and ſecret wood.

Her broken ardour ſhe had now reclaim'd:
Which *Jaſon*'s preſence forthwith re-inflam'd.
Her cheeks bluſh fire, her face with fervour flaſhes.
80 And as a dying cinder, rak'd in aſhes,
Fed by reviving winds, augmenting, glows,
And, toſſed, to accuſtom'd fury grows:
So Sickly Love, which late appear'd to die,
New life aſſum'd from his inflaming eye;
Whoſe looks by chance more beauty now diſcover
85 Than heretofore. You might forgive the Lover.
Her eager eyes ſhe rivets on his face;
And, frantick, thinks him of no humane race:
Nor could divert her looks. As he his tongue
Began t' unlooſe, her fair hand ſoftly wrung,
90 Implor'd her aid, and promis'd her his bed;
She anſwer made, with tears profuſely ſhed:
I ſee to what events m' intentions move;
Nor ignorance deceives me thus, but love.
I by my cunning will preſerve your life;
But ſwear, that done, to take me to your wiſe.
He by the Altar of the Triple Power,
95 The groves which that great Deity imbower,
Her Father's Sire, to whom the hid appears,
His own ſucceſs, and ſo great danger, ſwears.
Believ'd, from her th' inchanted herbs receives;
With them, their uſe: and his Protectreſs leaves.
100 The Morrow had the ſparkling ſtars defac'd,
When all in *Mars*'s field aſſemble, plac'd
On circling ridges; ſeated on a throne,
The Ivory-ſcepter'd King in ſcarlet ſhone.
From adamant noſtrils braſs-hooft Bulls now caſt
105 Fierce *Vulcan*, and the graſs with vapours blaſt.
And as full forges, blown by art, reſound;
As lime of flints, infurnac'd under ground,
By ſprinkled water fire conceives: ſo they
Pent flames, involv'd in noiſeful breaſts, diſplay;
110 So roar their ſcorched throats. Yet *Æſon*'s Heir
Came bravely on: on whom they turn, and ſtare
With terrible aſpects; his ruin threat
With ſteel-tipt horns. Inrag'd, their cleft hoofs beat
The thundring ground, whence clouds of duſt ariſe:
They with their ſmoky bellowings rend the skies.
The *Minyæ* fear congeals; but he remains
115 Untoucht. Such virtue Sorcery contains.

Their dewlaps boldly with his hand he ſtrokes:
Makes them to draw the plough with unknown yokes.
The *Colchians* at ſo ſtrange a ſight admire:
120 The *Minyæ* ſhout, and ſet his thoughts on fire.
He in his Cask the Viper's teeth aſſumes.
And in the turn'd-up furrows them inhumes.
Earth mollifies the pois'nous ſeeds, which ſpring,
125 And forth a harveſt of new People bring.
And as an Embryo, in the womb incloſ'd,
Aſſumes the form of man, within compoſ'd
Through all accompliſht numbers; nor comes forth
To breath in air, till his maturer growth:
So when the bowels of the teeming Earth
Grew great, ſhe gave mens perfect ſhapes their birth.
130 And, what's more ſtrange, with them, their arms a-
Who at th' *Æmonian* youth their lances bend. (ſcend;
When this th' *Achaians* ſaw, they hung the head;
And all their courages for terrour fled.
Even ſhe who had ſecur'd him was afraid,
135 When ſhe beheld ſo many one invade.
A chill cold checks her bloud; death looks leſs pale,
And, leſt the herbs ſhe gave ſhould chance to fail,
Unheard auxiliary charms ſh' imparts,
And calls th' aſſiſtence of her ſecret Arts.
He hurls a maſſy ſtone among his foes,
140 Who on themſelves convert their deadly blows.
The Earth-born Brothers mutual wounds deſtroy,
And civil war. The *Grecians* skip for joy,
And throng t'imbrace the Victor. Her the ſame
145 Affection ſpurr'd; ſhe was withheld by ſhame.
Yet that too weak, if none had lookt upon her:
Nor vertue checkt her, but the wreck of honour.
Now in conceit ſhe hugs him in her arms;
And thanks the Gods, the authors of her charms.
To make the Dragon ſleep that never ſlept,
Remains, whoſe care the golden purchaſe kept.
150 Bright-creſted, triple-tongu'd, his cruel jaws,
Arm'd with ſharp fangs, his feet with dreadful claws.
When once beſprinkled with *Lethæan* juice,
And words repeated thrice, (which ſleep produce,
Calm the rough ſeas, and make ſwift rivers ſtand)
155 His eye-lids vail'd to ſleep's unknown command.
The Hero of the Golden Fleece poſſeſt,
Proud of the *Spoil*, with her whoſe favour bleſt

His enterprize (a Second Spoil) now bore
To ſea, and lands ſafe on *Iolchian* ſhoar.
Æmonian Parents for their Sons return
Bring grateful gifts, congeſted incenſe burn;
And chearfully with horn-gilt offerings pay
Religious vows. But *Æſon* was away,
Oppreſt with tedious age, now near his tomb.
When thus *Æſonides*: O wiſe, to whom
My life I ow, though all I hold in chief
From thy deſerts, which far ſurpaſs belief;
If Magick can, (what cannot Magick do?)
Take years from me, and his with mine renew.
Then wept. His piety her paſſion ſtirs;
Who ſighs to think how ſhe had uſed her's:
Yet this concealing, anſwers; What a crime
Hath ſlipt thy tongue? think'ſt thou that with thy time
I can, or will, another's life inveſt?
Hecat' fore-fend: nor is't a juſt requeſt.
Yet, *Iaſon*, we a greater gift will give;
Thy Father, by our Art renew'd, ſhall live,
Without thy loſs; if ſo the triple Pow'r
Aſſiſt me with her preſence in that hour.
Three nights yet wanted e're the Moon could join
Her growing horns. When with repleniſht ſhine
She view'd the Earth; the Court ſhe leaves; her hair
Untreſt, her garments looſe, her ancles bare;
And wanders through the dead of drowzy Night
With unſeen ſteps. Men, beaſts, and birds of flight,
Deep Reſt had bound in humid gyves: ſhe crept
So ſilently, as if her ſelf had ſlept.
No Aſpen wags, moiſt air no ſound receives;
Stars only twinckle. She to thoſe upheaves
Her arms; thrice turns about, thrice wets her crown
With gathered dew, thrice yawns; and kneeling down,
O Night, thou friend to Secrets; you clear Fires,
That, with the Moon, ſucceed when day retires;
Great *Hecate*, that know'ſt and aid imparts
To our deſigns; you, Charms and Magick Arts;
And thou, O Earth, that to Magicians yields
Thy powerful ſimples; airs, winds, mountains, fields,
Soft murmuring ſprings, ſtill lakes, and rivers clear;
You Gods of woods, you Gods of night, appear.
By you, at will, I make ſwift ſtreams retire
To their firſt fountains, whilſt their banks admire;

Seas toſs, and ſmooth; clear clouds, with clouds deform;
Storms turn to calms, and make a calm a Storm.
With ſpells and charms I break the viper's jaw;
205 Cleave ſolid rocks; oaks from their roots I draw;
Whole woods remove; the airy mountains ſhake;
Earth force to groan; and ghoſts from graves awake.
And thee, *Titania*, from thy ſphere I hale;
Though braſs reſounding do thy throes avail.
Our charms thy chariot pale; our pois'nous weeds,
210 That bluſhing Goddeſs which the night ſucceeds.
Flame-breathing bulls you tam'd; you made them bow
Their ſtubborn necks unto the ſervile plow.
The Serpent's brood by you ſelf-ſlaughtered lies:
Your ſlumbers clos'd the wakeful Dragons eyes,
215 At our command; and ſent the Golden Fleece
(The guard deluded) to the towers of *Greece*.
Now need I drugs that may old age indue
With vigour, and the flower of youth renew.
Which you ſhall give. Nor blaze theſe ſtars in vain;
Nor Dragons vainly through the airy main
220 This Chariot draw. Hard by the chariot reſts.
Mounting, ſhe ſtrokes the bridled Dragons creſts,
And ſhakes the reins. Rapt up, beneath ſhe ſpies
Theſſalian Tempe; and her Snakes applies
225 To parts remote. The herbs that *Oſſa* bear,
Steep *Pelion*, *Othrys*, *Pindus*, ever-clear
Olympus, who proud *Pindus* over-tops;
Up roots ſhe, or with brazen ſickle crops.
Much gathers on the bank of *Apidan*,
230 By *Amphryſus* much, and where *Enipeus* ran.
Nor *Sperchius*, nor *Peneus* barren found;
Nor thee, ſmooth *Bœbe*, with ſharp ruſhes crown'd.
She gather'd from *Eubœan Anthedon*
That herb, as yet by *Glaucus* change unknown.
235 By winged Dragons drawn, nine nights, nine days,
About ſhe romes, and every field ſurveys.
Return'd, her Snakes, that did but only ſmell
The Odours, caſt their skins, and age expel.
Her feet to enter her own roof refuſe,
Rooft by the sky: ſhe touch of man eſchews.
240 Two Altars builds of living turf; the right
To *Hecate*, the left to *Youth*. Theſe dight
With Vervin and green boughs, hard by two pits
She forthwith digs; and ſacrificing ſlits

The

245 The throats of black-fleec'd Rams: with reeking bloud
The ditches fills; and pours thereon a floud
Of honey and new milk, from turn'd-up bowls;
Repeating powerful words. The King of Souls,
250 His raviſht Queen ſh'invokes, and Pow'rs beneath,
Not to precipitate old *Æſon*'s death.
They with long murmuring and pray'rs appeas'd;
She bids them to produce the age-diſeas'd.
Her ſleep-producing Charm his ſpirits deads,
255 Who on the graſs his ſenſleſs body ſpreads:
Charg'd *Jaſon* and the reſt far off withdrew.
Unhallowed eyes might not ſuch Secrets view.
Furious *Medea*, with her hair unbound,
About the fragrant Altar trots a Round;
260 The brands dips in the ditches black with bloud,
And on the Altars fires th' infected wood;
Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,
And thrice with ſulphur, muttering horrid names.
Meanwhile in hollow braſs the med'cine boils,
And, ſwelling high, in foamy bubbles toils.
265 There ſeeths ſhe what th' *Æmonian* vales produce,
Roots, juices, flow'rs, and ſeeds of ſovereign uſe:
Adds ſtones from Oriental rocks bereft,
And others by the ebbing Ocean left;
The Dew collected e're the Dawning ſprings;
270 A Screech-Owl's fleſh, with her ill-boding wings;
The intrals of ambiguous Wolves, that can
Take, and forſake, the figure of a Man;
The Liver of a long-liv'd Hart: then takes
The ſcaly skins of ſmall *Cinyphian* Snakes.
275 A Crow's old head and pointed beak was caſt
Among the reſt, which had nine ages paſt.
Theſe, and a thouſand more without a name,
Were thus prepared by the barbarous Dame,
For human benefit. Th' ingredients now
She mingles with a withered Olive-bough.
280 Lo, from the caldron the dry ſtick receives
Firſt verdure, and a little after, leaves;
Forthwith with over-burthening Olives deckt.
The ſkipping froth, with under-flames eject,
Upon the ground deſcended in a dew;
285 Whence vernal flow'rs and ſpringing paſture grew.
This ſeen, ſhe cuts the old man's throat, out-ſluc'd
His ſcarce-warm bloud, and her receipt (infus'd;)

His mouth or wound ſucks in. His beard and head
Black hairs forthwith adorn, the hoary ſhed.
Pale colour, morphew, meager looks remove ;
And under-riſing fleſh his wrinkles ſmooth.
His limbs wax ſtrong and luſty. *Æſon* much
Admires his change ; himſelf remembers ſuch
Twice twenty Summers paſt ; withal, indu'd
A youthful mind ; and both at once renew'd.
This wonder from on high *Lyæus* views :
By *Colchis* gift his Nurſes dates renews.
Leſt fraud ſhould ceaſe, ſhe with her bed's Conſort
Diſſention feigns, and flies to *Pelias* Court.
His Daughters (for ſad age the Kings arreſts)
Her entertain. She ſoon, with ſlie proteſts
Of forged love, allures their quick belief :
Her many merits mentions, but in chief
Old *Æſon's* cure, inſiſting on that part.
This hope ingenders, that her able Art
Might ſo their Father's vaniſht youth reſtore.
Her they with infinite rewards implore.
Shee muſing, ſeems to doubt, and, with pretence
Of difficulty, holds them in ſuſpence.
But when ſhe had a tardy promiſe made ;
To win your ſtedfaſt confidence, (ſhe ſaid)
Take from your flocks the moſt age-ſhaken Ram,
And ſuddenly he ſhall become a Lamb.
Straight thither by the wreathed horns they drew
A ſunk-ey'd Ram, whoſe youth none living knew.
Now at his rivell'd throat out-lancing life,
(Whoſe little bloud could hardly ſtain her Knife)
His carkaſe ſhe into a Caldron throws ;
With it, her drugs. Each limb more ſlender grows:
He caſts his horns, and with his horns, his years :
Anon a tender bleating ſtrikes their ears.
While they admire, out skips a frisking Lamb,
That ſports, and ſeeks the Udder of his Dam.
Fixt with amaze, they, ſtrongly now poſſeſt,
Her promiſe more importunately preſt.
Thrice *Phœbus* had unyok'd his panting Steeds,
Drencht in *Iberian* Seas, whilſt Night ſucceeds,
Studded with ſtars ; when falſe *Medea* took,
With uſeleſs herbs, mere waters of the brook.
On *Pelias*, and his drowzy Guards ſhe hung
A death-like ſleep with her inchanting tongue.

Whom now the ſo-inſtructed Siſters led
Into his chamber, and beſiege his bed.
Why pauſe you thus, ſaid ſhe, O ſlow to good?
335 Unſheath your ſword, and ſhed his aged bloud;
That I his veins with ſpritely juice may fill.
His life and youth depends upon your will,
If you have any virtue, nor perſue
340 Unfruitful hopes, perform this filial due.
With ſteel your father's age expulſe, and purge
His dregs through wounds. Their zeal her ſpeeches urge.
Who were moſt pious, impious firſt became;
Shunning unnaturalneſs, they act the ſame.
Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow,
But with averted looks blind wounds beſtow.
345 He, bloud-imbrew'd, his hoary head advanc'd;
Half-mangled ſtrove to riſe; and now intranc'd
Amidſt ſo many ſwords, his arms upheld,
And, Daughters, cry'd, what do you? what compell'd
Thoſe cruel hands t'invade your Father's life?
Down ſunk their hands and hearts. *Medea*'s knife
350 His following ſpeech and throat aſunder cuts:
She his hackt limbs in ſeething liquor puts.
And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,
Revenge had tortur'd her. Aloft ſhe flies
O're ſhady *Pelion*, God-like *Chiron*'s Den,
355 Aſpiring *Othrys*, hills renown'd by men
For old *Cerambus* ſafety: who, by aid
Of favouring Nymphs, relief-ful wings diſplay'd,
While ſwallowing waves the weighty Earth confound;
And ſwoln *Deucalion*'s ſurges ſcap'd, undrown'd.
Æolian Pitane on her left hand leaves;
360 That Marble which the Serpent's ſhape receives;
Idæan groves, where *Liber* turn'd a Steer
(To cloke his ſon's ſlie theft) into a Deer;
The ſand-heap which *Corythus* Sire contains;
And where new-barking *Mæra* frights the plains:
365 *Eurypylus* town, where horns the Matrons ſham'd
Of *Co*, when *Hercules* the *Coans* tam'd;
Phœbeian Rhodes, Jalyſian Telchines,
Drencht by *Jove*'s vengeance in his brother's ſeas,
For all transforming with their vitious eyes.
370 By *Cea*'s old *Carthæan* walls ſhe flies,
Where fates *Alcidamas* with wonder move,
To think his Daughter could become a Dove.

Then *Hyrie's* lake, *Cycneian Tempe* view'd,
Grac'd by a Swan with ſudden plumes indu'd.
For *Phyllius* there had, at a Boy's command,
375 VVild Birds and ſavage Lions brought to hand;
And bid to tame a Bull, his will perform'd:
Yet at ſo ſtern a love not ſeldom ſtorm'd,
And his laſt purchaſe to the Boy deny'd.
Pouting, You'l wiſh you'd given him me, he cry'd;
380 And jumpt from down-right cliffs. All held him ſlain;
VVhen ſpreading wings a ſilver Swan ſuſtain.
His mother (ignorant thereof) became
A Lake with weeping, which they *Hyrie* name.
385 Next *Pleuron* lies, where *Ophian Combe* ſhuns,
VVith trembling wings, her life-purſuing ſons.
Then near *Latona* lov'd *Calaurea* rang'd,
In which the King and Queen to birds were chang'd.
Cyllene on the right hand, where that beaſt
Menephron would his mother have compreſt.
390 *Cephiſus* ſpies, who for his nephew mourn'd,
Into a Sea-calf by *Apollo* turn'd;
Eumelus Court, whoſe Daughter ſads her Sire
With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire
To *Piren Ephyre*: men, if Fame ſay true,
395 Here at the firſt from ſhow'r-rais'd muſhrooms grew.
But after *Colchis* had the new-wed Dame,
And *Creon's* Palace, wrapt in Magick flame,
VVhen impious ſteel her children's bloud had ſhed,
She ill-reveng'd from *Jaſon's* fury fled.
400 VVhom now the ſwift *Titanian* Dragons draw
To *Pallas* towers. Thoſe thee, juſt *Phineus*, ſaw,
And thee, old *Periphas*, together fly,
VVhere *Polyphemon's* Neece new wings ſupply.
Ægeus entertains her, (of his life
405 The only ſtain) and took her for his wife.
And now arrives, unknown, *Ægeus* ſeed,
VVho, great in name, had two-ſea'd *Iſthmos* freed;
VVhoſe undeſerved ruin *Phaſias* ſought,
By mortal Aconite, from *Scythia* brought.
410 This from th' *Echidnean* Dog did eſſence draw.
There is a blind ſteep Cave with foggy jaws,
Through which the bold *Tirynthian* Hero ſtrain'd,
Dragg'd *Cerberus* with adamant enchain'd:
VVho backward hung, and, ſcowling, lookt askew
415 On glorious day; with anger rabid grew;

Thrice howls, thrice barks at once, with his three heads,
And on the graſs his foamy poiſon ſheds.
This ſprung, attracting from the fruitful ſoil
Dire nouriſhment, and power of deathful ſpoil.
The rural Swains, becauſe it takes delight
In barren rocks, ſurnam'd it Aconite.
Ægeus, by her ſly perſwaſions won,
As to a foe, preſents it to his Son.
He took the cup: when, by his Ivory hilt,
He both his Son diſcover'd, and her guilt;
And ſtruck the potion from his lips. With charms
Ingend'ring clouds ſhe ſcapes his lengthleſs arms.
  Though glad of his Son's ſafety, a chill fear
Shook all his powers, that danger was ſo near.
VVith fire he feeds the Altars, richly feaſts
The Gods with Gifts. Whole Hecatombs of beaſts
(Their horns with ribands wreath'd) imbue the ground.
No day, they ſay, was ever ſo renown'd
Amongſt th' *Athenians*. Noble, vulgar, all
Together celebrate that Feſtival,
Thus ſinging, when full bowls their ſpirits raiſe:
Great *Theſeus*, *Marathon* reſounds thy praiſe,
For ſlaughter of the *Cretan* Bull. Secure
They live, who *Cromyon*'s waſted field manure,
By thy exploit and bounty. *Vulcan*'s Seed
By thee glad *Epidaure* beheld to bleed.
Savage *Procruſtes* death *Cephiſia* view'd;
Eleuſis, *Cercyon*'s. *Scinis*, ill indu'd
VVith ſtrength ſo much abus'd, who Beeches bent,
And tortur'd bodies 'twixt their branches rent,
Thou ſlew'ſt. The way which to *Alcathoe* led
Is now ſecure, inhuman *Sciron* dead.
The Earth his ſcatter'd bones a grave deny'd;
Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide:
VVhich, toſſed to and fro, in time became
A ſolid rock: the rock we *Sciron* name.
If we thy years ſhould number with thy acts,
Thy years would prove a cypher to thy facts.
Great ſoul, for thee, as for our publick wealth,
We pray, and quaff *Lyæus* to thy health.
The Palace with the people's praiſes rings;
And ſacred joy in ev'ry boſom ſprings.
  Ægeus yet (no pleaſure is compleat:
Grief twines with joys;) for *Theſeus* ſafe receit

Reaps little comfort. *Minos* threatens war,
Though ſtrong in men and ſhips, yet ſtronger far
Through vengeance of a Father; who his harms,
460 In ſlain *Androgeos*, ſcourgeth with juſt arms.
Yet wiſely firſt endeavours foreign aid;
And all the Iſlands of that Sea ſurvey'd.
He *Anaphe* and *Aſtypalea* gains;
The one by gifts, the other war conſtrains;
465 Low *Mycone*, *Cimolus* chalky fields,
High *Scyros*, *Cythnos*, which rich metals yields,
Champain *Seriphos*, *Paros* far diſplay'd
With marble brows, *Sithonis* ill-betray'd
By impious *Arne* for, yet-loved, gold,
470 Turn'd to a Chough, whom ſable plumes infold.
Oliaros, *Didyme*, the Sea-lov'd ſoil
Of *Tenos*, *Peparethos* fat with oil,
Andros, and *Gyaros*; theſe their aid deny'd.
The *Gnoſſian* fleet from thence their ſails apply'd
Unto *Oenopia*, for her children fam'd;
475 *Oenopia* by the antient dwellers nam'd;
But *Æacus*, there reigning, call'd the ſame
Ægina, of his honour'd Mother's name.
All throng to ſee a Prince of ſo great worth:
Straight *Telamon* and *Peleus*, iſſuing forth,
With *Phocus*, youngeſt of that royal race,
480 Make haſt to meet him. With a tardy pace
Came aged *Æacus*, and ask'd the cauſe
Of his repair. When, after ſome ſhort pauſe,
With ſighs, which his unboſom'd grief diſplay'd,
The Ruler of the hundred Cities ſaid;
Aſſiſt our Arms, born for my murth'red ſon,
And in this pious war our fortunes run;
485 Give comfort to his grave. The King reply'd,
In vain you ask what needs muſt be deny'd;
No City is in ſtricter league than ours
Conjoyn'd to *Athens*; mutual are our pow'rs.
He, parting, ſaid, Your league ſhall coſt you dear.
And held it better far to threat, than bear
490 A war ſo hazardous, whereby he might
Conſume his force before he came to fight.
Yet might they ſee the *Cretans* navie ſail
From high-built walls, when, with a leading gale,
An *Attick* ſhip attain'd her friendly ſhoar,
495 Which *Cephalus* and his embaſſage bore.

The

Th' *Æacides* him know, (though many a day
Unſeen) imbrace, and to the Court convey.
The goodly Prince, who yet th'impreſſion held
Of thoſe perfections which in youth excell'd,
500 Enters the Palace, bearing in his hand
A branch of *Attick* Olive. By him ſtand
Clytus and *Butes*, valorous and young;
Who from the loins of high-born *Pallas* ſprung.
Firſt, *Cephalus* his full Oration made;
Which ſhew'd his meſſage, and demanded aid:
505 Their leagues and ancient loves to mind recals;
And how all *Greece* was threatned in their falls:
With eloquence enforcing's embaſſy.
When God-like *Æacus* made this reply;
(His royal Scepter ſhining in his hand)
Athenians, crave not ſuccour, but command.
510 This Iſland's forces yours vouchſafe to call;
For in your aid I will adventure all.
Soldiers I have enough, at once t'oppoſe
My enemies, and to repel your foes.
The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will
Bear no excuſes. May your City ſtill
Increaſe with people, *Cephalus* reply'd.
515 At my approach I not a little joy'd,
To meet ſo many youths of equal years,
So freſh and luſty. Yet not one appears
Of thoſe who heretofore your town poſſeſt,
When firſt you entertain'd me for a Gueſt.
Then *Æacus*, (in ſighs his words aſcend)
520 A ſad beginning had a better end.
Would I could utter all: Day would expire
E're all were told, and 'twould your patience tire,
Their bones and aſhes ſilent graves incloſe.
And what a treaſure periſhed with thoſe!
525 By *Juno*'s wrath, a dreadful peſtilence
Devour'd our lives. She took unjuſt offence,
In that this Iſle her Rival's name profeſt.
While it ſeem'd human, and the cauſe ungueſt,
So long we death-repelling Phyſick try'd:
But thoſe diſeaſes vanquiſht Art deride.
530 Heav'n firſt the Earth with thickned vapours ſhrouds,
And lazy heat involves in ſullen clouds.
Four pallid Moons their growing horns unite,
And had as oft withdrawn their feeble light;

Yet ſtill the death-producing *Auſter* blew.
535 The Springs and ſtanding Lakes infected grew.
Serpents in untill'd fields by millions creep;
And in the ſtreams their tainting poiſons ſteep.
Dogs, Oxen, Sheep, and ſavage Beaſts firſt dye:
Nor Birds could from the ſwift infection fly.
540 Sad Swains, amazed, ſee their Oxen ſhrink
Beneath the yoke, and in the furrows ſink.
The fleeciſh Flocks with anguiſh faintly bleat,
Let fall their wool, and pine away with heat.
The generous Horſe, that from the Race of late
Return'd with honour, now degenerate,
545 Unmindful of the glory of his prize,
Groans at his manger, and there deedleſs dies.
The Boar forgets his rage: ſwift feet now fail
The Hart: nor Bears the horned Herd aſſail.
All languiſh. Woods, fields, paths (no longer bare)
550 Are fill'd with carkaſes, that ſtench the air;
VVhich neither Dogs, nor greedy Fowl, (how much
To be admir'd!) nor hoary Wolves would touch.
Theſe putrefy, and deadly Odours bred,
That round about their dire contagion ſpread.
Now Plague among the wretched Country-Swains,
555 Now in our large and populous City reigns.
At firſt, their bowels broil, with fervour ſtretcht:
The ſymptoms, redneſs, hot wind hardly fetcht.
Their furr'd tongues ſwell; their dry jaws gaſp for
And with their air inhale a ſwifter death. (breath,
560 None could endure or coverture, or bed;
But on the ſtones their panting bodies ſpread.
Cold ſtones could no way mitigate that heat:
Even they beneath thoſe burning burthens ſweat.
None cure attempt: the ſtern diſeaſe invades
The heartleſs Leech; nor Art her Author aids.
565 The near ally'd, whoſe care the ſick attends,
Sicken themſelves, and die before their friends.
Of remedy they ſee no hope at all,
But only in approaching funeral.
All their deſires obey; for help none care,
Help was there none; in ſhameleſs throngs repair
570 To Springs and Wells: there ſtick in bitter ſtrife
T' extinguiſh thirſt, but firſt extinguiſh life.
Nor could th' o'recharg'd ariſe; but, dying, ſink:
And of thoſe tainted waters others drink.

The wretches loath their tedious Beds, thence break
With giddy ſteps; or, if now grown too weak,
Roul on the floor: their quitted Houſes hate,
As guilty of their miſerable fate;
And, ignorant of the cauſe, the place accuſe.
Half-Ghoſts they walk'd, while they their legs could uſe.
You might ſee others on the earth lye mourning,
Their heavy eyes with dying motion turning.
Stretching their arms to heav'n; wherever death
Surpris'd them, parting with their ſigh'd-out breath.
Oh what a heart had I! or ought to have!
I loath'd my life, and wiſht with them a grave.
VVhich way ſoever I convert my eye,
The breathleſs multitude diſperſed lye;
Like periſht apples dropping with the ſtrokes
Of rocking winds, or acorns from broad oaks.
See you yon Temple, mounted on high ſtairs?
'Tis *Jupiter's*. Who hath not offer'd prayers,
And ſlighted incenſe, there; Husbands for Wives,
Fathers for Sons? and while they pray, their lives
They 'fore th' inexorable Altars vent,
VVith incenſe in their hands, half yet unſpent.
How oft the Ox unto the Temple brought,
VVhile yet the Prieſt the angry Powers beſought,
And pour'd pure wine between his horns, fell down,
Before the ax had toucht his curled crown?
To *Jupiter* about to ſacrifice,
For me, my country, ſons, with horrid noiſe
Th' unwounded Offering fell; and now the wound
Scarce bloud to wet the knife, that made it, found.
The Inwards loſt their ſigns of heav'n's preſage,
Out-razed by the ſtern Diſeaſe's rage.
The dead before the ſacred doors were laid,
Before the Altars too; the Gods t' upbraid.
Some choke themſelves with cords; by death eſchew
The fear of death; and inſtant Fates perſue.
Dead corſes without Dues of Funeral
They weakly bear: the Ports are now too ſmall.
Or uninterr'd they lye; or elſe are thrown
On wealthleſs Piles. Reſpect they give to none.
For Piles they ſtrive: on thoſe their kinsfolk burn,
That flame for others. None are left to mourn;
Ghoſts wander undeplor'd by ſons or ſires;
Nor is there room for tombs, or wood for fires.

Aſtoniſht with theſe tempeſts of extreams,
O *Jove*, ſaid I, if they be more than dreams
That laid thee by *Ægina*; nor thy ire
Incenſed be, that I ſhould call thee ſire;
Render me mine, or me afford a grave.
With proſperous thunder-claps a ſign he gave.
I take it, ſaid I; let this Omen be
A happy pledge of thy intents to me.
Hard by, a goodly Oak by fortune ſtood,
Sacred to *Jove*, of *Dodonæan* wood.
Grain-gathering Ants there in long files I ſaw,
Who with their little mouths great burthens draw,
Keeping their paths along the rugged rine.
While I admire their number; O divine,
And ever helpful, give to me, ſaid I,
As many men, who may the dead ſupply.
The trembling Oak his lofty top declin'd,
And murmured without a breath of wind.
I ſhook with fear, my treſſes ſtood an end:
Yet on the earth and oak I kiſſes ſpend;
I durſt not ſeem to hope, yet hope I did,
And in my breaſt my cheriſht wiſhes hid.
Night came, and ſleep care-waſted bodies chear'd:
Before my eyes the ſelf-ſame Oak appear'd;
So many branches, as before there were;
So many buſie Ants thoſe branches bear;
So ſhook the Oak, and with that motion threw
To under-earth the grain-ſupporting crue.
Greater and greater ſtraight they ſeem to ſight;
To raiſe themſelves from earth, and ſtand upright.
Theſe, numerous feet, black colour, lankneſs leave;
And inſtantly an human ſhape receive.
Now ſleep withdrew. My dream I waking blame;
And on the ſmall-performing Gods exclaim:
Yet heard a mighty noiſe, and ſeem'd t' have heard
Almoſt forgotten voices: yet I fear'd
That this a dream was alſo. Whereupon,
The door thruſt open, in ruſht *Telamon*.
Come forth, ſaid he, O father, and behold
What hope tranſcends, nor can with faith be told.
Forth went I, and beheld the men which late
My dream preſented; ſuch in every ſtate
I ſaw, and knew them. They ſalute their King.
Jove praiſ'd, a party to the town I bring;

Leave

655 Leave to the reſt the empty fields; and call
Them *Myrmidons*, of their original.
You ſee their perſons: ſuch their manners are
As formerly; a people given to ſpare,
Patient of labour, what they get, preſerve.
660 They, like in years and minds, theſe wars ſhall ſerve,
And follow your conduct; when firſt this wind
(The wind blew Eaſterly) that was ſo kind
To bring you hither, will to your avail
Convert it ſelf into a Southern gale.
 Diſcourſe thus entertain'd the day; with Feaſts
They crown the Evening; Sleep the Night poſſeſt.
665 The Morning Sun projects his golden rays:
Still *Eurus* blew, and their departure ſtays.
Now *Pallas* ſons to *Cephalus* reſort,
And *Cephalus* with *Pallas* ſons to Court,
670 With early viſits: (ſleep the King inchains)
Whom *Phocus* at the entrance entertains.
For *Peleus*, with his brother *Telamon*,
To raiſe an Army were already gone.
Phocus meanwhile into an inward room,
Of fair receit, th'*Athenians* led; with whom,
They ſeated firſt, he ſits. His fancy fed
675 Upon the Javelin with the golden head,
Held by *Æolides*: of what tree made
Being ignorant, ſome ſpeeches paſt, he ſaid;
I haunt the deſart woods, delight in bloud
Of ſavage Beaſts; yet know not of what wood
Your Dart conſiſts. For if of Aſh it were,
680 'Twould look more brown; if Cornel, 'twould appear
More knotty. On what tree ſoe're it grew,
Mine eyes ſo fair a Dart did never view.
One of th'*Actæan* brethren made reply:
You would more wonder at the quality.
685 It hits the aim'd-at, not by fortune led;
And of it ſelf returns with ſlaughter red.
Phocus the cauſe deſireth much to know,
From whence it came, and who did it beſtow.
He yields to his requeſt: yet things well known,
Reſtrain'd by modeſty, he lets alone.
690 And, toucht with ſorrow for his wife, that bleeds
In his remembrance, thus with tears proceeds.
This Dart, O Goddeſs-born, provokes theſe tears:
And ever would, if endleſs were my years.

This me, in my unhappy Wife, deſtroy'd:
695 This gift I would I never had injoy'd.
Procris Orithya's ſiſter was; if Fame
Have more inform'd you of *Orithya's* name.
Yet ſhe (ſhould you their minds and forms confer)
700 More worth the rape. *Erechtheus* me to her,
And Love, unite. Then happy, happy I
Might yet have been. But, Oh! the Gods envy.
Two months were now conſum'd in chaſt delight;
705 When gay *Aurora*, having vanquiſht Night,
Beheld me on the ever-fragrant hill
Of ſteep *Hymettus*, and, againſt my will,
As I my toils extended, bare me thence.
I may the truth declare without offence.
Though roſie be her Cheeks, although ſhe ſway
The dewy Confines of the Night and Day,
And Nectar drink; my *Procris* all poſſeſt:
710 My Heart was hers, my Tongue her praiſe profeſt.
I told her of her holy Nuptial ties,
Of Wedlock's breach, and yet-ſcarce-taſted joys.
Fire-red, ſhe ſaid, Thy harſh complaints forbear;
Poſſeſs thy *Procris*: though ſo fair, ſo dear,
715 Thou'lt wiſh th' hadſt never known her, if I know
Inſuing fate: and, angry, lets me go.
Her words I ponder'd as I went along;
Began to doubt, *Procris* might m' honour wrong.
Her truth and beauty tempt me to diſtruſt:
Her virtue checks thoſe fears as moſt unjuſt.
720 But I was abſent: but example fed
My jealouſie; but lovers all things dread.
I ſeek my ſorrows; and with gifts intend
To tempt the chaſt. *Aurora* proves a friend
725 To this ſuſpicion, and my form tranſlates.
Unknown, I enter the *Athenian* gates,
And then my own. The houſe from blame was free,
In decent order, and perplext for me.
Scarce with a thouſand ſleights I gain'd her view.
730 View'd, with aſtoniſhment I ſcarce perſue
My firſt intent; ſcarce could I then forbear
Due kiſſes, ſcarce not what I was appear.
She ſtill was ſad; yet lovelier none than ſhe,
Even in that ſadneſs; ſorrowful for me.
735 How excellent, O *Phocus*, was that face,
Which could in grief retain ſo ſweet a grace?

What need I tell, how often I aſſail'd
Her vexed chaſtity, how oft I fail'd?
How often, ſaid ſhe, One I only ſerve:
For him, wherever, I my bed preſerve.
What mad man could ſuch faith have farther preſt,
But I, induſtrious to my own unreſt?
With fervent vows, and gifts ſtill multiply'd,
At length ſhe wavers. Falſe of faith, I cry'd,
Thou art diſclos'd: I no Adulterer,
But thy wrong'd Spouſe; nor can this trial err.
She made no anſwer, preſt with ſilent ſhame,
Th'unhappy houſe, and me, far more in blame,
Forſaking: mankind for my ſake ſh'eſchews,
And, *Dian*-like, the mountain-chace perſues.
Abandon'd, hotter flames my bloud incenſe.
I pardon begg'd, confeſſing my offence;
And ſaid, *Aurora* might have me ſubdu'd
With ſuch enticements, had but ſhe ſo woo'd.
My fault confeſt, her wrong revenged, we
Grow reconcil'd, and happily agree.
Beſides her ſelf, as though that gift were ſmall,
A Dog ſhe gave; which, *Cynthia* giving, All,
Said ſhe, ſhall paſs in ſwiftneſs: and this Spear
You ſo commend, which in my hand I bear.
Do you the fortune of the firſt inquire?
Receive a wonder, and the fact admire.
  Dark prophecies, not underſtood of old,
The *Naiades* with ſearching wits unfold.
When ſacred *Themis*, in that ſo obſcure,
Neglected grew. No could ſhe this endure.
A cruel Beaſt infeſts th' *Aonia's* plains,
To many fatal, fear'd by Country Swains,
Both for their cattel, and themſelves. I met
The neighbouring youth, our Toils the fields beſet.
He nimbly skips above the upper lines,
And, mounting over, fruſtrates our deſigns.
The dogs uncouple; from them all he ſprings,
With no leſs ſpeed than if ſupply'd by wings.
All bid me let my *Lælaps* ſlip, (for ſo
My dog was call'd;) who, ſtruggling long ago,
Half throttled, ſtrain'd the leaſh. No ſooner gone
Than out of ſight, his foot-ſteps left he on
The burning ſand, but vaniſht from our eyes,
As ſwiftly as a well-driven Javelin flies;

Or as a ſinging Pellet from a Sling;
Or as an Arrow from a *Cretan* String,
I mount an hill which over-topt the place,
From thence beholding this admired chace.
The beaſt now pincht appears, now ſhuns by flight
His catching jaws: nor (crafty) runs out-right,
Nor truſts his heels; with nimble turnings ſhunning
His urgent foe, in ſtead of over-running.
He at his heels, well match'd, doth now appear
To catch th' uncaught, and mouths the empty air.
My dart I take to aid: which while I ſhook,
And on the thong direct my haſty look,
To fit my fingers, looking up again,
I ſaw two marble Statues on the plain.
Had you theſe ſeen, you could not chuſe but ſay,
That this appear'd to run, and that to bay.
That neither ſhould each other over-go,
The Gods decreed: if Gods deſcend ſo low.
Thus he, and pauſ'd. Then *Phocus*, Pray, unfold
Your Dart's offence. Which *Cephalus* thus told.
Joy Grief fore-runs: that Joy we firſt recite.
For, O, thoſe times I mention with delight,
When youth and *Hymen* crown'd our happy life,
She in her Husband bleſt, I in my VVife.
In both one care, and one affection moves:
She would not have exchang'd my bed for *Jove's*;
Nor *Venus* could have tempted my deſire:
Our boſoms flam'd with ſuch an equal fire.
When *Sol* had rais'd his beams above the flouds,
My cuſtom was, to trace the leafy woods.
Arm'd with this dart, alone I hunting went,
Without horſe, huntſmen, toils, or dogs of ſcent.
Much kill'd, I to the cooler ſhade repair.
And where the vally breaths a freſher air.
Cool air I ſeek, while all with fervor glows;
Cool air expect, the cauſe of my repoſe.
Come, Air, I uſe to ſing, relieve th' oppreſt;
Come, O moſt welcom, glide into my breaſt:
Now quench, as erſt, in me this ſcalding heat.
By chance I other blandiſhments repeat:
(So Fates inforce) as, O my ſoul's delight,
By thee I'm fed and chear'd; thy ſweets excite
M' affections to theſe woods: O may thy breath
Still fix with mine, and ſo preſerve from death.

A buſie ear theſe doubtful ſpeeches caught.
Who oft-nam'd Air ſome much-lov'd *Dryad* thought;
And told my *Procris* with a leuder tongue
His falſe ſurmiſes, with the ſong I ſung.
Love is too credulous. With grief ſhe faints,
And, ſcarce reviving, burſts into complaints;
My ſpotleſs faith with fury execrates:
Woe's me, ſhe cries, produc'd to cruel fates!
Transported with imaginary blame,
What's not, ſhe fears; an unſubſtantial name:
Yet grieves, (poor ſoul!) as if in truth abus'd;
Yet often doubts, and her diſtruſt accus'd.
Now holds the information for a lie;
Nor will truſt other witneſs than her eye.
Aurora re-inthron'd th' inſuing Day:
I hunt, and ſpeed. As on the graſs I lay,
Come, Air, ſaid I, my tired ſpirits chear.
At this an unknown ſigh invades my ear.
Yet I, O come, before all joys preferr'd.
I then among the leaves a ruſling heard,
And threw my dart, ſuppoſing it ſome beaſt.
But, O! 'twas *Procris*. Wounded on the breaſt,
She ſhriek'd at me. Her voice too well I knew;
And thither, with my grief diſtracted, flew.
Half dead, all bloud-imbrew'd, my Wife I found,
Her gift (alas!) extracting from her wound.
I rais'd her body, than my own more dear;
To bind her wounds, my lighter garments tear,
And ſtrive to ſtaunch the bloud. O, pity take,
Said I, nor thus a guilty ſoul forſake.
She weak, and now a dying, thus replies:
(Her laſt of ſpeech) By all our nuptial ties,
By heav'n imbowred Gods, by thoſe below,
To whoſe infernal monarchy I go,
By that, if ever I deſerved well,
By this ill-fated love, for which I fell,
Yet now in death moſt conſtantly retain,
O, let not *Air* our chaſter bed prophane.
This ſaid, I ſhew'd, and ſhe perceived, how
That errour grew: But what avail'd it now?
She ſinks; her bloud along her ſpirits took;
She looks on me as long as ſhe could look.
My lips her ſoul receive, with her laſt breath;
Who, now reſolved, ſweetly ſmiles in death.

865 The weeping Hero told this Tragedy
To thoſe that wept as faſt. The King drew nigh,
And his two ſons, with well-arm'd Regiments,
New rais'd; which he to *Cephalus* preſents.

* * *

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Harmonious Walls. Lewd Scylla now deſpairs;
With Niſus chang'd: The Lark the Hobby dares.
Ariadne's Crown a Conſtellation made.
Th' inventive youth a Partridge, ſtill afraid
Of mounting. Meleager's Siſters mourn
His Tragedy; To Birds (ſo named) turn.
Five Water-Nymphs, the five Echinades
Demonſtrate. Perimele, next to theſe,
Becomes an Iſland. Jove and Hermes take
The forms of Mortals. A City turn'd t' a Lake;
A Cottage to a Temple. That good pair,
Old Baucis and Philemon, changed are
At once to ſacred Trees. In various ſhapes
Blue Proteus ſhews. Oft ſelf-chang'd Metra ſcapes
Starv'd Eriſichthon. The Stream of Calydon
Forſakes his Horn; and other ſhapes puts on.

NOw *Lucifer* unveils the Day: to Hell
Old Night deſcends; the Eaſtern Winds now fell,
Moiſt clouds aroſe; when gentle Southern gales
Befriend returning *Cephalus*: full ſails
Wing his ſucceſsful courſe; who long before
All expectation touch'd the wiſhed ſhore.

Mean while juſt *Minos* waſte *Lelegia*'s coaſt,
And tries *Alcathoe* City with his Hoaſt.
This *Niſus* held; whoſe head a purple Hair,
'Mong thoſe of honourable ſilver, bare,
His Kingdom's ſtrength. Six aged Moons grew young,
Yet wars ſucceſs in equal balance hung;
Slow Victory, in choice yet what to doe,
With doubtful wings 'twixt either army flew.
A royal Tower, with ſounding walls, there ſtands,
Erected by *Apollo*'s ſacred hands:
Whereon, they ſay, he laid his golden Lyre;
Whoſe ſtrings the ſtones with harmony inſpire.
This, *Niſus* Daughter oft aſcends alone,
And drops ſmall pebbles on the warbling ſtone,
In time of peace. When war had peace expell'd,
Thence ſhe the conflicts of ſtern *Mars* beheld:
By this delay, the Princes names ſhe knows,
Their arms, horſe, habits, and *Cydonian* bows;
Europa's Son, the General, yet ſhe knew
More than the reſt, more than 'twas fit to do.
For when he wore his fairly-plumed caſk,
She thought him lovely in that warlike maſk:
Or when his braſs-refulgent ſhield he rais'd,
His graceful geſture infinitely prais'd.
Nor could his practis'd arm let flie a dart,
But ſtraight ſh' extolls his ſtrength, conjoyn'd with art.
If he an arrow drew, ſhe'd ſwear that ſo
Apollo ſtood, when he diſcharg'd his Bow.
But when, his helmet off, he ſhew'd his face;
When clad in purple, with a gallant grace,
He on his hot high-bounding Courſer ſits;
O then ſhe ſcarce is miſtreſs of her wits.
Happy ſhe calls the launce his hand ſuſtains;
Happy ſhe calls his hand-ſuſtained reins.
And had ſhe pow'r, ſhe would have madly paſt
Through all the hoſtile ranks; her ſelf have caſt
Amidſt the *Cretan* tents, even from that Tower;
Or op'd the braſs-ribb'd gates to *Minos* power;
Or what he elſe could wiſh. She then ſurvey'd
The *Gnoſſian* King's white Tent, and ſoftly ſaid;
Whether I ſhould for this ſo ſad a war
Or joy, or grieve, within my ſelf I jar.
Alas, that he I love ſhould be my foe!
But I'd not known him, had it not been ſo.

Yet might he take me hoſtage for his peace,
A pledge, me for his ſpouſe, and wars ſurceaſe.
No marvel though a God her beauty took,
50 If ſhe that bare thee had ſo ſweet a look.
Thrice happy I, could I with wings prevent
This dull delay, and fly to *Minos* tent!
My ſelf I would diſcloſe, confeſs my flame;
And buy him with what dowry he ſhould name,
55 But to betray theſe towers. Die, die, deſire,
E're I by treaſon to your ends aſpire.
Yet, through the Victour's clemency, it ſome,
Nay many, hath avail'd t' have been o'recome.
Juſt war he wageth for his ſon's ſad end:
His cauſe is ſtrong, ſtrong arms his cauſe defend.
60 Sure we muſt fall. If ſuch our Citie's fate;
Why ſhould his Power inthrone him in this State,
And not my Love? Better, without delay,
His ſouldiers bloud, his own, he conquer may.
For ill-preſaging fears my reſt confound,
Leſt ſome, not knowing him, ſhould *Minos* wound.
65 For no heart is ſo hard, that did him know,
And would a Launce againſt his boſom throw.
Then thus; with me, my Country I intend
To render up, and give theſe wars an end.
What is't to intend? Each paſſage hath a guard;
My Father keeps the Keys, ſo the gates barr'd.
70 'Tis he defers my joys; 'tis him I dread:
Would I were none, or he were with the dead.
Tuſh, we are our own Gods. They thrive that dare;
And Fortune is a foe to ſlothful pray'r.
Long ſince, another ſcorcht with ſuch a fire,
75 By death had forc'd away to her deſire.
And why ſhould any more adventurous prove?
I dare through ſword and fire make way to Love.
And yet here is no uſe of fire nor ſword;
But of my Father's hair. This muſt afford
What I ſo much affect, and make me bleſs'd,
80 Richer than all the treaſure of the Eaſt.
This ſaid, Night, nurſe of cares, her curtains drew;
When in the dark ſhe more audacious grew.
In prime of reſt, when tir'd with day-bred cares,
Sleep all infolds, ſhe ſilently repairs
Into her Father's Bed-chamber, and there
85 Picks out (O horrid act!) his fatal hair.

Stain'd

Seiz'd on her wicked prey, with her ſhe bore
The guilty ſpoil, unlock'd a Poſtern-door;
Then paſt the foe, (bold by her merit made)
And to the King not un-aſtoniſht ſaid:
Inforc'd by Love, I *Scylla*, *Niſus* Seed,
Yield up my Countrey, and my Gods. No meed,
But thee, I crave. This purple hair receive,
My love's rich pledge: Nor think an hair I give,
But my old Father's head. And therewith ſhe
Preſents the gift with wicked hand. But he
Rejects her proffer: And much terrifi'd
With horrour of ſo foul a deed, reply'd;
The Gods exile thee (O thou moſt abhorr'd!)
Their world; to thee nor Land nor Sea afford.
Howe're, *Jove's Creet*, the world wherein I reign,
Shall ſuch a Monſter never entertain.
This ſaid, the moſt juſt Victor doth impoſe
Laws no leſs juſt upon his vanquiſht foes:
Then orders, that they forthwith oars conveigh
Aboard the braſs-beak'd ſhips, and anchors weigh.
  When *Scylla* ſaw the *Gnoſſian* navy ſwim,
And that her Treaſon was abhorr'd by him,
To violent anger ſhe converts her prayers,
And, Fury-like, with ſtretcht arms, and ſpred hairs,
Cry'd; Whither fly'ſt thou, leaving me, whoſe love
With conqueſt crown'd thee? O preferr'd above
My Country, Father; 'twas not thy ſelf win,
But I that gave, my merit, and [illegible]
Yet this, nor ſuch affection could perſuade:
Nor that on thee I all my hopes had laid.
For whither ſhould I go, thus left alone?
What? To my Country? That's by me o'rethrown.
Were't not, my treaſon dooms me to exile.
Or to my Father, giv'n unto thy ſpoil?
Me worthily the Citizens will hate:
And neighbours fear th' example in their State.
I out of all the world my ſelf have thrown,
To purchaſe an acceſs to *Creet* alone,
Which if deny'd, and I left to deſpair;
Europa never one ſo thankleſs bare:
But ſwallowing *Syrt's*, *Charybdis* chaf'd with wind,
Or ſome fell Tiger of th' *Armenian* kind.
Jove's not thy Father; nor with forged ſhape
Of Bull beguil'd, thy Mother ſuffer'd rape.

That ſtory of thy glorious race is feign'd:
125 For ſhe a wild and loveleſs Bull ſuſtain'd.
O father *Niſus*, thy revenge behold:
Rejoyce, O City, by my treaſon ſold.
Death, I confeſs, I merit. Yet would I
Might by their hands, whom I have injur'd, die.
For why ſhouldſt thou, who only didſt ſubdue
By my offending, my offence purſue?
130 My Country and my Father feel this ſin,
Which unto thee hath meritorious been.
Thou worthy art of ſuch a wife, as ſtood
A Bull's hot luſt, within a Cow of wood;
Whoſe ſhameleſs womb a monſtrous burthen bare.
Ah! do my ſorrows to thy ears repair?
Or are my fruitleſs words born by that wind
135 That bears thee hence, and leaves me wretch behind?
No marvel though *Paſiphaë* preferr'd
A Bull 'fore thee, more ſavage than the Herd.
Woe's me! Make haſte I muſt! The waves with oars
Reſound; his ſhip forſakes, with us, our ſhores.
In vain: I'll follow thee ungrateful King;
140 And, while I to thy crooked veſſel cling,
Be dragg'd through drenching ſeas. This having ſaid,
She takes the waves, by *Cupid*'s ſtrengthning aid,
And cleaves to his ſhip. Her Father, now high-flown,
145 Strikes at his daughter (a red-mail'd Hobby grown)
And ſtoops to ſeize her with his golden ſears.
She ſlips her hold, infeebled by her fears.
While yet a wing that ſhe might eſchew
The threatning talon, light wings t' her ſhoulders grew.
She changes, and is ſhewn in ſight of all:
150 This, of that raviſh'd Hair, we *Ciris* call.
No ſooner *Minos* touch'd the *Cretan* ground,
But by an hundred Bulls, with garlands crown'd,
His vows to conquering *Jove* he pay'd;
And all his palace with the ſpoil array'd.
155 And now his family's reproach increaſt;
That uncouth Prodigie, half-man, half-beaſt,
The mother's foul adultery deſcry'd.
Minos reſolv'd this marriage-ſhame to hide
In multitude of rooms, perplext and blind,
The work th' excelling *Dædalus* deſign'd;
Who ſenſe diſtracts, and errour leads a maze
Through ſubtile ambages of many ways.

As *Phrygian Mæander* ſports about
The flowry vales, now winding in, now out;
Himſelf incounters, ſees what follows, guides
His ſtreams unto their ſprings, and, doubling, ſlides
To long-mockt ſeas: So *Dædalus* compil'd
Innumerable by-ways, which beguil'd
The troubled ſenſe; that he, who made the ſame,
Could ſcarce retire: So intricate the frame.
Within this fabrick *Minos* then incloſ'd
This double form, of man and beaſt compos'd.
The Monſter with *Athenian* bloud twice fed,
The third Lot, in the ninth year, vanquiſhed.
Who by a Clew was guided to the door
(A Virgin's counſel) never found before.
Ægides, with rapt *Ariadne*, makes
For *Dia*; on the naked ſhore forſakes
His confident and ſleep-oppreſſed Mate.
Now, pining in complaints, the deſolate
Bacchus with marriage comforts, and that ſhe
Might glorious by a Conſtellation be,
Her head unburthens of her crown, and threw
It up to heav'n; Through thinner air it flew.
Flying, the jewels that the verge inchaſe
Convert to fires, faſt fixed in one place;
Th' old form retaining. They their ſtation take,
'Twixt him that kneels, and him who holds the Snake.
  The Sea-impriſon'd *Dædalus*, meanwhile,
Weary of *Creet*, and of his long exile,
Toucht with his Countrie's love and place of birth,
Thus ſaid; Though *Minos* bar both Sea and Earth;
Yet heaven is free: That courſe attempt I dare.
Held he the world, he could not hold the air.
This ſaid, to Arts unknown he bends his wits,
And alters nature. Quills in order knits,
Beginning with the leaſt; the longer ſtill
The ſhort ſucceeds; much like a riſing Hill.
Their rural Pipes the Shepherds long ago
(Fram'd of unequal reeds) contrived ſo.
With threads the midſt, with wax he joyns the ends:
And theſe, as natural wings, a little bends.
Young *Icarus* ſtood by, who little thought
That with his death he play'd; and, ſmiling, caught
The feathers toſſed by the wandring air;
Now chafes the yellow wax with buſie care,

200 And interrupts his *Sire*. When his laſt hand
Had made all perfect, with new wings he fann'd
The air that bare him. Then inſtructs his Son:
Be ſure that in the middle courſe thou run.
Dank Seas will clog the wings that lowly flie:
205 The Sun will burn them, if thou ſoar'ſt too high.
'Twixt either keep. Nor on *Bootes* gaze,
Nor *Helice*, nor ſtern *Orion's* rayes:
But follow me. At once, he doth adviſe,
And unknown feathers to his ſhoulders ties.
210 Amidſt his work and words the old mans tears brake
From his dim eyes; with fear his fingers ſhake.
Then kiſt he him ne'r to be kiſſed more;
And rais'd on lightſome feathers flies before,
His fear behind: as birds through boundleſs skie
From airy neſts produce their young to flie.
215 Exhorts to follow; taught his baneful skill,
Waves his own wings, his ſon's obſerving ſtill.
Theſe, while ſome Angler fiſhing with a Cane,
Or Shepherd leaning on his ſtaff, or Swain,
With wonder views; he thinks them Gods that glide
220 Through airy regions. Now he on's left ſide
Leaves *Juno's Samos*, *Delos*, *Paros* white;
Lebynthos and *Calydna* on the right,
Flowing with honey. When the Boy, much took
With pleaſure of his wings, his Guide forſook:
And raviſht with deſire of heav'n, aloft
325 Aſcends. The odour-yielding wax more ſoft
By the ſwift Sun's vicinity then grew,
Which late his feathers did together glew.
Thaw'd, he ſhakes his arms which now were bare,
And wanted wherewithal to gather air.
230 Then falling, Help, O Father, he cries. The blew
Seas ſtop his breath: from whom the name they drew.
His Father, now no Father, left alone,
Cry'd, *Icarus*, where art thou? Which way flown?
What region, *Icarus*, doth thee contain?
Then ſpies the feathers floating on the Main.
He curſt his arts; interr'd the corps; that gave
The Land a name, which covers the Son's grave.
235 The Partridge from a thicket him ſurvey'd,
As in a tomb his wretched ſon he laid,
Who clapt his fanning wings, and loudly chirp'd,
T' expreſs his joy: as then an only bird

So made of late, (unknown in former time)
240 O *Dædalus*, by thy eternal crime.
To thee thy Siſter gave him to be taught;
Who little of his deſtiny fore-thought;
The Boy then twelve years aged, of a Mind
Apt for inſtruction, and to Arts inclin'd.
He Saws invented, by the bones that grow
245 In fiſhes backs, the ſteel indenting ſo:
And two ſhank Compaſſes with rivet bound,
Th' one to ſtand ſtill, the other turning round
In equal diſtance. *Dædalus* this ſtung;
250 Who from *Minerva*'s ſacred turret flung
The envy'd headlong, and his falling feigns.
Him *Pallas*, fautrix of good wits, ſuſtains:
Who ſtraight the figure of a fowl aſſumes,
Clad in the midſt of air with freckled plumes.
The vigour of his late ſwift wit now came
255 Into his feet and wings: He keeps his name.
They never mount aloft, nor truſt their birth
To tops of trees; but fleck as low as earth,
And lay their eggs in tufts. In mind they bear
Their ancient fall, and lofty places fear.
260 Tir'd *Dædalus* now in *Sicilia* lights;
In whoſe defence hoſpitious *Cocalus* fights.
Now *Athens*, by *Ægeus* glorious Seed,
Was from her lamentable tribute freed.
They crown their Temples, warlike *Pallas*, *Jove*
265 Invoke, with all the Deities above.
Whom now they honour with the large expence
Of bloud, free gifts, and heaps of frankincenſe.
Vaſt fame through all th' *Argolian* Cities ſpread
His praiſe; and all that rich *Achaia* fed
His aid in their extremities intreat;
270 And *Calydon*, (though *Meleager*'s ſeat)
His aid ſeeks 'gainſt a Boar by *Dian* ſent,
As her revenge, and horrid Inſtrument.
For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous harveſt bleſt,
To *Ceres* his firſt-fruits of Corn addreſt,
To *Pallas* Oil, and to *Lyæus* Wine;
275 Ambitious honours all the Powers divine
Reap from the Rurals; who neglect to pay
Diana dues, her Altars empty lay.
Anger affects the Gods. This will not we
Unpuniſht bear; nor unreveng'd (ſaid ſhe)

Though un-ador'd] ſhall they vaunt we be.
With that ſhe ſent into *Oenean* fields
A vengeful Boar. Rank-graſs'd *Epirus* yields
No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed;
But thoſe are leſs which in *Sicilia* feed.
His eyes blaze bloud and fire: His ſtiff neck bears
Horrible briſtles, like a grove of ſpears.
A boiling fome upon his ſhoulders flows
From grinding jaws: His tuſhes equal thoſe
Of *Indian* Elephants: His fell mouth caſts
Swift lightning: And his breath the paſtures blaſts.
Now tramples he the Corn, when in the blade;
The Husbandman's ripe vows now fruſtrate made,
He reaps the weighty ears: Their uſual grain
The Barns and threſhing-floors expect in vain.
Broad-ſpreading Vines he with their burthen ſhears;
And boughs from ever-leafy Olives tears.
Then falls on Beaſts: the Herdſmen now unfear'd:
Nor Dogs, nor fighting Bulls defend their Herd.
The people fly, ſecurity ſcarce find
In walled towns; Till *Meleager*, joyn'd
With youths of choiceſt worth, inflam'd with praiſe,
Attempts his death. The twin *Tyndarides*,
One for his Horſemanſhip, the other fam'd
For Whorl-bats; *Jaſon*, who the firſt Ship fram'd;
Theſeus with his *Perithous*, a pair
Of happy friends; and *Lynceus*, *Aphar*'s heir;
The two *Theſtiades*; *Leucippus*, crown'd
For ſtrength; *Acaſtus*, for his dart renown'd;
Swift *Idas*; *Cæneus*, now a woman then;
Hippothous, *Dryas*; *Phœnix*, (beſt of men,)
Amyntor's ſon; th' alike *Actorides*;
And *Phyleus*, ſent from *Elis*, came: With theſe,
Pheretes hope; adventurous *Telamon*;
And he who call'd the great *Achilles* Son;
Hyantian Iolaus; the well-grac'd
Eurytion; and *Echion*, who ſurpaſs'd
In running; *Lelex* the *Narycian*;
With *Panopeus*; *Hyleus*; *Hippaſus*;
Now youthful *Neſtor*; Sons with that intent
Hippocoon from old *Amyclæ* ſent;
Penelope's father-in-law; *Parrhaſian* bred
Ancæus; wiſe *Ampycides*, well read
In [illegible]; *Oeclides*, not as yet betray'd

By's wife; *Tegæan Atalant'*, a maid
Of paſſing beauty, ſprung from *Schœnus* race,
Of high *Lycæan* woods the only grace.
A poliſht Zone her upper garment bound;
320 And in one knot her artleſs hair was wound.
Her arrows Ivory guardian clattering hung
On her left ſhoulder; and a Bow well ſtrung
Her left hand held. Her looks a wench diſplay'd
In a boy's face, a boy's face in a maid.
325 The *Calydonian* Hero her beheld,
And wiſht at once: His wiſhes fate repell'd.
He lurking flames attracts, and ſaid, O bleſt
Is he, whom thou ſhalt with thy joys inveſt!
But time and modeſty his courtſhip ſtay,
By a more preſſing action call'd away.
330 A wood o're-grown with trees, yet never fell'd,
Mounts from a plain, that all beneath beheld.
The glory-thirſting Gallants this aſcend.
Forthwith a part their corded toils extend;
Some, hounds uncouple; ſome, the track or feet
Together [illegible], and danger long to meet.
335 A Dale there was, (through which the rain-rais'd floud
Oft tumbled down, and in the bottom ſtood)
Repleat with pliant Willows, mariſh Weeds,
Sharp Ruſhes, Oſiers, and long ſlender Reeds.
The Boar from thence diſlodg'd, like lightning cruſht,
340 Through juſtling clouds, among the hunters ruſht;
Bears down the obvious trees; the craſhing woods
Report their fall. The Youths each other's blouds
With high-rais'd clamours inflame, who keep their ſtands,
And ſhake their broad-ript ſpears with threatning
The dogs he ſcatters; thoſe that durſt oppoſe (hands.
345 His horrid fury, wounds with ganching blows.
Echion firſt his javelin vainly caſt,
Which ſtruck a Beech. The next his ſides had paſt,
But that with too much ſtrength it over-flew:
350 This weapon *Pagaſæan Jaſon* threw.
O *Phœbus*, ſaid *Ampycides*, if I
Have honour'd, and do honour thee, apply
Thy favour in ſucceſs of my intents.
The God, as much as in him lay, aſſents.
But from the dart the head *Diana* took;
355 Which gave no wound, although the Boar it ſtruck.
The beaſt like lightning burns, thus chaf'd with ire:
His

His grim eyes ſhine, his breaſt breaths flames of fire.
And as a ſtone which ſome huge engine throws
Againſt a wall, or bulwark mann'd with foes;
360 The deadly boar with ſuch ſure violence
Aſſaults their forces. The right wing's defence,
Eupalamon and *Pelagon*, he caſt
On ſounding earth: Drawn off with timely haſt.
Enaeſimus, great *Hippocoon*'s ſon,
Could not ſo well his ſlaughtering tuſhes ſhun,
365 Which cut the ſhrinking ſinews in his thigh,
Even as he trembled, and prepar'd to flie.
And *Neſtor* long had periſhed, perchance,
Before *Troy*'s war; but vaulting on a Launce,
He took a tree, which there his branches ſpred;
And ſafely ſaw the foe from whom he fled.
370 Who, full of rage, his vengeful tuſhes whets
Upon an Oak, and dire deſtruction threats.
Then, truſting to his new-edg'd arms, the Boar
The manly thigh of great *Orithya* tore.
The brother Twins, not yet celeſtial ſtars,
Conſpicuous both, both terrible in wars,
375 Both mounted on white ſteeds, aloft both bare
Their glittering ſpears, which trembled in the air;
And both had ſped, but that the Swine withdrew
Where neither horſe nor javelin could purſue.
In follows *Telamon*, hot of the chace,
380 And, ſtumbling at a root, fell on his face.
While *Peleus* lifts him up, a winged flight
Tegæa drew, which flew as ſwift as light.
Below his ear the fixed arrow ſtood,
And ſtain'd his briſtles with a little bloud.
385 The Virgin leſs rejoyced in the blow
Than *Meleager*, who firſt ſaw it flow,
Firſt ſhew'd his mates the bloud. O moſt renown'd,
Said he, thy honour hath thy vertue crown'd.
The men, they bluſh for ſhame, each other chear;
390 And high-rais'd ſouls with clamours higher rear.
Their ſpears in cluſters fling, which make no breach
Through idle ſtore, and throngs their throws impeach.
Behold *Ancæus*, with a [illegible] ſtorm
To his own fate, who ſaid, By me O learn
You youths, how much a man's [illegible] exceeds
A Woman's weapons, and applaud my deeds.
395 Though *Dian* ſhould take arms, and in this ſtrife

Protect her Beaſt, ſhe ſhould not ſave his life.
Thus gloriouſly he boaſts; in both his hands
Advanc'd his poll-ax, and on tip-toes ſtands.
Whom, e're his arms deſcend, the furious Swine
Prevents, and ſheaths his tuſhes in his groin.
Down fell *Ancæus*, out his bowels guſht;
All gore with bloud the earth, as guilty, bluſht.
Ixion's ſon *Pirithous* forward preſt,
And with an able arm his Launce addreſt.
To whom *Ægides*; O to me more dear
Than my own life, my better half, forbear.
The wiſe in valour ſhould aloof contend:
Fool-hardy courage was *Ancæus* end.
This ſaid, his heavy cornel, with an head
Of braſs, he hurls: Which ſure had ſtruck him dead,
(It was delivered with ſo true an aim)
But that a tall Beech interpos'd the ſame.
Æſonides then threw his thrilling Launce;
Which hit (diverted from the mark by chance)
A dog between his baying jaws: The wound
Ruſht through his guts, and nail'd him to the ground.
Oenides varying hand diſcharg'd two ſpears;
The earth the one, the beaſt the other bears.
While now he raves, grunts, turns his body round,
Caſts bloud and foam, the authour of his wound
Ruſht in, provokes his greater wrath, and, where
His ſhields diſſever, thruſts his deadly ſpear.
They all with chearful ſhouts their joys unfold,
Shake his victorious hands, the Beaſt behold
With wonder, whoſe huge bulk poſſeſt ſo much,
And hardly think it ſafe the ſlain to touch;
Yet dye their javelins in his bloud. He laid
His foot upon his horrid head, and ſaid,
My right receive, beloved *Nonacrine*,
And let my glory ever ſhare with thine.
Then gave the briſtled ſpoil, and ghaſtly head
With monſtrous tuſhes arm'd, which terrour bred.
She in the Gift and Giver pleaſure took.
All murmur, with prepoſterous envy ſtrook.
On her the violent *Theſtiadæ* frown,
And cry aloud with ſtretcht-out arms, Lay down;
Nor, Woman, of our titles us bereave;
Leſt thee thy beautie's confidence deceive.
He's no fit judge, whom love hath reft of ſight.

Then ſnatch from her, her gift; from him, his right.
Omides ſwels, his looks with anger ſtern:
You raviſhers of others honours, learn
(Said he) the diſtance between words and deeds.
With impious ſteel ſecure *Plexippus* bleeds.
While *Toxeus*, whether to revenge his bloud,
Or ſhun his brother's fortune, wavering ſtood;
He clears the doubt. The weapon, hot before
By th' other's wounds, new heats in his heart's gore.
Gifts to the holy Gods *Althæa* brings
For her ſon's victory, and *Pæans* ſings.
When back ſhe ſaw her ſlaughtred brothers brought,
At that ſad ſight ſhe ſcreecht, and, grief diſtraught,
The City fills with out-cries; off ſhe tears
Her royal robes, and funeral garments wears.
But told by whom they fell, no longer mourns:
Rage dries her eyes, her tears to vengeance turns.
The triple Siſters erſt a brand convey'd
Into the fire, her belly newly laid,
Thus chanting, while they ſpun the fatal twine,
O lately born, one period we aſſign
To thee, and to this brand. The charm they weave
Into his fate, and then the chamber leave.
His mother ſnatcht it with an haſty hand
Out of the fire, and quencht the flagrant brand.
This in an inward cloſet cloſe ſhe lays;
And by preſerving it, preſerves his days.
This now produc'd, a pile of wood ſhe rais'd,
That, by the hoſtile fire invaded, blaz'd.
Four times ſhe proffers to the greedy flame
The fatal brand; as oft withdrew the ſame.
A Mother, and a Siſter, now contend;
And two contending names one boſom rend.
Oft fear of future crimes a paleneſs bred:
Oft burning fury gave her eyes this red:
She ſeems to threaten now with cruel look;
And now appears like one that pity took.
Her tears the fervour of her anger dries:
Yet found ſhe tears again to drown her eyes.
Even as a ſhip, which wind and tide contends,
Feels both their forces, and to neither bends;
So *Thestias* now with unſteady paſſion drives,
By changes, calms her rage, and rage revives.
A Siſter's love at length ſubdues a Mother's.

That bloud may calm the ghoſts of bleeding Brothers,
Impiouſly pious. Flames, to aſhes turn
This brand, ſaid ſhe, and my [illegible] bowels burn.
480 Then, holding in her hand the fatal wood,
As ſhe before the funeral altar ſtood;
You triple Powers, who guilty Souls purſue,
Eumenides, theſe Rites of vengeance view.
I act the crime, I puniſh. Death muſt be
By death aton'd. On murther, murther we
485 Accumulate, redoubling funerals.
This curſed houſe by throngs of miſchief falls.
Shall *Oeneus* joy in his victorious ſon?
Sad *Theſtius* robb'd of his? One fortune run.
Look up, O you my Brothers ghoſts, you late
490 Diſlodged ſouls; ſee how I right your fate.
Accept of this infernal ſacrifice,
Which coſt me dear, my Womb's accurſed price.
Ay me! O whither am I rapt? excuſe
A Mother, Brothers. Trembling hands refuſe
Their fainting aid. He merits death. Yet by
A Mother's rage methinks he ſhould not die.
495 Then ſhall he ſcape? alive, a victor, feaſt
In proud ſucceſs, of *Calydon* poſſeſt?
You, little aſhes, and chill ſhades, forlorn?
I'll not endure it. Periſh, Villain, born
To our immortal ruin. Ruinate
With thee thy Father's hopes, his crown and ſtate.
500 Where is a Mother's heart? a parent's pray'r?
Th' unthought-of burthen which I ten months bare?
O would, while yet an Infant, the firſt flame
Had thee devour'd; nor I oppos'd the ſame.
Thy life, I gave; by thine own merit die
A juſt reward for thy impiety.
505 Thy twice-giv'n life reſign; firſt by my Womb,
Laſt by this raviſht brand; or me intomb
With my poor Brothers. Fain I would purſue
Revenge, yet would not. O, what ſhall I do?
Before my eyes my Brothers wounds now bleed,
510 And the ſad image of ſo foul a deed.
Now pity and a Mother's name controul
My ſtern intention. O unhappy ſoul!
You've won, my Brothers; but, alas! ill won:
So that, while thus I comfort you, I run
Your fate. With eyes turn'd back, her quaking hand
To

To trembling flames expos'd the funeral brand:
The brand appears to ſigh, or ſighs expire,
Wrapt in th' imbracements of unwilling fires.
Unknowing *Meleager* abſent broils
Even in thoſe flames; his blood, thick-panting, boils
In unſeen fire. He ſuch tormenting pains
With more than manly fortitude ſuſtains.
Yet grieves, that by a ſlothful death he falls
Without a wound: *Ancæus* happy calls.
His aged Father, Brothers, Siſters, Wife,
He groaning names, with his laſt words of life:
Perhaps his Mother. Flames and pains increaſe;
Again they languiſh, and together ceaſe.
To liquid air his vaniſht ſpirits turn,
The ſable coals in clouds of aſhes mourn.
Low lies high *Calydon*, the young, the old,
Ignoble, noble, all their griefs unfold.
The *Calydonian* Matrons cut their hair,
Deflower their beauties, cry, Wo and deſpair!
His hoary head with duſt his Father hides,
Lies groveling on the ground, and old age chides.
For now his Mother, by her guilt purſu'd,
Revenging ſteel in her own breaſt imbrew'd.
Though *Phœbus* would an hundred tongues beſtow,
A wit that ſhould with full invention flow,
All *Helicon* infuſe into my breaſt:
His Siſters ſorrows could not be expreſt.
Themſelves, forgetting decency, they deface:
While he remains a body, that imbrace,
Kiſs his pale lips: When turn'd to aſhes, they
The aſhes in their bruiſed boſomes lay;
Fall on his tomb; his name, that there appears,
Imbrace, and fill the characters with tears.
But when *Diana*'s wrath was ſatisfi'd
With *Oeneus* miſery; they all (beſide
Fair *Gorge* and the lovely *Deianire*)
On plumy pinions, by her power, aſpire,
With long-extended wings, and beaks of horn:
Who through the air in varied ſhapes are born.
Meanwhile to *Pallas* towers *Theſeus* hies,
(His part perform'd in that joint enterprize.)
Whoſe way rain-raiſed *Achelous* ſtaid.
Renown'd *Cecropian*, Thus the River ſaid,
Vouchſafe my roofs, not to th' rapturous flood
Commit:

Commit thy perſon. Oft huge logs of wood,
And broken Rocks, down tumbling, loudly roar.
555 Herds with their ſtalls not ſeldome heretofore
They hurried have: Nor was the Ox of force
To keep his ſtand; nor ſwiftneſs ſav'd the Horſe.
And when diſſolved ſnow from mountains pour'd,
Their violent whirl-pits many have devour'd.
More ſafe to ſtay until the current run
560 Within his bounds. To whom *Ægeus* ſon;
'Twere folly, if not madneſs, to refuſe
Thy houſe and counſel: Both I mean to uſe.
Then enters his large Cave, (where Nature play'd
The Artiſan) of hollow Pumice made,
And rugged Tophus, floor'd with humid moſs:
565 The roof pure white and purple ſhells imboſs.
Now had *Hyperion* paſt two parts of day,
When *Theſeus*, with the partners of his way,
Pirithous, and *Lelex* the renown
Of *Trœzen*, now appearing gray, ſat down;
570 And whom the River (glad of ſuch a gueſt)
Preferr'd unto the honour of his feaſt.
Forthwith bare-footed Nymphs bring in the meat;
That ta'ne away, upon the table ſet
Crown'd cups of wine. When *Theſeus* turn'd his face
575 To under-ſeas, and, pointing, ſaid; What place
Is yon, and of what name, that ſtands alone?
And yet methinks it ſhould be more than one.
It is not one, the courteous Floud replies,
But five: Their neighbourhood deceives your eyes.
580 The leſs t' admire *Diana*, late deſpis'd,
Five Nymphs they were; who having ſacrific'd
Ten beeves, invited to their feſtivals
The rural Gods; my ſelf forgot by all.
At this I ſwell, and, never greater, rowl
585 With ſtreams as much inraged as my ſoul;
The woods from woods, and fields from fields I tear,
With them, the Nymphs (now mindful of me) bear
In exile to the deep: Whoſe waves, with mine,
That then-united maſs of earth disjoin
Into as many pieces, as in ſeas
590 Are of the Flood-imbraced *Echinades*.
Yet ſee one Iſle, far, O! far off remov'd,
Call'd *Perimele*, once by me belov'd.
I from this Nymph her virgin-honour took:

Hippodamas his Daughters could not brook,
But caſt her from a rock into the deep.
Whom while my loving ſtreams from ſinking keep,
I ſaid; O *Neptune*, thou that doſt command
The wandring waves, that beat upon the land,
To whom we Rivers run, in whom we end,
Incline a gentle ear. I did offend
Whom I ſupport. O kind and equal prove;
Had but *Hippodamas* a Father's love,
Or, had he not been ſo inhuman; he
Would both have pitied her, and pardon'd me.
Her, whom his fury hath from earth exil'd,
When in the troubled waves he caſt his child,
A place afford: Or let her be a place
Which I may ever with my ſtreams imbrace.
His head the King of Surges forward ſhook,
And, in aſſenting, all the Ocean ſtruck.
The Nymph yet ſwims, although with fear oppreſt.
I laid my hand upon her panting breaſt:
While thus I handled her, I might perceive
The earth about her ſtiffning Body cleave.
Now, with a maſs infolded, as ſhe ſwims,
An Iſland roſe from her transform'd limbs.
He held his peace. This admiration won
In all; derided by *Ixion's* ſon,
By nature rough, and one who did deſpiſe
All-able Gods. Who ſaid, Thou tell'ſt us lies,
And think'ſt the Gods too potent; as if they
Could give new ſhapes, or take our old away.
His ſaying all amaz'd, (none it approv'd)
Moſt *Lelex* then in age and wiſdome mov'd.
Heav'ns power, immenſe and endleſs, none can ſhun,
Said he; and what the Gods would do, is done.
To check your doubt; on *Phrygian* hills there grows
An Oak by a Lime-tree, which old walls incloſe.
My ſelf this ſaw, while I in *Phrygia* ſtay'd,
By *Pittheus* ſent, where erſt his father ſway'd.
Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground,
Where Coots and fiſhing Cormorants abound.
Jove, in an human ſhape, with *Mercury*
(His heels unwing'd) that way their ſteps apply.
Who gueſt-rites in a thouſand houſes crave;
A thouſand ſhut their doors: One only gave,
A ſmall thatch'd Cottage, where a pious Wife,

Old *Baucis*, and *Philemon*, led their life,
635 Both equal-ag'd: In this, their youth they ſpent;
In this, grew old; rich only in content.
Who poverty, by bearing it, declin'd;
And made it eaſie with a chearful mind.
None maſters, nor none ſervants, could you call:
They who command, obey; for two were all.
640 *Jove* hither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate,
And, ſtooping, enters at their humble gate.
Sit down and take your eaſe, *Philemon* ſaid,
While buſie *Baucis* ſtraw-ſtuft cuſhions laid
And ſtirr'd abroad the glowing coals, that lay
In ſmothering aſhes, rak'd up yeſterday.
645 Dry bark and wither'd leaves thereon ſhe throws;
With feeble breath to flame the cinders blows;
Then ſlender clefts and broken branches gets:
And over all a little Kettle ſets.
Her Husband from the cool herbs cuts their leaves,
650 Which from his grateful Garden he receives:
Takes down a flitch of Bacon with a Prong,
That long had in the ſmoaky chimney hung;
Whereof a little quantity he cuts;
And it into the boiling liquour puts.
This ſeething, they the time beguile with ſpeech,
655 Unſenſible of ſtay. A bowl of Beech
There by the handle hung upon a pin:
This fills he with warm water, and therein
Waſhes their feet. A ſoft-ſtuft bed and pillow
Laid on an homely bed-ſtead made of willow,
660 A coverlet, us'd but at feaſts, they ſpread,
Though courſe and old, yet fit for ſuch a bed.
Down lie the Gods. The palſie-ſhaken Dame
Sets forth a table with three legs; One lame,
665 And ſhorter than the reſt, a potſheard rears.
This, now made level, with green Mint ſhe clears;
Whereon ſhe party-colour'd Olives ſet,
Autumnal Cornels, in tart pickle wet,
670 Cool Endive, Radiſh, new Eggs roaſted rear,
And late-preſt Cheeſe, which country dinners bear.
A Goblet of the ſelf-ſame ſilver wrought,
And bowls of Beech, varniſht with wax, were brought.
Hot victuals from the fire were ſerv'd with ſpeed;
They wine, not yet of perfect age, preſent.
675 This ta'ne away, the ſecond courſe now comes;

Filberds, dry Figs, with wrinkled Dates, ripe Plums,
Sweet-ſwelling Apples, diſht in Oſier twines,
And purple Grapes new gather'd from their vines:
I' th' midſt, an hony-comb. Above all theſe,
Were chearful looks, and ready will to pleaſe.
Meanwhile the Maple-cup it ſelf doth fill:
And oft exhauſted, is repleniſht ſtill.
Aſtoniſht at the miracle, with fear
Philemon and the aged *Baucis* rear
Their trembling hands in pray'r, and pardon crave
For that poor entertainment which they gave.
One Gooſe they had, their cottage's chief guard,
Which they to hoſpitable Gods award:
Which long their ſlow purſuit deluding, flies
To *Jupiter*; ſo ſav'd from ſacrifice.
W' are Gods, ſaid they; Revenge ſhall all deſtroy:
You in this ruin ſhall your lives enjoy.
Together leave your houſe, and to yon hill
Follow our ſteps. They both obey their will.
The Gods conducting, feebly both aſcend,
Leaning on ſtaves, and with time's burthen bend.
A flight-ſhot from the top, review they take;
And ſee all ſwallowed by a mighty Lake,
Their Houſe excepted. While they this admire,
Lament their neighbours ruin, and deſire,
And ſee their cottage, which alone doth keep
Its place, while for the Place's fate they weep;
That humble ſhed, too little even for two,
Becomes a Fane. The Crotches Columns grew;
The Thatch and Roof ſhine with bright Gold; the
Divinely carv'd, the Pavement Marble floors. (Doors
While fearful *Baucis* and *Philemon* pray'd,
Saturnius with a chearful count'nance ſaid:
Thou juſt old man, and thou good Woman, (who
Deſerv'ſt ſo juſt an husband) what do you
In chief deſire? They talk a while alone;
Then thus to *Jove* their common wiſh make known.
We crave to be your Prieſts, this Fane to guard.
And ſince in all our lives we never jarr'd,
Let one hour both diſſolve: Nor let me be
Intomb'd by her, nor ſhe intomb'd by me.
Their ſute ſucceeds. This Temple they poſſeſs,
As long as life. With time and age oppreſt,
As now they ſtood before the ſacred gate,

And call to memory that place's fame.
Philemon ſaw old *Baucis* freſhly ſprout;
And *Baucis* ſaw *Philemon* leaves thruſt out.
Now on their heads aſpiring branches grew.
While they could ſpeak, they ſpake: At once, Adieu,
725 They jointly ſaid; at once the creeping rind
Their trunks incloſ'd; at once their ſhapes reſign'd.
They of *Tyana* to this preſent ſhow
Their neighbour-trees, that from two bodies grow.
Old men, nor like to lie, nor vain of tongue,
This told. I ſaw their boughs with Garlands hung;
730 And hanging freſh, I ſaid, Who Gods before
Receiv'd, be ſuch: Ador'd we adore.
The tale and teller wonder and belief
Provok'd in all, [illegible] mov'd in chief.
Who covetous to [illegible] ſuch deeds as theſe;
The *Calydonian* River, preſt to pleaſe
735 In this ſort, leaning on his elbow, ſpake.
There be, who ever keep the form they take:
Others have power themſelves at will to change.
As thou, blue *Proteus*, that in ſeas doſt range:
Who now a Man, a Lion now appear'ſt,
740 Now a fell Boar; a Serpent's ſhape now bear'ſt;
A Bull, with threatning horns, now ſeem'ſt to be;
Now like a Stone, now like a ſpreading Tree;
And ſometimes like a gentle River flow'ſt,
Sometimes like Fire, averſe to Water, ſhow'ſt.
745 *Autolycus* his Wife, the Daughter to
Lewd *Eriſichthon*, things as ſtrange could do.
He was her Father, who the Gods deſpis'd,
Nor ever on their Altars ſacrific'd:
Who *Ceres* groves with ſteel profan'd, where ſtood
750 An old huge Oak, even of it ſelf a Wood.
Wreaths, ribbands, grateful tables deckt its boughs,
And ſacred ſtem, the Dues of powerful Vows.
Full oft the *Dryades*, with chaplets crown'd,
Danc'd in his ſhade, full oft they tript a Round
755 About his bole. Five cubits three times told
His ample circuit hardly could infold;
Whoſe ſtature other trees as far exceeds,
As other trees ſurmount the humble weeds.
Yet this his fury rather did provoke;
Who bids his ſervants fell the ſacred Oak;
760 And ſnatching, while they pauſ'd, an Ax from one,

Thus ſtorm'd he: Not the Oake would bow alone,
But though this were the Goddeſs, ſhe ſhould down,
And ſweep the Earth with her aſpiring crown.
765 As he advanc'd his arms to ſtrike the Oak
Both ſigh'd and trembled at the threatning ſtroke:
His Leaves and Acorns pale together grew:
His colour changing Branches ſweat cold dew.
Then, wounded by his impious hand, the bloud
Guſht from the inciſion in a purple floud.
770 Much as a mighty Ox, that falls before
The ſacred altar, ſpouts forth ſtreams of gore.
On all amazement ſeiz'd: When One (of all)
The crime deters; nor would he's Ax let fall.
Contracting his ſtern brows, Receive, ſaid he,
Thy pietie's reward: And from the tree
The ſtroke converting, lopt his head; then ſtrake
775 The Oak again: From whence a voice thus ſpake;
A Nymph am I, within this Tree inſhrin'd,
Belov'd of *Ceres*: O profane of mind,
Vengeance is near thee, with my parting breath
I propheſie: A comfort to my death.
780 He ſtill his guilt purſues, and overthrows
With cables, and innumerable blows,
The ſturdy Oak: Which nodding long, down ruſht;
And in his lofty fall his fellows cruſht.
Their Siſter and their grove the Nymphs lament;
And, clad in ſable veſts, to *Ceres* went;
785 On *Eriſichthon* juſt revenge require.
She readily conſents to their deſire.
The fair-brow'd Goddeſs ſhakes her ſhining hairs:
(With that, the Fields ſhook all their golden ears)
Then to a mercileſs revenge proceeds,
(Had he deſerved mercy by his deeds?)
790 By ſtarving. But, ſince not, by fatal doom,
Ceres and *Famine* might together come;
A Nymph, one of the light *Oreades*,
She ſends to *Famine*, with ſuch words as theſe.
In froſty *Scythia* lies a land, forlorn
795 And barren, bearing neither fruit nor corn:
Num Cold, pale Hue, chill Ague there abide,
And meager *Famine*. Bid that Fury glide
Into his curſed intrals, and devour
All plenty: Let her rage ſubdue my power.
800 But leſt long wayes thy journey tedious make,

My chariot and my yoked Dragons take,
Taking her chariot, through the empty skies,
To *Scythia* and rough *Caucaſus* ſhe flies.
There, in a ſtony field, ſad *Famine* found,
Tearing with teeth and nails the foodleſs ground;
With ſnarled hair, ſunk eyes, looks pale and dead,
Lips white with ſlime, thin teeth with ruſt o're-ſpread.
Through her hard skin the writhel'd guts appear,
Her huckle-bones ſtuck up; a valley, where
Her belly ſhould aſcend; her dry breaſts hung
So lank, as if they to her back had clung.
The falling fleſh the riſing joints augment,
Round knees, and ancles leanly eminent.
Eſpy'd far off, (ſhe durſt not be ſo bold
To come too near,) the Nymph her meſſage told.
After a little ſtay, although ſhe were
Far off, although but now arrived there,
She famine felt; ſo wheels about her Snakes,
And her high paſſage to *Æmonia* takes.
Famine obeys the Goddeſſe's command,
(Though their endeavours ſtill oppoſed ſtand)
And, by a tempeſt hurried through the skies,
Enters the wretch's roof; beſides him lies,
Then faſt aſleep; (for now Night's heavy charms
All eyes had clos'd) imbrac'd him in her arms;
Her ſelf infus'd; breath'd on his face and breaſt,
His empty veins with hungry rage poſſeſt.
This thus perform'd, ſhe leaves the fruitful earth,
And back returns to her abodes of dearth.
Sleep hitherto with pleaſurable wings
On *Eriſichthon* gentle ſlumber flings;
Who dreams of feaſts, extends his idle jaws,
With labouring teeth fantaſtically chaws,
Deludes his throat by ſwallowing empty fare,
And for affected food devours the air.
Awak'd, hot famine raves through all his veins,
And in his guts and greedy palate reigns.
Forthwith, what Sea, what Earth, what Air affords,
He craves, and plains of ſtarving at full boards;
In banquets banquets ſeeks. What might alone
Have Towns and Nations fed, ſuffice not one.
Hunger increaſeth with increaſt repaſt.
And as all Rivers to the Ocean haſt,
Who, thirſty ſtill, drinks up the ſtranger floods:

As ravenous fires refuſe no profer'd foods,
Huge piles receive, the more they have, the more
By much deſire, made hungry with their ſtore:
So *Eriſichthon*, of a mind prophane,
Full diſhes empties, and demands again.
Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat;
Who, ever empty, ſtill prepares to eat.
His bellie's gulf his patrimony waſts,
Conſuming famine yet unleſſened laſts:
And his inſatiable throat's extent
Now all his wealth into his bowels ſent.
A daughter left, unworthy ſuch a Sire,
The begger ſold, to feed his hunger's fire.
Her noble thoughts baſe ſervitude diſdain;
And now her hands extending to the Main,
O thou that hadſt my maidenhead, ſaid ſhe,
Thy raviſht ſpoil from hated bondage free.
Neptune heard this, who to her prayer conſents:
And, though then by her Maſter ſeen, prevents
His following ſearch; transforming of his Rape
Into a Man, maſk'd in a Fiſher's ſhape.
Angler, her Maſter ſaid, that with thy bait
Conceal'ſt thy hook, ſo proſper thy deceit,
So reſt the Sea compos'd, ſo may the fiſh
Be credulous, and taken at thy wiſh,
As thou reveal'ſt her, who, in garments poor,
And ruffled hair, late ſtood upon this ſhoar.
For here, but very now, I ſaw her ſtand;
Nor farther trace her foot-ſteps in the ſand.
She, *Neptune's* bounty finding, well apaid
To be inquir'd for of her ſelf, thus ſaid:
Pardon me, Sir, whoere you are; my eyes
Have been attentive on this exerciſe.
To win belief; ſo may the God of Seas
Aſſiſt my angling in ſuch Arts as theſe,
As late nor man, nor maid, I ſaw before
Your ſelf, my ſelf excepted, on this ſhoar.
He credits, and beguil'd, the ſhoar forſook:
When ſhe again her former figure took.
Her Father, ſeeing ſhe could change her ſhape,
Oft ſold her; ſhe as often made eſcape,
Now Hart-like, now a Cow, a Bird, a Mare;
And fed his hunger with ill-purchas'd fare.
But when his malady all means had ſpent,

And he had given it the laſt nouriſhment;
Now to devour his own fleſh proceeds,
885 And by diminiſhing it, his body feeds.
VVhat need I dwell on foreign facts? Even we
Can vary ſhapes, though limited they be.
Now ſeem'd as I am; oft like a ſnake;
And many times a Bull's horn'd figure take.
890 But while I horns aſſum'd, one thus was broke
As you behold. This with a ſigh he ſpoke.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE NINTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Serpent, Achelous; *now a Bull:*
His ſevered Horn with Plenty ever full.
Lychas *a Rock.* Alcides *ſunk in flame,*
Aſcends a God. The labour-helping Dame
A Weſel. Lotis, *flying luſt, becomes*
A Tree: the like fate Dryope *intombs.*
Old Iolaus *waxeth young agen.*
Callirhoe's *Infants ſuddenly grow Men.*
Byblis *a weeping Fountain.* Iphis, *now*
Turn'd Boy, to Iſis *pays his Maiden Vow.*

HE who his high deſcent from *Neptune* draws,
Of this ſo ſad a Sigh demands the cauſe,
This maimed Brow. When thus the God proceeds,
His dangling curls impal'd with quivering reeds.
An heavy task you ſet: his own diſgrace
Who would revive? Yet was it not ſo baſe
To be ſubdu'd, as noble to contend:
And ſuch a Victor doth by foil defend.
Have you not heard of fair-cheekt *Deianire,*
The envy'd hope of many, the deſire
Of all that knew her? We, with others, went
To *Oeneus* Court, to purchaſe his conſent.
Parthaon's ſon, make me thy ſon-in-law,
I and *Alcides* ſaid: the reſt withdraw.

He, with his Father *Jove*, his Labours fame,
15 And Step-dame's vanquiſht tasks, inforc'd his claim.
'Twere ſhame, ſaid I, that deathleſs Gods to men
Who die ſhould ſtoop, (A God he was not then)
Theſe ever-living waters I command,
That wind in endleſs currents through thy Land.
Thy ſon no ſtranger is, if I be He:
20 But of thy Country, and a Friend to thee.
And be't no prejudice, that *Juno*'s Hate,
Nor puniſhing Imployments preſs my fate.
If from *Alcmena* you your linage ſhew;
Jove's your falſe Sire, or criminous, if your true.
25 You ſeek a Father in a Mother's ſhame.
Brag not of *Jove*, or take a Baſtard's name.
He all this while, with eyes that ſparkle fire,
Upon me frown'd, and hardly rul'd his ire:
Then only ſaid, My hand my tongue exceeds:
30 Win thou with words, ſo I ſubdue with deeds.
With that, fell on. To ſpeak ſo big, and ſhrink,
I ſhame; and let my wave-green Mantle ſink;
My arms oppoſe, my hands for ſeiſure preſt;
And every fitted part for fight addreſt.
35 He throws duſt on me with his hollow hand:
And I again beſprinkle him with ſand.
Now catch'd he at my neck, now at my thighs,
Or proffer makes, and t' every limb applies.
But me my weight defends; in vain he ſtrives.
40 Much like as when a roaring billow drives
Againſt a rock: the rock repels his pride,
By his own poizure firmly fortify'd.
Both for a while withdrew: again we meet,
And ſtrongly keep our ſtands; feet joyn to feet.
With that I ruſht upon him with my breaſt;
45 My fingers his, my brow his forehead preſt.
So have I ſeen two Bulls with horrid might
Together cloſe; the motive of their fight
The faireſt Cow in all thoſe fields; the Herd
With fear expecting which ſhould be preferr'd.
50 Thrice *Hercules* did all his force incline
(But all in vain) to free his breaſt from mine.
The fourth aſſay my ſtrong imbrace unbound,
And from my graſping arms his body woon'd.
Then turning me about, (truth guides my tongue)
Upon my back with all his weight he hung.

55 If I have credit, (Lies can find no way
To praiſe) on me, me thought, a mountain lay.
Scarce could I claſp my arms, all ſhowr'd with ſweat;
Scarce from his gripes could I my body get.
Still preſſing on, he gives not time to breathe,
Nor gather ſtrength: my powers my truſt deceive.
60 At laſt, his yoking arms my neck command:
When, pull'd upon my knees, I bit the ſand.
My native Slight my weaker force ſupply'd:
I ſtraight from him like a long Serpent glide.
Now in contracted folds I forward ſpring,
65 Horridly hiſſing with my forked tongue.
He laughs, and flouts my Cunning in this ſort:
To ſtrangle Serpents was my cradle's ſport.
Though other Dragons to thy conqueſts bow:
To dire *Lernean Hydra*, what art thou?
70 Her wounds were fruitful: from each ſever'd head,
Each of her hundred necks, two fiercer bred;
More ſtrong by twinning heirs. Theſe thus renew'd
And multiply'd by death, I twice ſubdu'd.
What hope haſt thou, a forged Snake, to 'ſcape,
75 That fight'ſt with feigned arms, and begg'ſt thy ſhape?
This ſaid, my neck his graſping fingers clinch'd,
And ſcruz'd my throat, as if with pincers wrinch'd;
VVhile from his gripes I ſtrove my jaws to pull.
80 Twice overcome, I now, like furious Bull,
Once more his terrible aſſaults oppoſe:
His arms about my ſwelling cheſt he throws,
And following hales; my Horn (my head turn'd round)
Fixt to the earth, and threw me on the ground.
85 My brow (that not ſufficient) diſadorns,
By breaking one of my ingaged horns.
The *Naiades* with fruit and flowers this fill:
VVherein abundant Plenty riots ſtill.
Here *Achelous* ends. One lovely-fair,
90 Girt like *Diana's* Nymph, with flowing hair,
Came in, and brought the wealthy Horn, repleat
VVith Autumn's ſtore, and fruit ſerv'd after meat.
Day ſprung, and mountains ſhone with early beams,
His Gueſts depart (nor ſtay till peaceful ſtreams
Glide gently down, and keep their bounded race.
95 Sad *Achelous* now his ruſtick face
And maimed head within the current ſhrouds.
This blemiſh much his former beauty clouds;

All elſe compleat. The damage of his brows
He ſhades with flaggy wreaths, and ſallow boughs.
But *Deianira, Neſſus*, was thy wrack;
A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.
Jove's ſon, with his new Wife, to *Thebes* his courſe
Directing, came t' *Evenus* rapid ſource.
The big-ſwoln ſtreams, increas'd with Winter's rain,
And whirling round, their paſſage now reſtrain.
For her he fears; fear for himſelf abhorr'd:
When ſtrong-limb'd *Neſſus* came, who knew the Ford,
And ſaid; I ſafely will tranſport thy Bride:
Meanwhile ſwim thou unto the other ſide.
To him *Alcides* his 'fraid VVife betakes;
VVho, fearing both the flood and *Neſſus*, quakes.
Charg'd with his quiver, and his Lion's skin,
(His club and bow before thrown over) in
The Hero leaps, and ſays, However vaſt,
Theſe waves, ſince undertaken, ſhall be paſt.
And confident, nor ſeeks he ſmootheſt ways;
Nor by declining entertains delays.
Now over, ſtooping for his bow, he heard
His Wife's ſhrill ſhrieks; and *Neſſus* ſaw, prepar'd
To violate his truſt. Thou raviſher,
VVhat hope, ſaid he, can thy vain ſpeed confer?
Soho, thou half a beaſt, withhold thy flight:
I wiſh thee, hear; nor intercept my right.
If no reſpect of me can fix thy truſt,
Yet let thy Father's wheel reſtrain thy luſt.
Nor ſhalt thou 'ſcape revenge, however fleet:
VVounds ſhall o'retake thy ſpeed, though not my feet.
The laſt his deeds confirm; for as he fled,
An arrow ſtruck his back: the barbed head
Paſs'd through his breaſt. Tugg'd out, a crimſon floud
Spouts both ways, mixt with *Hydra's* poiſ'nous bloud.
This *Neſſus* took, and ſoftly ſaid; Yet I,
Alcides, will not unrevenged dye:
And gave his Rape a robe dipt in that gore.
This will (ſaid he) the heat of love reſtore.
Long after, (all the ample world poſſeſt
VVith his great acts, and *Juno's* hate increaſt)
From raz'd *Oechalia* haſting his remove,
To ſacrifice unto *Cenæan Jove*:
Fame's babblings *Deianira*'s ears ſurprize,
(VVhich falſhood adds to truth, and grows by lies)

140 How *Iole* her Husband *Hercules*
With love inthrall'd. Stung with this ſtrong diſeaſe,
The troubled lover credits what ſhe fears.
At firſt ſhe nouriſheth her grief with tears,
Which weeping eyes diffuſe. Then ſaid; But why
Weep we? the Strumpet in theſe Tears will joy.
145 Since ſhe will come, ſome change attempt I muſt,
Before my Bed be ſtained with her luſt.
Shall I complain? be mute? ſhift houſes? ſtay?
Return to *Calydon*, and give her way?
Or call to mind that I am ſiſter to
150 Great *Meleager*, and ſome miſchief do?
What a wrong'd Woman, what the ſpleenful wo
Of jealouſie, by harlots death, can ſhow?
Her thoughts, long toſs'd with change, now fixed ſtood,
To ſend the garment dipt in *Neſſus* blood;
To quicken fainting love. The preſent ſhe
155 To *Lychas* gave, (as ignorant as ſhe)
And her own ſorrow; which, with good intent,
And kind reſpects, ſhe to her Husband ſent.
This now the unſuſpecting Hero wore,
Wrapt in the poiſon of *Echidna*'s gore.
He, praying, new-born flames with incenſe fed;
160 And bowls of wine on marble Altars ſhed.
The ſpreading miſchief works; with heat diſſolv'd,
The manly limbs of *Hercules* it involv'd:
Who, whilſt he could, with uſual fortitude
His groans ſuppreſt. All patience now ſubdu'd
By extream pain, the Altar down he flings;
165 And ſhady *Oeta* with his clamour rings.
Forthwith to tear the torture off he ſtrives.
The riven robe his ſkin, that lines it, rives:
Or to his limbs inſeparably it cleaves;
Or his hugh bones and ſinews naked leaves.
170 As fired ſteel in water drencht; ſo toils
His hiſſing bloud, and with hot poiſon boils.
No mean: the greedy flames his entrals eat;
And all his body flows with purple ſweat:
His ſcorched ſinews crack, his marrow fries.
175 Then, to the Stars his hands advanc'd, he cries:
Feaſt, *Juno*, on our harms. Oh, from on high
Behold this plague: thy cruel ſtomach cloy.
If foes may pity purchaſe; (ſuch are we;)
This life, with torments vext, long ſought by thee,

And

180 And born to toil, receive. For death would prove
To me a bleſſing: and a Step-dame's love
May ſuch a bleſſing give. Have I thus gain'd,
For ſlain *Buſiris*, who *Jove*'s temple ſtain'd
With ſtrangers bloud? that from the earth earth-bred
Antæus held? whom *Geryon*'s triple head,
185 Nor thine, O *Cerberus*, could once diſmay?
Theſe hands, theſe made the *Cretan* Bull obey.
Your labours, *Elis*, ſmooth *Stymphalian* flouds,
Confeſs with praiſes, and *Parthenian* woods.
You got the golden Belt of *Thermodon*:
190 And Apples from the ſleepleſs Dragon won.
Nor cloud-born *Centaurs*, nor th' *Arcadian* Boar,
Could me reſiſt; nor *Hydra*, with her ſtore
Of frightful Heads, which by their loſs increaſt.
I, when I ſaw the *Thracian* Horſes feaſt
195 VVith human fleſh, their mangers overthrew;
And, with his Steeds, their wicked Maſter ſlew.
Theſe hands the *Nemean* Lion choak'd; theſe quell'd
Huge *Cacus*: and theſe ſhoulders heav'n upheld.
Jove's cruel wife grew weary to impoſe:
200 I never to perform. But, oh! theſe woes,
This new-found plague, no virtue can repel;
Nor arms, nor weapons. Hungry flames of Hell
Shoot through my veins, and on my liver prey.
Euryſtheus yet triumphs: and ſome will ſay
205 That there be Gods. Here his complaint he ends;
And high-rais'd ſteps o're lofty *Oeta* bends,
Hurried with anguiſh: like a Bull, that bears
A wounding javelin; whom the wounder fears.
Oft ſhould you ſee him quake, oft groan, oft ſtriving
To tear his garments; ſolid trees up-riving,
210 Inrag'd with the mountains, and then rear
His ſcorched arms unto his Father's ſphere.
Hid in an hollow Rock he *Lychas* ſpies:
When torture having ſeiz'd his faculties,
With all her fury, *Lychas*, didſt thou give
This horrid gift, ſaid he? Think'ſt thou to live,
215 I dying by thy treaſon? While he quakes,
Looks ghaſtly pale, unheard excuſes makes;
While yet he ſpake, while to his knees he clung,
Caught by the heels, about his head thrice ſwung,
Him into deep *Eubœan* waves he threw,
220 (As engines, ſtones) who hardned as he flew.

As falling ſhow'rs congeal'd with freezing winds
Convert to ſnow; as ſnow together binds,
And, rolling round, in ſolid hail deſcends:
So while the air his forced body rends,
225 Bloudleſs with terror, all his moiſture gone,
That Age reports him chang'd to rugged Stone.
And ſtill within *Eubœa*'s gulfy deeps,
A ſmall Rock lies, which man's proportion keeps;
VVhereon the mariners will not tread at all,
As if't had ſenſe: and this they *Lychas* call.
230 But thou, *Jove*'s God-like ſon, (a Pile with ſtore
Of trees prepar'd, which lofty *Oeta* bore)
Thy Bow and ample Quiver (wherein lie
Thoſe Arrows that again muſt viſit *Troy*)
Bequeath'ſt to *Pæan*'s Heir; who catching fire
235 Puts to the Pile. While greedy flames aſpire,
Thou on the top thy Lion's ſpoils didſt ſpread;
And lay'ſt thereon (thy Club beneath thy head)
With ſuch a look, as if a crowned Gueſt
Amidſt full goblets, at a mirthful feaſt.
240 Now all-embracing Flames a crackling made,
And their Contemner's patient limbs invade.
The Gods much thought for Earth's Defender took:
When thus *Saturnius*, with a chearful look:
This grief, you Gods, is our delight; with all
245 Our ſoul we joy, that ſuch as you ſhould call
Us King and Father, who ſo grateful are,
And of our progeny expreſs ſuch care.
For though his noble acts deſerve as much;
You us oblige. But leſt vain terrors touch
250 Your loyal hearts, let not theſe flames diſpleaſe:
Who conquer'd all, ſhall alſo conquer theſe.
Vulcan ſhall but his mother's part ſubdue.
For that's immortal which from us he drew,
And can not taſte of death, nor ſtoop to fire;
255 But, freed from earth, ſhall to our joys aſpire.
This all your Deities I think will pleaſe.
If any grudge ſuch grace to *Hercules*,
Nor would his honour; let them envy ſtill:
They ſhall confirm our act againſt their will.
260 The Gods aſſent. And *Juno*'s ſelf accords,
At leaſt in ſhow; yet *Jupiter*'s laſt words
Unſmooth her forehead with obſerv'd diſtaſt.
What flame could vanquiſh, *Mulciber* doth waſt;

265 And *Hercules* not known by's face remains,
Who nothing of his mothers form retains;
Now only *Jove*-like. As a Snake his years
Caſts with his skin, and ſprightly young appears
With glittring ſcales; ſo the *Tyrynthian*,
Having put off the habit of frail man,
270 Shines in his better part, and ſeems more great,
With aw-infuſing majeſty repleat;
Rapt in a chariot by almighty *Jove*,
Through hollow clouds unto the Stars above.
Preſt *Atlas* feels his Weight. *Euryſtheus* ire
275 Ends not in death; his hatred to the Sire
Perſues his race. *Alcmena*, worn with care,
Had *Iole*, to whom ſhe might declare
Her old-wives plaints, her ſons hard labours, (known
Thrô broad-ſpread Earth) his fortunes and her own.
Her *Hyllus*, by *Alcides* teſtament,
280 Took to his bed, with love's unforc'd conſent;
And fill'd her womb with generous ſeed. When thus
Alcmena: Be the Gods propitious,
And quick in working, when thy time draws near
To call *Ilithyia*, which ſad mothers fear;
285 To me made difficult by *Juno's* ſpight.
For ten accompliſht ſigns did now excite
My travail to *Alcides* birth; whoſe weight
My belly ſtretcht; which bare ſo great a fraight,
That you might ſwear, it was begot by *Jove*:
290 When with intolerable pains I ſtrove.
Now alſo, ſpeaking, horror chills my heart:
And griefs remembred add to grief a part.
Seven nights, ſeven days thus rackt, with anguiſh tir'd,
My hands upheld, with out-cries, I deſir'd
295 *Lucina's* aid, my burthen to untye.
She came indeed; but pre-corrupted by
Jove's wife, to execute her deadly hate.
Hearing my groans, ſhe ſat before the gate
On yonder Altar. Her right knee upholds
300 Her croſs left ham, her fingers knit in folds
Delay'd delivery: ſhe with mutter'd ſpells
Of ſecret power, the preſſing birth repels.
I ſtrive, and, raving, tax ungratefull *Jove*;
Deſire to die; and breathe complaints might move
305 Relentleſs flints. The *Cadmean* Dames were there;
Who pray for me; and comfort my [illegible]

Red-hair'd *Galanthis*, one of mean deſcent,
In all employments ſtoutly diligent,
Beloved for her duty, doth miſdoubt
Malicious *Juno*. Paſſing in and out,
She ſaw the Goddeſs on the Altar ſit;
Her arms about her knees her fingers knit.
Whate're you be, rejoyce with us, ſhe ſaid;
Joyful *Alcmena* hath her belly laid.
The Goddeſs ruling childbirth, ſtarting, roſe;
And, parting her link'd fingers, eas'd my Throes.
They ſay, *Galanthis* laught at this deceit:
VVhom ſtraight the flouted Goddeſs, in a fret,
Drags by the hair, nor ſuffers her to riſe.
Forthwith her arms convert to legs and thighs.
Agility and colour ſtill abide;
Her ſhape transform'd. In that her Mouth ſupply'd
Help to that child-birth, at her Mouth ſhe bears:
Nor now our ſtill-frequented houſes fears.
This ſaid, ſhe ſighs for her old ſervant's ſake:
To whom her Daughter, likewiſe ſighing, ſpake.
You, Mother, ſorrow for no kindreds fate.
But what if I the wondrous change relate
Of my poor Siſter? Tears and ſorrow ſeize
My troubled ſpeech. Of all th'*Oechalides*,
For form few might with *Dryope* compare;
The only child her dying mother bare;
I born by a ſecond Wife. Her Virgin-flow'r
Being gath'red by that over-maſtring pow'r,
VVho in *Delos* and in *Delphos* doth reſide;
Andramon weds her, happy in his Bride.
A Lake there is, which ſhelving borders bound,
Much like a ſhoar, with fragrant Myrtles crown'd.
Hither came ſimple *Dryope*, and (what more
Afflicts me) to thoſe Nymphs ſhe garlands bore.
Her arms her Child, a pleaſing burthen, hold;
VVho ſucks her breaſts, not yet a twelve-month old.
Hard by the Lake a flow'ry Lotos grew,
(Expecting berries) of a crimſon hue.
Thence pulling flowers, ſhe gave them to her Son
To play withal: ſo was I like t' have done;
For I was there. I ſaw the blood deſcend
From dropping twigs, the boughs with horror bend;
And heard, too late, *Lotis* a Nymph, who fled
From luſtful *Priapus*, to quit her dread,

Aſſum'd this ſhape, her name of *Lotus* kept,
My Siſter, this not knowing, backward ſtept,
And would depart, as ſoon as ſhe had pray'd.
But roots her feet, for all her ſtruggling, ſtay'd;
And only above ſhe moves. The bark increaſt,
Aſcending from the bottom to her breaſt.
This ſeen, ſhe thought t'have tore her hair; but tears
Leaves from their twigs: her head green branches bears.
The child *Amphiſſus* (for his grandfather,
Eurytus, did that name on him confer)
Now finds his Mother's breaſts both ſtiff and dry.
I, a ſpectator of thy tragedy,
Dear Siſter, had in me no power of aid.
Yet, as I could, thy growing trunk I ſtay'd,
Clung to thy ſpreading boughs, and wiſht that I,
Intomb'd with thee, might in thy Lotus lye.
Behold, *Andræmon* comes, with him her Sire,
(Both wretched) and for *Dryope* inquire.
VVhen I for *Dryope* the Lotus ſhow'd,
They kiſſes on the yet warm wood beſtow'd,
And, groveling on the ground, her roots imbrace.
Now all of thee, dear Siſter, but thy face,
Th'incroaching habit of a Tree receives.
VVith tears ſhe bathes her new-created leaves;
And, while ſhe might, while yet a way remain'd
For ſpeaking paſſion, in this ſort complain'd:
If credit to the wretched may be given,
I ſwear by all the Pow'rs above in Heaven,
I never this deſerv'd. Without a ſin
I ſuffer: innocent my life hath been.
Or if I lye, may my green branches fade,
And, fell'd with axes, on the fire be laid.
This Infant from his dying Mother bear
To ſome kind Nurſe; and often let him here
Be fed with milk; oft in my ſhadow play.
Let him ſalute my tree; and ſadly ſay,
(VVhen he can ſpeak) This Lotus doth contain
My deareſt Mother. Let him ſtill refrain
All Lakes; nor ever dare to touch a Flower:
But think that every tree inſhrines a Power.
Dear Husband, Siſter, Father, all farewel.
If in your gentle hearts compaſſion dwell,
Suffer no ax to wound my tender boughs;
Nor on my leaves let hungry cattel browze.

And I

And ſince I cannot unto you decline,
Aſcend to me, and joyn your lips to mine.
My little ſon, while I can kiſs, advance.
But fate cuts off my failing utterance:
For now the ſofter rind my neck aſcends,
And round about my leafy top extends.
Remove your hands: without the help of thoſe,
The wrapping bark my dying eyes will cloſe.
She left to ſpeak, and be. Yet human heat
In her chang'd body long retain'd a ſeat.
While *Iole* this ſtory told, her eyes,
Fill'd with her tears, the kind *Alcmena* dries,
And weeps her ſelf. Behold, a better change
With joy defers this ſorrow, nor leſs ſtrange.
For *Iolaus*, twice a youth, came in,
The doubtful Down now budding on his chin.
Fair *Hebe*, at her Husband's ſute, on thee
This gift beſtow'd. About to ſwear, that ſhe
Would never give the like; wiſe *Themis* ſaid,
Forbear; War raves in *Thebes* by diſcord ſway'd;
And *Capaneus* but by *Jove* alone
Can be ſubdu'd. The Brothers then ſhall groan
With mutual wounds. The ſacred Prophet, loſt
In ſwallowing earth, alive ſhall ſee his Ghoſt.
His Son's red hands his Mother's life extract,
T'appeaſe his Sire, a juſt, yet wicked fact.
Rapt from his home and ſenſes, with th'affright
Of ſtaring furies, and his mother's Sprite,
Until his Wife the fatal gold demands;
Her Husband murder'd by *Phegides* hands;
Then *Acheloian Callirhoe*
Shall *Jove* importune, that her infants may
Be turn'd to Men, and due revenge require
(As he, for his) of thoſe who ſlew their Sire.
Her Pray'rs ſhall win conſent from *Jove*; who then
Will bid thee make *Callirhoe's* Children Men.
This, *Themis* with prophetick rapture ſung.
Among the Gods a grudging murmur ſprung,
Why they this gift ſhould not to others give.
Aurora for her Husband's age doth grieve:
Ceres complains of *Jaſius* hoary hairs:
Vulcan would *Erichthonius* youth repair:
And cares of time to come in *Venus* reign,
That her *Anchiſes* might wax young again.

All ſue for ſome, ſeditious tumults grow,
From Favour ſprung; which *Jove* doth thus ſubdue.
What mutter you? or where is your reſpect?
430 Think you, you can the power of Fate ſubject?
Old *Iolaus* was by Fate renew'd:
By fate *Callirrhoe*'s Babes ſhall be indu'd
With youth; not by ambition, nor by war.
Even we, that you may better brook it, are
435 Preſcrib'd by Fate: which could we change, not thus
Should time make old our God-like *Æacus*;
Eternal youth ſhould *Rhadamanthus* crown;
Nor ſhould our *Minos* loſe his old renown,
Deſpiſed now through age, who heretofore
With ſuch a brave command his ſcepter bore.
440 Theſe words of *Jove* the yielding Gods aſſwage;
Sith *Rhadamanth* and *Æacus* with age
Decline; and *Minos*, whoſe youth's active flame
Made mighty nations tremble at his name:
Though now, in mind and body impotent,
445 *Miletus Deionides* aſcent
T' his throne he fears, adorn'd with youth, and ſtyle
Of *Phœbus* ſon; nor durſt his fears exile.
But thou, *Miletus*, of thy own accord
Forſook'ſt thy native home; and now abord,
Through deep *Ægean* ſeas to *Aſia* cam'ſt,
450 Building a Town which from thy ſelf thou nam'ſt.
He, as the Nymph *Cyanee*, (excellent
For beauty) daughter to *Mæander*, went
Along his winding banks, compreſs'd her there;
Who *Byblis* at one birth with *Caunus* bare.
455 *Byblis* example lawleſs love reproves,
For *Byblis* her own Brother *Caunus* loves,
Nor as a Siſter ſhould a Brother do:
She at the firſt no luſtful Paſſion knew,
Nor thought it ſin him eagerly to kiſs,
460 Nor by imbracing that ſhe did amiſs.
A ſhadow of falſe piety her beguiles.
Love by degrees corrupts. Her dreſs and ſmiles
She frames t' attract; and to ſeem fair deſires;
And envies whomſoever ſhe admires.
465 Yet knows not her diſeaſe: no wiſhes riſe
In ſighs as yet; and yet within ſhe fries.
She calls him Lord, the dues of blood diſclaim'd,
And would be *Byblis*, and not Siſter, nam'd.

Nor

Waking ſhe durſt not harbour in her breaſt
A wanton hope. But in diſſolving reſt
Her lover oft ſh'enjoys; her ſenſes keep
A feſtival: yet bluſhes ſhe in ſleep.
Sleep fled; long mute, her dream ſh'again renews
By repetition: which ſhe thus purſues.

Woe's me! what bond theſe fantaſies of night?
If true, how wretched! why ſhould ſuch delight?
His heav'nly form by envy is approv'd:
He might, if not my Brother, be belov'd;
And merit my affections, (O too well)
If I were not his Siſter: there's my hell.
While waking I endeavour no ſuch ill.
May theſe bewitching dreams inchant me ſtill.
No ſpy could blab that imitated joy.
O *Venus*, and withal, thou winged Boy,
What pleaſure, what content had I that night!
How lay I all diſſolved in delight!
With how much joy remembred! ſhort thoſe joyes;
And haſty night our happineſs envies.
Would I could change this wretched name of mine:
Or he the intereſt in his bloud reſign.
How well, O *Caunus*, might our Father be
A Father-in-Law, or to thy ſelf, or me?
O would to *Jove* we all in common held,
Except our birth; though mine his birth excell'd.
Whom then (O faireſt) wilt thou make a mother?
How ill hath Nature linkt us to each other?
Still muſt thou be my Brother. What I hate,
I only have. What then prognoſticate
Theſe flattering Viſions? what, in theſe extreams,
Can dreams avail? or is there weight in dreams?
The Gods forbid. Yet Gods their Siſters wed.
Saturn and *Ops* had both one womb and bed.
So *Tethis* with *Oceanus*, ſo *Jove*
Combines with *Juno* in eternal love.
Gods have peculiar laws: how dare I draw
From them examples, bound t'another law?
Die, die, forbidden flames; or let me die.
Then may my Brother kiſs me when I lie
On ſable herſe. Beſides, the joint conſent
This craves of two. Say, it ſhould me content:
He may abhor it. Yet th' *Æolides*
Imbraced theirs. Whence ſprung ſuch proofs as theſe?

510 O, whither wrapt? You wicked flames, remove:
A Brother, as befits a Siſter, love.
Yet ſhould he firſt affect, perhaps I then
His love might cheriſh, and affect agen.
Then ſhall I, who would not his ſute reject,
515 Sue firſt? What, canſt thou ſpeak? thy thoughts detect?
I can: Love prompts. If ſhame my ſpeech ſuppreſs,
Yet Letters may my hidden flames confeſs.
This pleas'd her, and a little ſatisfy'd
Her doubtful mind. When, rais'd on her left ſide,
And leaning on her elbow, Hap what may;
520 We will (ſaid ſhe) our frantick love diſplay.
O, whither ſlide I? O what flames excite
Theſe thoughts? Then fits ſhe trembling hands to wri
(One holds the wax, the ſtyle the other guides)
Begins, doubts, writes, and at the tables chides;
525 Notes, razes, changes oft, diſlikes, approves;
Throws all aſide, reſumes what ſhe removes.
Her will ſhe knows not, no compoſure brooks.
Soft ſhame and impudence ſtrive in her looks.
She had writ Siſter; that, as moſt unfit,
530 Defac'd, ſhe took the tables, and thus writ.
Health to her only Love that Lover ſends,
Whoſe health alone upon your love depends.
To tell you who I am, alas! I ſhame.
If you would know my ſute; without a name
O let me plead, nor be for *Byblis* known,
535 Until my hopes be to aſſurance grown.
Pale colour, leanneſs; ruthful looks, wet eyes,
Long ſighs, which from concealed paſſion riſe,
Frequent imbracements, and (if you ſo much
Obſerved) kiſſes of too hot a touch
540 To ſute a Siſter's coldneſs; theſe expreſt
The deep diſtemper of my wounded breaſt.
And yet, although my ſoul the wound ſuſtain'd,
Although in me a fiery fury reign'd,
Heav'ns witneſs, that I might at length be well,
I try'd the utmoſt, ſtriving to repel
The violent darts of *Cupid*; and far more
545 Than you would think a Woman could, I bore.
Againſt my will, I now became your ſlave;
And with afflicted language pity crave.
You may preſerve, you only can undo:
Chuſe which you will. Nor ſues a foe to you.

But

550 But one who, near alli'd, would nearer join,
And in a ſtricter league of love combine.
Let old men know what's lawful, good, or ill;
And to their froſty rules ſubject their will.
Raſh *Venus* fits our years. Yet know not we
555 Intangling Laws; let us think all things free,
And imitate the Gods. Paternal awe,
Reſpect of fame, nor fear can us withdraw,
If once the cauſe of fear be laid aſide,
Our eaſie ſtealths a Brother's name will hide.
We may in private talk; converſe and kiſs,
560 Whoever by. What wants to crown our bliſs?
O pity me, who have my love confeſt;
(But would not, had not utmoſt ardour preſt)
Let thy remorſeleſs cruelty be read
Upon my monument, when I am dead.
565 The wax thus fill'd with her ſucceſsleſs wit,
She verſes in the utmoſt margent writ;
Then ſeals her ſhame: her parched tongue deni'd
To wet her gem; which weeping eyes ſuppli'd.
Then, bluſhing, calls a ſervant of known truth,
570 And flattering him awhile, ſaid, Friend, thou muſt
See theſe with care and ſecrecy convey'd
To my —— there paus'd, and after, Brother, ſaid.
In their delivery the tables fell:
She at that Omen ſtarts, yet bids farewel.
The wary meſſenger attends his time,
And gives to *Caunus* her infolded crime.
575 Amaz'd *Mæandrius* high in choler grew,
And on the ground the half-read tables threw,
About to ſtrike: Thou wicked inſtrument
Of horrid luſt, ſaid he, by flight prevent
My ſword's revenge: but that our infamy
Thy death would publiſh, villain, thou ſhould'ſt die.
He, frighted, flies; and to his miſtreſs bears
580 The wrath of *Caunus*. *Byblis* quaking hears
Her ſad repulſe: a death-reſembling cold
Beſieg'd her heart, and vital heat controll'd.
Yet, with her ſoul, her frantick love returns;
585 When, with ſcarce-moving lips, thus ſoftly mourns.
And worthily. Why, O too raſhly, have I
Diſclos'd this wound? affections ſecret [illegible]
Who would ſo ſoon to heady lines commit?
Firſt, with ambiguous words it had been fit

T'have

590 T'have felt his thoughts, and train'd him to purſue,
I ſhould have noted how the weather grew;
And choſen a ſafe ſea; but now my ſails
Swell deſperately with rough untried gales.
Now born on cruſhing Rocks, the floods o're-bear
595 My ſinking Bark; nor can I backward ſteer.
Could not that Omen check the cheriſht ſcope
Of my deſires, when, with my blaſted hope,
The tables fell? ſhould I not have aſſign'd
Another day, or wholly chang'd my mind?
600 O no, the day. Heav'n warned me by ſad,
By ſure, preſages; had I not been mad,
My ſelf, before my letters, ſhould have ſu'd,
And lively love expreſt: he ſhould have view'd
My moving tears, a Lover's pleading eyes.
605 More could I've ſpoke than letters can compriſe.
About his neck my arms I might have wound;
And, had he caſt me off, appear'd to ſwound;
Cling to his feet, and groveling, life implore;
This paſſion might I've acted and much more:
Whereof though each particular had fail'd;
610 Yet all together joyn'd might have prevail'd.
Perhaps the blame-deſerving meſſenger
In choice of time, or circumſtance, did err;
Took him not when his mind was pleas'd and free.
This wrackt my hopes. For of no Tigreſs he,
Nor Lioneſs was born: his gentle breaſt
615 Rough flint, hard ſteel, nor adamant inveſt.
He muſt be won; no ſowr repulſe ſhall make
My ſute ſurceaſe, till life my breaſt forſake.
The beſt, if what is done were to begin,
620 Is not t'attempt; next, what w'attempt, to win.
For never would he, though I ſhould o'reſway
My ſtrong deſires, forget this lewd aſſay.
Deſiſting, would condemn my love for light;
Or that I tri'd t' intrap him by this ſlight.
It may be thought, that brutiſh luſt did move
These eſtaſies; and not the God of love.
625 Nor can I but have had a wicked mind;
I made a motion, which my hand hath ſign'd.
No giving back can make me innocent;
Nought can I add to ſin, much to content.
630 This ſaid; one thought another doth controul:
So great a diſcord wracks her wavering ſoul.

Diſ-

What ſhe diſlikes, ſhe acts: unſatisfi'd,
She oft attempteth, to be oft deni'd.
This ſeen, he flies his country for her crime;
And builds a City in a foreign clime.
When woful *Byblis*, raving through deſpair,
Her garments from her bruiſed boſom tare,
Striking her arms through fury, and proclaims
In high diſtraction her inceſtuous flames.
Hopeleſs, her hated manſion ſhe eſchews,
And franticly her brothers flight purſues.
And as *Iſmarian Bacchanals*, great ſon
Of *Semele*, ſtruck with thy Thyrſus, run
In thy Triennials: ſo *Bubaſian* Dames
Saw howling *Byblis* hurrying o're their plains.
From theſe ſhe wander'd through the *Carian* bounds,
The warlike *Leleges*, and *Lycian* grounds;
Cragus, *Lymira*'s ſtreams, the ſilver waves
Of *Xanthus* paſt; and where *Chimera* raves
On craggy Rocks, with Lion's face and main,
A Goats rough body, and a Serpent's train.
The Woods were paſt, when thou, O *Byblis*, faint
With long purſuit, and paſſion's ſtrong conſtraint,
Sunk'ſt down, thy ruffled hair on earth diſplaid,
Thy face upon the wither'd leaves low laid.
The kind *Lelegean* Nymphs oft in their arms
Attempt to raiſe her, and with powerful charms
Of counſel ſtrive to cure her love-ſick mind,
Which at her deafned heart no entrance find.
She, graſping the green ruſhes, ſilent lies,
And bathes them in the rivers of her eyes.
The *Naiades* thruſt under theſe a Spring:
Their bounty could not give a greater thing.
As pitch diſtilleth from the bark's black wound,
As ſtiff Bitumen iſſues from the ground;
As flouds, which froſts in Icy fetters bind,
Thaw with th' approaching Sun, and Southern wind:
Even ſo *Phœbeian Byblis*, ſpent in tears,
Becomes a living fountain, which yet bears
Her name; and under a black Holm, that grows
In thoſe rank vallys, plentifully flows.
   The fame of this ſo wonderful a fate
Had fill'd *Creet*'s hundred Cities; if of late
The change of *Iphis*, generally known,
Had not produc'd a wonder of their own.

For

670 For *Phæſtus*, near to *Gnoſſus*, foſtered
One *Lygdus*, of unnoted parents bred;
However free. Nor did his wealth exceed
His parentage: yet both in word and deed
Sincere he was, and of a blameleſs life.
675 Who thus beſpake his now down-lying Wife:
Two things I wiſh: that you your belly lay
With little pain; and that it prove a boy.
A daughter is too chargeable, and we
Too poor to match her. If a girl it be,
680 I charge, what I abhor, (O Piety,
Forgive me) that, as ſoon as born, it die.
This having utter'd, the Commanded wept
And the Commander; tears no meaſure kept.
Yet *Telethuſa* ſtill, with fruitleſs pray'r,
Deſires he would not in the Gods deſpair.
685 But he was conſtant. Now her time was come,
And the ripe burthen ſtretcht her heavy womb:
When *Inachis*, with all her ſacred band,
In dead of night, or ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand
Beſides her bed. Her brows a crown adorns,
690 With ears of ſhining corn, and *Cynthian* horns.
Barking *Anubis*, and *Bubaſtis* bright,
Black *Apis* ſpotted variouſly with white,
He whoſe mouth-ſealing finger ſilence taught,
Timbrels, *Oſiris* never enough ſought,
695 And foreign Serpents, whoſe dire touch conſtrain
A deadly ſlumber, conſummate her train.
Then (as if ſeen awake) the Goddeſs ſaid:
My *Telethuſa*, be not thus diſmaid;
Reject theſe cares, thy husband diſobey;
And when *Lucina* ſhall thy belly lay,
700 Foſter what e're it be. A Deity
Auxiliary to Diſtreſs am I,
Ready to help, and eaſily implor'd:
Nor ſhall it grieve thee that thou haſt ador'd
Ungrateful *Iſis*. This admoniſhed,
She leaves the room. When, riſing in her bed,
Her hands to heaven glad *Telethuſa* threw;
And humbly prays her viſion may prove true.
705 Increaſing throes at length a girl diſclos'd,
Both by the father and the world ſuppos'd
To be a boy, ſo cloſely hid; and known
But to the mother, and the nurſe alone.

He pays his vows, and by his Father's name
It *Iphis* calls. This name rejoyc'd the dame,
To each ſex common; nor deceiv'd thereby.
She ſtill with pious fraud conceal'd her lie.
A boy it was in ſhew; whoſe looks aſſign
To boy or girl, love would in either ſhine.
At thirteen years her father her affy'd
To yellow-treſt *Janthe*: ſhe the pride
Of *Phæſtian* virgins for unequal'd fair,
Theleſtes daughter, and his only heir.
Like young they were, like fair, together bred,
Inform'd alike, alike accompliſhed:
Love's darts at once their ſimple boſoms ſtrike;
Alike their wounds: their hopes, O! far unlike.
The day th' expect. *Janthe* thought time ran
Too ſlow, and takes her *Iphis* for a man:
Poor *Iphis* loves, deſpairs; deſpair ejects
Far fiercer flames: a maid, a maid affects.
What will become of me, (ſhe weeping ſaid)
Whom new, unknown, prodigious loves invade?
If pitiful, the Gods ſhould me have 'ſtroy'd;
Or elſe have giv'n what might have been injoy'd.
No Cow a Cow, no Mare a mare ſuffices;
But Harts their gentle Hinds, and Rams their Ewes:
So Birds together pair. Of all that move,
No female ſuffers for a female love.
O would I had no being! Yet, that all
Abhorr'd by Nature might in *Creet* befall;
Sol's luſt-incenſed daughter lov'd a Bull,
But male and female they: my love more full
Of uncouth fury. For ſhe pleas'd her bloud,
And ſtood his errours in a Cow of wood:
She, for her craft, had an adulterer.
Should all the world their ſubtle wits confer;
Should *Dædalus* his waxen wings renew,
And hither flie, what could his cunning do?
Can Art convert a Virgin to a Boy?
Or fit *Janthe* for a maiden's joy?
No, fix thy mind; compoſe thy fond deſires:
O quench theſe ill-adviſ'd and fooliſh fires.
Think of thy ſex, do not thy ſelf abuſe:
What may be, ſeek; and love, as females uſe.
Hope wings deſire, hope *Cupid's* flight ſuſtains:
Thy Sex thee hope denies. No watch reſtrains

Our dear indulgence, no husband's jealouſies,
No rigorous Sires, nor ſhe her ſelf denies:
Yet not to be enjoy'd. Nor canſt thou be
755 Happy, when though men and Gods agree.
Now all, all to my deſires accord:
What they can give, the eaſie Gods afford.
What I deſire, my father and hers doth pleaſe;
760 But nature croſſeth, ſtronger than all theſe.
She, ſhe forbids. That day begins to ſhine,
(Long wiſht) wherein *Ianthe* muſt be mine;
And yet not mine. Of mortals moſt accurſt!
I ſtarve at feaſts, and in the River thirſt.
Juno, and *Hymen*, wherefore are you come?
We both are Brides; but where is the Bridegroom?
765 Here ends ſhe. Nor leſs burns the other Maid;
Who, *Hymen*, for thy ſwift appearance pray'd.
Yet *Telethuſa* fears what ſhe affects,
Protracting time; oft want of health objects;
Ill-boading dreams and auguries oft feigns.
But now no colour for excuſe remains:
770 Their nuptial rites, put off with ſuch delay,
Were to be ſolemniz'd the following day.
When ſhe unbinds hers and her daughter's hair;
And, holding by the Altar, form'd this pray'r;
Iſis, who *Paraetonium*, *Pharos* Iſle,
775 Smooth *Mareotis*, and ſeven chanell'd *Nile*,
Chear'ſt with thy preſence, thy poor ſuppliants hear:
O help in theſe extreams, and cure our fear.
Thee Goddeſs, thee of old, theſe enſigns, I
Have ſeen, and know; thy lamps, attendancy,
And ſounding Timbrels; and have thee obey'd.
780 To me impunitie, life to this Maid,
Thy ſaving counſel gave; to both renew
Thy timely pity. Tears her words purſue.
The Goddeſs ſhakes her Altar; when the gate
Shook on the hinges: horns, that imitate
The waxing Moon's, through all the Temple flung
785 A ſacred ſplendour: noiſeful Timbrels rung.
The mother, glad of this ſucceſsful ſign,
Though not ſecure, returns from *Iſis* ſhrine.
Her *Iphis* follows, with a larger pace
Than uſual; nor had ſo white a face.
Her ſtrength augments; her look more bold appears;
790 Her ſhortned curls ſcarce hang beneath her ears.

She's far more full of courage, rapt with joy:
For though of late a Wench, she's now a Boy.
Gifts to the Temple bore, they to it sing;
With joy their gifts they to the Temple bring;
And add a title, in one verse display'd;
791 What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy he payd.
The Morning Night dismasks with welcome flame;
VVhen *Juno*, *Venus*, and free *Hymen* came
To grace their marriage; who, with gifts divine,
Iphis the Boy to his *Ianthe* joyn.

OVID's

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE TENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fear turns a Man to flint. Lethæas *blame*
Olenus *bears, now Stones, their ſhapes the ſame.*
Vext Cybele, *to Pine her* Atys *turns.*
Sweet Cypariſſus *in a Cypreſs mourns.*
Enamour'd Jove *an Eagles wings diſplays;*
And lovely Ganymede *to Heaven conveys.*
Slain Hyacinthus *ſighs in his new Flower.*
The cruel Sacrificers by the power
Of Venus *turn'd to Bulls. The Proſtitute,*
To Stones. Pygmalion *weds the living fruit*
Of his rare Art. Erigone *doth ſhine*
In Heaven, converted to the Virgin Sign.
Myrrha, *a weeping tree.* Hippomenes
And Atalanta, *Lions.* Cyprides
(*Inform'd by* Mentha's *change*) *her Paramour*
Turns to a fair, but quickly fading, Flower.

HEnce to the *Cicones*, through boundleſs ſkies,
In Saffron mantle, *Hymenæus* flies,
By *Orpheus* call'd; but neither uſual words,
5 Nor chearful looks, nor happy ſigns affords.
The Torch his hand ſuſtain'd, ſtill ſputtering rais'd
A ſullen ſmoke; though ſhaken, never blaz'd.
Th' event worſe than the Omen. As this Bride
Troops with the *Naiades* by *Hebrus* ſide,

A Serpent bit her by the heel; which forc't
Life from her body, and nuptial ties divorc't.
Which when the *Thracian* Poet had above
Enough bewail'd, that his complaints might move
The Shades below, by *Tenarus* he deſcends
To *Stygian* flouds; and his bold ſteps extends
By airy Ghoſts, departed Souls, that found
A ſepulture, through that unpleaſant Ground,
To *Pluto's* Court. When, having tun'd his ſtrings,
Thus to his harp the God-like Poet ſings.
  You Powers that ſway the World beneath the Earth,
The laſt abode of all our human birth;
If we the truth without offence may tell;
I come not hither to diſcover Hell,
Nor bind that ſcolding Curr, who barking ſhakes
About his triple brows *Meduſa's* ſnakes.
My Wife this journy urg'd. Who, by the tooth
Of trod-on Viper, periſht in her youth.
I would, and ſtrove t' have born her loſs: but LOVE
Won in that ſtrife, a God well known above;
Nor here, perhaps, unknown. If truly Fame
Report old Rapes, you alſo felt his flame.
By theſe obſcure Abodes ſo full of dread,
By this huge *Chaos*, and deep ſilence ſpred
Through your vaſt Empire, by theſe prayers of mine,
Eurydice's too-haſty fate untwine.
We are all yours: and after a ſhort ſtay,
Early or late, we all muſt run this way.
Hither we throng; 'tis our laſt home aſſign'd;
Th' eternal habitation of mankind.
She, when her time by nature ſhall expire,
Again is yours: I but her uſe deſire.
If fate deny me this, my ſecond choice
Is, here t' abide: in both our deaths rejoyce.
  While thus he ſung, and ſtruck the quavering ſtrings,
The bloudleſs Shadows wept; no cheating Springs
Tempt *Tantalus*; *Ixion's* Wheel ſtood ſtill;
Their Urn the *Belides* no longer fill;
The Vulturs feed not *Tityus* Liver on,
And *Siſyphus* ſate liſtning on his Stone.
The Furies, vanquiſht by his verſe, were ſeen
To weep, that never wept before. Hell's Queen,
The King of Darkneſs, yield t' his powerful plea.
Among the late-come Souls, *Eurydice* ...

They call; ſhe came, yet halting of her wound.
Orpheus receives her thus: Till thou the bound
Of pale *Avernus* paſs, if back thou caſt
Thy careful eyes, thou loſeſt what thou haſt.
A ſteep aſcent, dark, thick with fogs, they climb,
Through everlaſting Silence; by this time
Approach the confines of illuſtrious Light.
Fearing to loſe her, and longing for a ſight,
His eyes th' impatient Lover backward threw:
When ſhe, back-ſliding, preſently withdrew.
He catches at her, in his wits diſtraught;
And yielding air for her (unhappy!) caught.
Nor did ſhe, dying again, her ſpouſe reprove:
For what could ſhe complain of, but his love?
But takes her laſt farewel: her parting breath
Scarce reacht his ears, when ſhe revolves to death.
Her double loſs ſad *Orpheus* ſtupifi'd;
With equal terror unto his, who ſpy'd
Three-headed *Cerberus*; whom fear alone,
Oppreſſing nature, turn'd into a ſtone.
Or like *Olenus*, who, t' excuſe his Wife,
Accus'd himſelf, and taxt his guiltleſs life:
With thee, *Lethæa*, whoſe proud beauty late
Drew on thy ſelf and him a curſed fate:
United bodies once; but for thy pride
Now Marble ſtatues on fount-fruitful *Ida*.
He kindly (preſſing to return) intreats
The Ferry-man; who anſwers him with threats.
Upon the banks ſeven days he ſate, forlorn
And comfortleſs, all ſorts of food forborn;
Care, grief of mind, and tears, his only chear:
Calling the Gods of *Erebus* ſevere.
At length to ſnowy *Rhodope* he haſts,
And *Hæmus*, beaten with the northern blaſts.
   Now *Titan* thrice had finiſhed his years
In watry *Piſces*. *Orpheus* ſtill forbears
The love of Women, or through bad ſucceſs,
Or former vows. Yet many ne'r the leſs
Th' affected Poet ſeek; none him enjoys:
He beauty firſt admir'd in handſome boys.
A Hill there was, a Plain upon that Hill,
Which in a flowry mantle flouriſht ſtill;
Yet wanted ſhade. Hither this God-born went,
Sate down, and toucht his well tun'd Inſtrument.

A ſhadow

90 A ſhade ſtraight roſe. Nor trees of *Chaony*,
The Poplar, various Oaks that pierce the sky,
Soft Linden, ſmooth-rin'd Beech, unmarried Bayes,
The brittle Haſel, Aſh, whoſe ſpears we praiſe,
Unknotty Firr, the ſolace ſhading Planes,
95 Rough Cheſnuts, Maple fleckt with different granes,
Stream-bordering Willow, Lotus loving Lakes,
Tough Box, whom never happy ſpring forſakes,
The ſlender Tamariſk, with trees that bear
A purple fig, nor Myrtles abſent were.
The wanton Ivy wreath'd in amorous twines,
100 Vines bearing grapes, and Elms ſupporting Vines,
Straight Service trees dropping Pitch, fruit red
Arbutus; theſe the reſt accompan'ed.
With limber Palms, of Victory the prize:
And upright Pine, whoſe leaves like briſtles riſe:
Priz'd by the Mother of the Gods: for ſhe
105 Her luſt-ſtain'd *Atys* turn'd into that tree.
The ſpire-like Cypreſs in this throng appears,
Of late a Boy: lov'd by that God who bears
The ſilver bow, and ſtrikes the quavering ſtrings.
Sacred to Nymphs that haunt *Carthæan* Springs
110 A Stag there was; whoſe horns on high diſplay'd
With ſpreading palms, afford his head a ſhade.
His antlers ſhone with gold; a carquenet
His neck imbrac't with ſparkling Diamonds ſet.
A ſilver bell upon his forehead hung
115 By ſilken ſtrings, which every motion rung.
Round pearl, of equal ſize, from either ear
Hung on his cheeks: who, void of native fear,
Frequented houſes: and well pleas'd, would ſtand
The gentle ſtrokings of a ſtrangers hand.
This, *Cypariſſus*, was thy only joy,
120 (Of all that *Cea* bred, the faireſt boy)
By thee full oft, to change of Paſture led:
To purling ſtreams that part the ranker mead.
With various flowers now wouldſt thou trick his horns,
Now on his back (who no ſuch burthen ſcorns)
About the ſpacious fields in pleaſure ride;
125 And with a purple rein the willing guide.
'Twas Summer, and high noon: Dayes burning eye
Made *Cancers* crooked claws with fervour fry.
Upon the ground the panting Hart was laid,
Cool air receiving from the ſpreading ſhade.

Whom ſilly *Cypariſſus* wounds by chance;
And ſeeing life purſue his tugg'd out lance,
Reſolves to die. What did not *Phœbus* ſay,
That might a grief ſo ſlightly cauſ'd allay?
He anſwers him in ſighs: this laſt good-turn
Implores; That he might never ceaſe to mourn.
His bloud now ſhed in tears, a greeniſh hew
His body dims: the locks that dangling grew
Upon his ivory forehead, briſtling riſe,
And pointing upward, ſeem to threat the ſkies.
When *Phœbus* ſighing: I for thee will mourn:
Mourn thou for others: Herſes ſtill adorn.
Such trees attracting; and invir'on'd round
With birds and beaſts, upon the riſing ground
The Poet ſits: who, having tun'd his ſtrings
Though diſſonant, yet muſical, thus ſings.
From *Jove*, O Muſe, my Mother, draw my verſe;
All bow to *Jove*: *Jove*'s power we oft rehearſe.
And late of Giants ſung, in lofty ſtrains,
Foil'd by his thunder on *Phlegræan* plains.
Now, in a lower tune, to lovely boyes
Belov'd of Gods, turn we our ſofter laies:
And Women well deſerving puniſhment,
On interdicted luſt, with fury bent.
Heavens King young *Ganymed* inflames with love;
There was what *Jove* would rather be than *Jove*:
Yet daigns no other ſhape than hers that bears
His awful lightning in her golden ſears.
Who forthwith ſtooping with deceitful wings,
Truſs'd up *Iliades* by *Ida*'s ſprings.
Who now for *Jove* (though jealous *Juno* ſcouls)
Delicious Nectar fills in flowing bowls.
And *Amyclides*, thee in azure ſkies
Had *Phœbus* fixt, if cruel Deſtinies
Had not prevented: yet in ſome ſort made
Eternal. For, as oft as Springs invade
Sharp Winters, and to *watrie Piſces* yields;
So oft renew'd, thy Flower adorns the fields.
My fathers love to thee did many excel,
Their preſident the *Delphians* miſs, who dwell
On round Earths navel: while the God of Beams,
Haunts wall-leſs *Sparta*, and *Eurotas* ſtreams.
Now, neither for his Harp, nor quiver, cares;
Himſelf debaſing, beares the corded ſnares;

Or leads the Dogs; or clambers Mountains, led
By Lordly *Love*, and flames by cuſtom fed.
Now *Titan* bore his equal-diſtant Light,
Between forerunning and enſuing night:
When lightned of their garments, either ſhone
With ſuppling oyl; in ſtrife to throw the ſtone.
This ſwinging through the air firſt *Phœbus* threw:
The obvious clouds diſperſing as it flew;
On ſolid earth, though flying long, at length
Deſcends; and ſhews his art-inabling ſtrength.
Th' imprudent Boy attempts with fatal haſt
To take it up; when Earth, by boundings, caſt
The ſtone, O *Hyacinthus*, at thy head.
The Boy lookt pale; ſo lookt the God, who bled
Even in his bleeding. Raiſed from the ground;
He ſought t' aſſwage, and dry the bitter wound,
And would with herbs his flying ſoul have ſtaid:
That wound was cureleſs; art affords no aid.
As Violets, or Lillies loving ſtreams,
Or Poppy, bruiſed in their yellow ſtems,
Wither forthwith, and hang their heavy heads,
Nor raiſe themſelves, but bow to their firſt beds:
So hung his dying looks; ſo overſway'd,
His limber neck upon his ſhoulder laid.
Sweet flower, ſaid *Phœbus*, blaſted in the prime
Of thy fair youth: thy wound preſents my crime.
Thou art my grief and ſhame. This hand thy breath
Hath cruſht to air: I, author of thy death,
Yet what my fault? unleſs t' have play'd with thee,
Or lov'd thee, (O too well!) offences be.
I would, ſweet Boy, that I for thee might dye!
Or dye with thee! but ſince the fates deny
So dear a wiſh; thou ſhalt with me abide:
And ever in my memory reſide.
Our Harp, and Verſe, thy praiſes ſhall reſound;
And in thy Flower my ſorrow ſhall be found.
A valiant Hero ſhall, in time, to it
Another add; and in the ſame be writ.
While thus *Apollo* truly propheſy'd:
Behold the bloud which late the graſs had dy'd,
Was now no bloud: from whence a flower full blown
Far brighter than the *Tyrian* ſcarlet ſhone;
Which ſeem'd the ſame, or did reſemble right
A Lilly: changing but the red to white.

Nor ſo contented; (for the youth receiv'd
That grace from *Phœbus*) in the flower he weav'd
215 The ſad impreſſion of his ſighs, which bears
Ai! Ai! diſplay'd in funeral Characters.
Nor ſhame to *Sparta Hyacinth* procures;
Whoſe adoration to this day endures;
For now, as then, they yearly celebrate
The *Hyacinthian* Feaſt in ſolemn State.
220 Perhaps if *Amathus* you ask, (whoſe earth
Abounds with metals) if ſhe like the birth
Of her *Propœtides*; ſhe would reply:
As well as theirs, for their impiety,
In former time, with monſtrous horns defam'd:
Whereof they fitly were *Ceraſtæ* nam'd.
Before their doors the tragick Altar ſtood
Of *Jove* the Hoſpitable; ſtain'd with bloud
225 Of ſtranger gueſts. Who had this ſhambles ſeen,
Would think that bloud the bloud of Calves had been.
A Gueſt new ſacrific'd, fair *Cypridas*
Offended with ſuch cruel Rites as theſe,
Her towns and *Ophiuſa's* fields prepares
230 T' abandon. Yet, ſaid ſhe, what guilt of theirs
In me ſo great a deteſtation breeds?
Rather with death reward ſuch bloudy deeds;
Or exile: if from theſe extreams they 'ſcape,
What middle courſe, but to transform their ſhape?
235 When muſing to what form, ſhe caſt her look
Upon the horned Herd; who from them took
A reſolution ſo to arm their skulls:
And turns their mighty limbs to monſtrous Bulls.
Yet durſt th' obſcene *Propœtides* deny,
O *Venus*, thy all-ruling Deity.
240 The firſt that ever gave themſelves for hire
To proſtitution; urged by thy ire.
Their looks emboldned, modeſty now gone,
Convert at length to little-differing Stone.
Pygmalion ſeeing theſe to ſpend their times
So beaſt-like; frighted with the many crimes
245 That rule in Women, choſe a ſingle life:
And long forbore the pleaſure of a Wife.
Meanwhile, in Ivory with happy art
A Statue carves, ſo graceful in each part,
As Woman never equall'd it; and ſtands
Affected to the fabrick of his hands.

250 It ſeem'd a virgin, full of living flame;
That would have mov'd, if not with-held by ſhame.
Such Art his art conceal'd: which he admires:
And from it draws imaginary fires:
Then often feels it with his hands, to try
255 If 'twere a body, or cold Ivory.
Nor could reſolve. VVho kiſſing, thought it kiſt:
Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wriſt;
The fleſh impreſſing (his conceit was ſuch)
And fears to hurt it with too rude a touch.
Now flatters her; now ſparkling ſtones preſents,
260 And Orient pearl (loves witching inſtruments)
Soft-ſinging birds, each ſeveral colour'd flower,
Firſt, Lillies, painted balls, and tears that pour
From weeping trees. Rich Robes, her perſon deck;
Her fingers, rings; reflecting gems, her neck;
265 Pendants, her ears; a glittering zone, her breaſt.
In all ſhew'd well; but ſhew'd when naked, beſt.
Now lays he her upon a gorgeous bed:
VVith carpets of *Sidonian* purple ſpread.
Now calls her Wife. Her head a pillow preſt
Of plumy down, as if with ſenſe poſſeſt.
270 Now came the day of *Venus* Feſtival;
Through wealthy *Cyprus* ſolemniz'd by all.
White heifers, deckt with golden horns, by ſtrokes
Of axes fall; aſcending incenſe ſmokes.
He, with his gift before the Altar ſtands;
You Gods, if all we crave be in your hands,
275 Give me the Wife I wiſh: one like, he ſaid,
But durſt not ſay, give me my Ivory Maid.
The golden *Venus*, preſent at her feaſt,
Conceives his wiſh; and friendly ſigns expreſt.
The fire thrice blazing, thrice in flames aſpires.
To his admired Image he retires:
280 Lies down beſides her, rais'd her with his arm;
Then kiſs'd her tempting lips, and found them warm.
That leſſon oft repeats; her boſom oft
VVith amorous touches feels, and felt it ſoft.
The Ivory dimpled with his fingers, lacks
Accuſtom'd hardneſs: as *Hymettian* VVax
285 Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce
To pliant forms, by handling fram'd for uſe.
Amaz'd with doubtful joys, and hope that reels;
Again the Lover, what he wiſhes, feels.

The veins beneath his thumbs impreſſion beat:
A perfect Virgin full of juice and heat.
The *Cyprian* Prince with joy-expreſſing words,
The pleaſure-giving *Venus* thanks affords.
His lips to her he joyns, which ſeems to melt:
The bluſhing Virgin now his kiſſes felt;
And fearfully erecting her fair eyes,
Together with the light, her Lover ſpies.
Venus the marriage bleſt which ſhe had made:
And when nine Creſcents had at full diſplay'd
Their joyning horns, repleat with borrowed flame,
She *Paphus* bore: who gave that Iſle a name.
He *Cinyras* begot: who might be ſtyl'd
Of men moſt happy, if without a child.
   I ſing of horror! Daughters, far, O far
From hence remove! and you, who fathers are!
Or if my winning verſe your minds allure:
Let them no credit in this part procure.
Or if you will believe the ſame for true:
Believe withal the judgments that enſue.
If nature could permit ſo foul a Crime:
I joy for you, *Iſmarians*; for this Clime;
This World of ours; ſo diſtant from that earth,
That gave to ſuch a curſed Monſter birth.
In Coſtus, Cinnamon, and Amomum,
Rich let *Panchaia* be; let precious Gum
Sweat from her trees; affected flowers bring forth;
So't *Myrrha* bear. No new tree of that worth.
Cupid denies t'have us'd his darts therein:
And vindicates his flames from ſuch a ſin.
Alecto, with ſwoln ſnakes, and *Stygian* fire
That fury rais'd. 'Tis ſin to hate thy Sire:
This love, a greater. Princes their abodes
Leave all in parts; and for thee fall at odds:
Of all, O *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one:
So one of all be in that number none.
She knew't; and ſtriving, to her ſelf thus ſpake:
   Ah whither rape! what is't I undertake!
O Gods: O piety! divine reſpect
Of Parents guard me: and this Sin eject:
If ſo a ſin it be. No piety
Condemns ſuch *Venus*; Nature's common tie.
Horſes their fillies back, ſires Heifers bear;
Goats kids beget on thoſe whoſe kids they were;

Birds of that ſeed conceive, whereof but late
Conceiv'd themſelves: nor they degenerate.
Happy in this are thoſe! but human care
Hath fram'd malignant laws; and we who are
By nature free, malicious cuſtoms bind.
There is a Nation to their bloud more kind;
VVhere ſons their mothers, fathers daughters wed;
Affection doubled by their birth and bed.
Wo's me, that there I was not born! the place
Makes this a crime. What thoughts are theſe! hence baſe,
Hence wicked hopes. Though he all-worthy be:
Yet, as a father, muſt be lov'd by thee.
VVere I not daughter to great *Cyniras*;
All I conceive in my deſires might paſs.
Now, in that mine, not mine: proximity
Disjoyns us; nearer, were we not ſo nigh.
Hence would I fly by unreturning ways
To ſhun this ſin: dire Love my journy ſtays;
To feaſt my hungry eyes with his dear ſight,
Talk, touch and kiſs; or more, if more I might.
O wicked Virgin, canſt thou more propound!
Know'ſt thou what laws and names thy luſts confound.
Thy Father's VVhore! a Rival to thy Mother!
Thy own Son's Siſter! Mother to thy Brother!
Nor fear'ſt the *Furies* with their hiſſing hair,
VVho on the faces of the guilty ſtare,
VVith dreadful Torches! From thy foul exile
This miſchief, e're it actually defile.
Nor with thy horrid luſt infringe the law
Of powerful Nature: but in time withdraw.
VVould I, he would not: too too well inclin'd.
O that like fury would inflame his mind!
Thus ſhe. But *Cyniras*, preſt with the ſtore
Of worthy ſuters who his voice implore;
In his own choice irreſolute, demands
(Their names rehearſing) how her fancy ſtands.
She, thoughtful ſilent; gazing on his face,
Fluſht with imboſom'd flames, and wept apace.
He, taking this for maiden fear; Deſiſt
From weeping, ſaid: then dry'd her cheeks, and kiſt.
This too much pleas'd her. Once more ask'd, who
She beſt could like: reply'd, One, like to you.
Be ſtill, ſaid he, ſo pious. At that name
She hung the head, as conſcious of her blame.

'Twas now the mid of night; when Sleep beſtows
On men, and on their cares, a ſweet repoſe.
But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with raging fires;
Retracting her implacable deſires.
Deſpairs, hopes; will not, will; now ſhames, again
Deſires; nor knows what courſe to take. As when
A mighty Oak (now almoſt fell'd) his fall
On each ſide threatens; and is fear'd on all:
Even ſo her mind, impair'd with various wounds,
VVaves to and fro; and changes ſtill propounds.
No mean, no cure, was left for love but death.
Death pleas'd. Reſolv'd to choak her hated breath,
Up-ſtarting, to a beam her girdle ties.
Dear *Cinyras*, farewel, (ſhe ſoftly cries)
And of my ruin underſtand the cauſe.
That ſaid, the nooſe about her neck ſhe draws.
Her wakeful Nurſes faithful ears, they ſay,
A whiſpering heard, who in the Lobby lay;
Straight roſe; unlocks the doors; the inſtrument
Of death beholding, ſcreecht; together rent
Her hair and boſome: and, with trembling haſte,
The girdle from her pallid neck diſplac't.
Now had ſhe time to weep, t'imbrace her Care;
And ask the cauſe of ſuch accurs'd deſpair.
She, ſilent, fixes on the earth her eyes;
And grieves at death's prevented enterprize.
Baring her hoary hairs and empty breaſt,
The Nurſe, by her firſt food, and cradle, preſt
Her griefs diſcloſure. *Myrrha* turns aſide,
And ſighs. The Nurſe wou'd not be ſo deny'd.
Not only promis'd ſecrecy, but ſaid,
Tell me, my child, and entertain my aid,
My old age is not fruitleſs: charms have we,
And powerful medicines, if it fury be:
If witchcraft, magick ſhall thy torments eaſe:
If wrath of Gods, the Gods we will appeaſe
With ſacrifice. VVhat can be elſe ſurmiſ'd,
Thy fortunes by incurſions unſurpris'd;
Thy mother, and thy father, well; that name
Drew from her ſoul a ſigh, that ſcorcht like flame:
Nor in the Nurſe did this ſuſpicion move
Of ſuch a Crime: and yet ſhe ſaw 'twas Love.
Importunate to know what leaſt ſhe fears,
Laid in her lap now watred with her tears.

Sh' infolds her in her feeble arms, and ſaid;
I know thou lov'ſt: wherein (nor be afraid)
Thou maiſt on my ſedulity rely!
Nor ſhall thy father ever this deſcry.
410 At that, in fury from her lap ſhe ſprung;
Then on the bed her proſtrate body flung:
Muffling her guilty looks: Be gone, ſhe ſaid,
And ſpare the bluſhes of a wretched Maid.
Still urg'd: Be gone, repli'd; or elſe forbear
T' inquire of that which is a ſin to hear.
The Nurſe loſt in a maze: her hands with years
415 And terrour trembling (kneeling to her) rears:
Now ſpeaks her fair, now threatens to diſcloſe
(Unleſs ſhe made her privy to her woes)
Her purpos'd violence; and vowes to prove
Both ſecret, and aſſiſtant to her love.
At that, her head ſhe rais'd; her Nurſes breſt
420 With weeping bathes: oft ſtrove to have confeſt;
As oft with-held: at length ſhe hid her head,
And ſaid, O Mother, happy in thy bed!
There ends: then groans. The Nurſe cold horrour ſhook;
Now too much knowing; with a ghaſtly look,
425 Her hoary hair ſtar'd on her head: Who ſaid,
What not, that might ſo foul a luſt diſſwade.
The Virgin could not ſuch a truth deny:
But ſtands reſolv'd, or to poſſeſs or die.
Love, ſaid ſhe, and poſſeſs (there ſtops, as loth
430 To ſay, thy Sire) and bound it with an oath.
Now Matrons celebrate the yearly Feaſt
Of *Ceres*; whom long linen ſtoles inveſt:
And offer garlands of their firſt ripe corn;
Forbidden *Venus* for nine nights forborn,
435 And touch of man. In ſpotleſs ornaments,
With theſe, the Queen her ſecret Rites frequents;
Lying alone the lewdly diligent
Doth *Cinyras*, o're-charged with Wine, preſent
With proffer of true love, though falſely maskt:
440 And prais'd her beauty. Of what age being askt?
Of equal age with *Myrrha*, ſhe replies.
When bid to bring her; home in haſt ſhe highes;
Rejoyce, ſaid ſhe, I bring the victory.
Th' unhappy Virgin felt but little joy;
Each ill ſucceſs her troubled Soul divin'd:
445 And yet ſhe joy'd: ſuch diſcord rackt her mind.

Now ſilence over all the world did reign:
And ſlow *Bootes* had declin'd his Wain.
(To ſin addreſt) from heaven bright *Cynthia* flies;
Stars ſhroud their heads in clouds: Night loſt her eyes.
450 *Erigone*, *Icarius*, firſt remove:
She plac'd in Heaven for her paternal love.
Thrice ſtumbled ſhe; the funeral Owl thrice rent
The air with ominous ſhreeks: yet on ſhe went:
By pitchy night, of modeſty bereſt,
455 Her Nurſes right hand holding with her left,
And groping with the other hand, explores
Her blind acceſs. Now came ſhe to the doors
Of that dire chamber; now the way to ſin
She boldly opens; and now enters in.
Yet bloud and courage her at once forſook;
Her knees, unknitting, one another ſtrook;
460 The nearneſs to her crime removes deſire:
Who now repents, and would unknown retire.
Protracting, by the hand the Nurſe her led;
And, having rendred her unto his bed;
Here *Cinyras*, ſaid ſhe, receive thine own,
And joins their curſed boſoms. He unknown,
465 His bowels to his bed aſſumes: and chears
With comfortable words her maiden fears:
By chance he call'd her daughter, (being old)
And ſhe him father; that their names might hold.
Now his inceſtuous bed his daughter leaves,
With wicked ſeed her curſed womb conceives;
470 Who bears about the burthen of her ſhame:
Next night, and next, and next, re-acts the ſame.
When *Cinyras* who longs to ſee his Lover,
So oft imbrac't; did with a light diſcover
His ſin, and daughter. Sorrow not a word
475 Could utter: he unſheaths his ſhining ſword.
She ſwiftly flies; whom nights black ſhelter ſhields
From threatning death; and (leaves through ſpacious
(fields
Palm-clad *Arabia*, and *Panchæa* paſt;)
Now having wandred by nine Moons, at laſt
480 Reſt to her weary limbs *Sabæa* gave:
Charg'd with her womb; not knowing what to crave;
Between the hate of life, and fear of death,
Theſe thoughts ſhe utters with her fainting breath.
You Powers! If Penitency pierce your ears;
I have deſerved, nor refuſe to hear,

485 Your juſt inflictions: yet leſt I prophane
Or thoſe who live, or who in death remain,
O baniſh me from either Monarchy,
That, chang'd by you I may nor live, nor dye.
Confeſſion ſome cœleſtial pity found,
Thoſe wiſhes had their Gods. Even then the ground
450 Cover'd her legs: a downward-ſpreading root
Burſt from her toes; whoſe ever-fixing foot
Suſtain'd the lengthful bole. Bones turn to wood,
To pith her marrow, into ſap her bloud:
Her arms great branches grow, her fingers ſpine
To little twigs; her skin converts to rine.
495 Now her big womb the riſing tree poſſeſt,
Her boſom folds, and now her neck oppreſt:
VVhen ſhe, delay ill-brooking, downward ſhrunk
And vales her viſage in the cloſing trunk.
Though ſenſe, with ſhape, ſhe loſt; ſtill weeping, ſhe
500 Sheds bitter tears, which trickle from her tree:
Tears of high honour; theſe their Miſtreſs name
As yet preſerve, and ſtill ſhall bear the ſame.
This ill-got Infant, now at perfect growth
VVithin the tree, endeavours to get forth.
505 The ſtrict embracing bark her belly wrung,
VVith torment ſtretcht: nor had that grief a tongue:
Nor could ſhe call *Lucina* to her throws:
And yet the tree like one in labour ſhows;
Bows down with pains, and groans, and weeps a floud.
510 *Lucina* by her trembling branches ſtood,
Her hand impos'd, and uttered powerful words.
The yawning tree the crying Babe affords
A paſſage; whom thoſe Nymphs receive with joy,
And in his mothers tears anoint the Boy.
515 Nor envy could but praiſe his beauty: ſo
The naked *Cupids*, lively painted, ſhow.
But, leſt their habit ſome diſtinction make,
A quiver give, or his from *Cupid* take.
Time glides away with undiſcovered haſt,
520 And mocks our hopes: no wings can fly ſo faſt.
He, whom his ſiſter bore, his Grandſires ſon,
Late trees-incloſ'd, who lately life begun,
But now a moſt ſweet Infant, now as rare
A Boy, now Man, now than himſelf more fair;
And now on *Venus* for his mothers fires
Revenge inflicts: who dotingly admires,

For

525 For kiſt by quiver-bearing *Love*, his dart
By fortune raz'd her tender breaſt; with ſmart
Incenſt, ſhe thruſt him from her, nor then found
The wounds deceitful death, yet deep the wound.
Not now *Cythera* could the Lover pleaſe;
530 Nor *Paphos*, graſped with reſulting Seas,
High *Cnidos*, *Amathus*, renown'd for braſs,
Nor heaven frequents; her heaven *Adonis* was:
Him wooes, accompanies, beſides him lies
In grateful ſhades, and ſtrives to pleaſe his eyes.
Now like *Diana* ſhe her ſelf attires; (Briers:
535 And trips o're Hills and Rocks, through Brakes and
Hollows the Hound; purſuing beaſts of chaſe,
Bucks, high-horn'd Harts, and Harts who fly apace:
540 But rapefull Wolves, rough Bears, fell Boars eſchews;
And Lions, whom the bloud of Beeves imbrues.
And thee, *Adonis*, her miſdoubts diſſwade
From ſuch encounters; had they been obey'd.
Who flie, ſaid ſhe, be bold in following thoſe;
Valour unſafely copes with valiant foes.
545 Sweet Boy! ſubject not me to fortunes ſtroke,
Nor cruel beaſts by nature arm'd provoke,
For fear ſuch glory but too coſtly prove.
Thy youth and beauty, though they *Venus* move,
Nor briſtled Swine, nor ſhaggy Lion touch:
Pity ne'r pierc'd the eyes nor hearts of ſuch.
550 Boars, in their crooked tuſkes lightning have;
And Lions with ſtupendous fury rave.
I hate them. Asked, why? We will relate
Old crimes, ſaid ſhe, and wonder-ſtriking fate.
But now unuſual toil my ſtrength invades;
555 And lo, yon Poplar courts us with her ſhades,
The graſs affords a bed; There let us reſt.
When, lying down, the graſs and him ſhe preſt.
Her head now in her Lovers boſom laid;
Thus (words with kiſſes intermixing) ſaid;
560 Perhaps you of a Maid have heard, who wan
The Prize in running from the ſwifteſt Man.
'Tis true, She won indeed: nor could you tell
Whether her ſpeed or beauty did excel.
Enquiring of an husband, this reply
565 *Apollo* gave. The uſe of husband flie,
O *Atalant'*: yet thou ſhalt vainly ſtrive
Againſt thy fate, and loſe thy ſelf alive.

Frighted herewith in ſhady woods ſhe lives:
And troops of preſſing Suters from her drives.
With this reply: Except out-run I be,
I am a Wife for no man; Run with me.
My bed and I, are both the winners meed;
The tardy dies. Upon this law proceed.
She, cruel: yet ſo powerful was her look,
That many a youth the peril undertook.
Hippomenes beheld this tragick ſtrife.
Will any through ſuch danger ſeek a Wife?
(Said he) and taxt their follies that purſu'd.
But when her face and naked form he view'd:
Such as is mine; or thine, wert thou a Maid:
Amaz'd! with hands up-heav'd, Forgive (he ſaid)
O you whom late I blam'd! not then I knew
The prizes worth. Love ſtill by praiſing grew:
Who wiſhes now that none might run ſo faſt:
Envies and fears: Why linger I, nor haſte
(Said he) to try my fortune? Gods ſtill aid
Th' adventurous. VVhile this in thought he ſaid;
The Virgin with a winged pace paſt by;
Though ſeeming to th' *Aonian* Youth to fly
As ſwift as *Scythian* ſhafts; her form he more
Admires; by motion lovelier than before.
The wind reverberates her ancle wings,
And whisks her ham-bound buskins purple ſtrings,
Toſſing her hair, on Ivory ſhoulders ſpread.
Her pure white body ſo receives the red,
As when carnation curtains are diſplai'd
On pure white walls, and die them with their ſhade.
VVhile this the ſtranger view'd, the race was run;
And *Atalanta*'s brows the Garland won.
The vanquiſht ſigh, and pay their forfeiture.
Nor could ſo ſad ſucceſs his fear procure:
VVho roſe, and fixing on the Maid his eyes;
VVhy ſeek you praiſe by eaſie victories?
Contend with us: if we obtain the Bays,
Our victory will not eclipſe your praiſe.
Megareus me begot, *Onchestius* bloud;
He *Neptunes*, Ruler of the ſacred floud:
Nor we degenerate. My foil your name
VVill honour, and immortalize your fame.
This while, a well-pleas'd eye ſhe on him threw:
Nor knows her wiſh; to loſe, or to ſubdue

VVhat

What God, a Foe to beauty, would deſtroy
This Youth, ſaid ſhe, who ſeeks my bed t' enjoy,
With his lifes forfeiture? If I may be
The Judge, there is not ſo much worth in me.
Nor is't this beauty moves, though it might move,
615 But that a Boy. We pity, and not love.
Beſides, his courage, and contempt of death!
Who from great *Neptunes* ſon derives his birth!
And then, his love; content to part with life,
If harder fate deny me for his Wife!
620 Be gone, O ſtranger, ſhun my bloody bed,
While yet thou mai'ſt: this match will loſe thy head.
No Virgin is there who would not be thine:
And ſuch would ſeek, whoſe luſtres darken mine.
Yet why regard I him, ſo many ſlain?
Look to thy ſelf, or periſh, ſince in vain
Admoniſht by ſuch numbers, whom this ſtrife
625 Hath ſent to death, Th' art weary of thy life.
And muſt he die, becauſe he'd live with me?
Muſt death, adventurous love, thy wages be?
This murther will our victory defame
And purchaſe hate; yet am not I in blame.
O would thou wouldſt deſiſt, and danger ſhun!
630 Or ſince ſo mad, would thou couldſt faſter run!
How Boy and Virgin glory in his face!
O poor *Hippomenes*! O would this place
Th' hadſt never ſeen! thou well deſerv'ſt to live:
Were I more happy, and hard fate would give
Me leave to marry; thou art He alone,
635 To whom my bed, and beauties ſhould be known.
Thus ſhe, who raw, and pierc'd with loves firſt touch,
Errs in her thoughts, and loves; nor knew ſo much.
Now King and People call upon the Race;
When *Neptune's* Iſſue thus implor'd thy grace.
640 O *Venus*, favour my attempts, he ſaid,
And thoſe affections, which you gave me, aid!
This friendly winds convey'd unto my ear:
I pity, and no longer help forbear.
A field there is, ſo fertile none, through all
645 Rich *Cyprus*; which they *Damaſcenus* call,
Antiquity this to my honour vow'd;
And therewithal my Temples had indow'd.
A Tree there flouriſht on that pregnant mold,
Whoſe glittering leaves, and branches, ſhone with gold;
There

Three golden Apples, gathered from that tree,
By chance I brought: and, ſo as none could ſee,
Himſelf excepted, to *Hippomenes*,
Together with their uſe, deliver'd theſe.
The trumpets ſound. Both from the Barrier ſtart,
Whoſe nimble ſteps ſcarce touch earths upper-part.
Their feet unwet, the ſea might well have born:
Or unſuppreſſed ſtalks of ſtanding corn.
Favour and Clamour, joining in remorſe,
The youth thus hearten: now thy ſpeed enforce,
Make haſt, *Hippomenes*, delay decline,
Collect thy powers: the victory is thine.
'Tis doubtful whether, what the people ſaid,
More joy'd the Heroe or *Schœneian* Maid.
How often lagg'd ſhe, when ſhe might o're-go;
And gazing on him, ſigh'd t' out-ſtrip him ſo!
Short breath from panting boſoms ſcorching flew,
The Goal far off: when *Neptune's* Nephew threw
One Apple of the three: the Maid admires;
And greedy of the ſhining fruit, retires
To catch the rolling gold: the Youth paſt by,
And all the field reſounded ſhouts of joy.
This hindrance ſhe repairs with winged haſt;
Again *Hippomenes* behind her caſt.
The ſecond fruit, thrown further than before,
Declin'd her ſteps, yet him out-ſtrips once more.
The Race now near an end, he ſaid, O ſave!
Great Goddeſs, give ſucceſs to what you gave!
And threw the ſhining gold another way
With all his vigour, to prolong her ſtay.
When I compell'd her, doubtful what to do,
To take it up, and added weight thereto,
With-held, both by diverting her purſuit,
And with the burthen of that pond'rous fruit.
But leſt my words the race in length exceed:
She was out-run, and he receiv'd his Meed.
Deſerv'd I not both thanks and frankincenſe,
Think you, *Adonis*, for his lifes defence?
He neither gave. Provok'd with ſudden rage
At this contempt, and leſt the future age
By ſuch examples ſhould my God-head ſlight,
Againſt them both I due revenge excite.
The Fane, erected by *Echion's* vow
Unto the Mother of the Gods, they now

Had paſt, obſcur'd by dark and ſecret ſhades:
When their long journy them to reſt perſwades.
690 *Hippomenes*, incenſed by my fires;
Here luſteth with unſeas'nable deſires.
A gloomy grot, much like unto a Cave,
Stood near this Fane; to which light pumice gave
A natural cover, by devotion grac'd:
Within this Cell the reverend Prieſt had plac'd
The wooden Images of ancient Gods;
695 This entring; he pollutes their chaſt abodes.
The Statues wry their looks. The Mother, crown'd
With Towers, had ſtruck them to the *Stygian* ſound;
But that ſhe thought that puniſhment too ſmall.
When yellow mains on their ſmooth ſhoulders fall;
Their arms to legs; their fingers turn to nails;
700 Their breaſts of wondrous ſtrength: their tufted tails
Whisk up the duſt; their looks are full of dread:
For ſpeech, they roar: the woods become their bed.
Theſe Lions, fear'd by others, *Cybel* checks
With curbing bits; and yokes their ſtubborn necks.
705 Theſe, O my Dear, and all ſuch kinds of beaſts
As will not turn their backs, but bend their breaſts
T' encounter with the raſh Aſſailant, ſhun:
Leſt by thy courage We be both undone.
This ſaid: thence flew ſhe, rais'd by yoked Swans.
But Valour ſuch admoniſhments with-ſtands.
710 By chance the dogs, purſuing long before
His ſcented footings, had diſlodged a Boar.
Whom, ruſhing from his covert, the bold Youth
Obliquely wounds. The Boar with crooked tooth
Writhes out the Javelin with his blood imbru'd.
Who now his ſafety-ſeeking Foe purſu'd;
715 Sheathing his tuſhes in his groin; and threw
To earth the dying Boy. The Swans that drew
Idalia's weightleſs chariot through the air,
Yet reacht not *Cyprus*: when the heavenly Fair
Thence heard his dying groans; and wheeling round,
720 Her ſilver birds directs to that ſad ſound:
But when ſhe ſaw him weltring in his Gore;
Down jumping from the skies, at once ſhe tore
Her hair and boſom: then her breaſt invades
With bitter blows; and Deſtiny upbraids.
Not all, ſaid ſhe, is ſubject to your waſt;
725 Our ſorrows monument ſhall ever laſt.

Sweet Boy! thy deaths ſad image, every year
Shall in our ſolemniz'd complaints appear.
But be thy bloud a Flower. Had *Proſerpine*
The power to change a Nymph to Mint? is mine
Inferiour? or will any envy me
For ſuch a change? This having utter'd, ſhe
Pour'd Nectar on it, of a fragrant ſmell,
Sprinkled therewith; the bloud began to ſwell;
Like ſhining bubbles, which from drops aſcend.
And e're an hour was fully at an end,
From thence a Flower, alike in colour, roſe:
Such as thoſe trees produce, whoſe fruits incloſe
Within the limber rind their purple grains,
And yet their beauty but a while remains;
For thoſe light-hanging leaves infirmly plac't,
The winds that blow on all things, quickly blaſt.

OVID's

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE TENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Serpent chang'd to Stone. Rough barks infold
The cruel Bacchanals. *To ſtarving Gold*
All turns at Midas *touch : His body laves*
In clear Pactolus, *whoſe enriched waves*
Waſh off his gold and gilt ; and Aſſes ears
His folly ſhame : the whiſp'red Secret bears
Like ſounding Reeds. Apollo, *and the Guide*
Of ſacred Seas, in human ſhapes reſide.
Forc'd Thetis *varies forms.* Dædalion
T' a Falcon turn'd. A Wolf congeal'd to Stone.
Morpheus *to mortals,* Phobetor *to Brutes,*
And Phantaſus *to ſhapes inanimate ſutes.*
Transform'd Halcyone *and* Cyx *fly.*
So Æſacus, *who vainly ſtrives to die.*

THus while the *Thracian* Poet with his ſongs
Beaſts, Trees, and Stones, attracts in following
Behold, *Ciconian* Dames (their furious breaſts (throngs:
Clad with the ſpotted skins of ſalvage beaſts)
The ſacred Singer from an hill eſpy'd,
As he his ditty to his Harp apply'd;
Of theſe, one cry'd, and toſs'd her ſtaring hair;
Lo he who hates our Sex ! then threw her ſpear
At his melodious mouth ; which Ivy bound,
Kiſt his affected lips without a wound.

An other

10 Another hurls a ſtone; this, as it flew,
His voice and Harps according tunes ſubdue;
Which ſelf-accus'd for ſuch a rude aſſay,
Before his feet, as in ſubmiſſion, lay:
Raſh violence, all mean exceed, increaſt;
And mad *Erynnis* reign'd in every breaſt.
15 His ſongs had all their weapons charm'd, if noiſe
Of *Berecynthian* ſhalms, clapt hands, loud cries,
Drums, howling *Bacchanals*, with frantick ſound
Had not his all-appeaſing muſick drown'd.
The ſtones then bluſh with ſilenc'd *Orpheus* bloud.
20 But firſt on raviſht beaſts that liſtning ſtood,
On Fowl, and Serpents, they their ſpite infer;
And raze the glory of his Theater.
Then all with cruel hands about him fly:
And flock like birds, when they by day eſpy
25 The bird of Night. And as a Stag at bay,
In th' Amphitheater now made a prey
To eager hounds: ſo they together flung
Their leavy ſpears, not fram'd for ſuch a wrong;
Some clods, ſome arms of trees, ſome ſtones let fly.
30 And leſt wild Rage ſhould weapons want, hard by,
By chance ſlow Oxen drew the furrowing ploughs;
And Swains, providing food with ſweating brows,
Digg'd with their brawny arms: who fear-inclin'd,
35 Before them fled, and left their tools behind.
Their Mattocks, Rakes, and Spades diſperſed lay
About the empty fields: theſe ſnatcht away,
(The ploughs from threatning Oxen torn) their hate
Hurries them back unto the Poets fate.
Him, holding up his hands, who then in vain
40 Firſt ſpent his breath, nor pity could obtain,
That Rout of ſacrilegious Furies ſlew!
Even through that mouth, (O *Jupiter*) which drew
From ſtones attention, which affection bred
In Salvage beaſts, his forced ſpirits fled!
Sad birds, wild herds, hard flints, and woods, of late
45 Led by thy verſe, then wept: at thy ſad fate
Trees ſhed their leaves; ſtreams with their tears in-
(creaſt.
The *Naiades* and *Dryades* inveſt
Themſelves in ſullen ſable, and diſplay
Their ſcattered hair. Thy limbs diſperſed lay.
50 His head and harp they into *Hebrus* flung,
The harp ſounds ſomething ſadly; the dead tongue
Sighs

Sighs out ſad ditties : the banks ſympathize
(That bound the River) in their ſad replies.
Now them to Sea their native currents bore ;
Both caſt upon *Methymnian Lesbos* ſhoar.
A Dragon on the foreign ſand prepares
To ſeize his head, and lick his dropping hairs.
When gaping to devour the Hymniſts face,
Phœbus defends ; and in that very ſpace,
Into a ſtone converts him by his power,
With jaws extended ready to devour.
His Ghoſt retires to under-ſhades ; once more
He ſees, and knows, what he had ſeen before.
Then through th' *Elyſian* fields among the bleſt
Seeks his *Euridice*. Now re-poſſeſt
With ſtrict imbraces, guided by one mind,
They walk together ; oft he comes behind,
Oft goes before ; now *Orpheus* ſafely may
His following *Euridice* ſurvey.
Yet *Bacchus* renders vengeance for their hate.
Who vexed at his Prophets cruel fate,
Fixt all th' *Edonian* Dames that then were by
With ſpreading roots ; and who more eagerly
Purſu'd his death, their toes he deeper drew
Within the ſolid earth, which down-ward grew.
And even as fowl, whoſe feet intangled are
Within the ſubtil fowlers ſecret ſnare,
Become by fearful fluttering faſter bound,
So, each of theſe, now cleaving to the ground,
With terrour ſtruggle to eſcape in vain ;
For faſter-binding roots their flight reſtrain.
One, looking for her nails, her toes, her feet ;
Behold, her twining legs in timber meet :
In paſſion, thinking to have ſtruck her thighs,
She ſtrikes her breaſts, hard Oak her breaſts ſupplies ;
Her ſhoulders ſuch : her arms appear to grow
In natural branches ; and indeed did ſo.
Nor thus content, their fields *Lyæus* leaves :
Whom *Tmolus*, with a better troop receives,
And ſwift *Pactolus*, who did then infold
No precious ſands nor grains of envi'd gold.
Satyres and *Bacchanals* to him repair,
His uſual train ; *Silenus* then not there,
Him erſt the *Phrygian* Rurals reeling found
With age and wine ; and now, with Ivy crown'd,

To *Midas* bring, whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught,
And ſage *Eumolpus* from *Cecropia* brought.
When known to be his partner in thoſe Rites;
Full twice five days, with their ſucceeding nights,
He entertain'd him with a ſumptuous feaſt.
Eleven times *Lucifer* the ſtars ſuppreſt:
When, with mild mirth, he treads the *Lydian* fields;
And to the God his foſter-father yields.
He in his ſafe return doth much rejoyce;
Whoſe bounty *Midas* fruſtrates by his choice.
For, will'd to wiſh; Let all, ſaid he, I touch
Convert to gold. His ignorance was ſuch.
Forthwith to him his wiſh *Lyæus* gives:
And at his folly not a little grieves.
But in his curſe the *Berecynthian* joys;
And homeward bound, the truth by touching tries.
Scarce truſting his own ſenſe, a tree bereaves
Of ſlender boughs, they ſhone with golden leaves.
Takes up a ſtone; that ſtone pale gold became:
Takes up a clod; the clod preſents the ſame:
Crops ſtalks of corn; theſe yield a ſheaf of gold:
An Apple pulls; therein you might behold
Th' *Heſperian* purchaſe: toucht by him alone
The marble pillars with rich metal ſhone.
And when he waſht; that water, ſhowr'd in rain,
Might ſimple *Danae* have deceiv'd again.
His breaſt ſcarce holds his hopes; whoſe fancy wrought
On golden wonders: when his ſervants brought
Meat to the table. Sooner had not he
Toucht *Ceres* bounty, but that prov'd to be
A ſhining maſs: the carved viands ſtraight
Between his greedy teeth convert to plate.
About to drink mixt wine; you might behold
His thirſty jaws o're-flow with liquid gold.
Struck with ſo ſtrange a plague: (both rich and poor;)
He hates, and ſhuns the wealth he wiſht before.
His plenty feeds him not; he burns with thirſt:
By loathed gold deſervedly accurſt.
Then lifting up his ſhining arms, thus pray'd:
Father *Lenæus*, O, afford thy aid!
I have offended; pity thou, and me
From this ſo glorious a miſchief free:
The gentle power the penitent reſtor'd:
And for his faith, affords what he implor'd.

Leſt all-wiſht gold about him ſtill abide;
Go, ſaid he, to thoſe Chryſtal ſtreams that glide
By potent *Sardis*: keep the banks that lead
Along th' encountring Current to his head.
There, where the guſhing fountain foams, dive in:
And, with thy body, waſh away thy ſin.
The King obeys: who in the fountain leaves
That golden virtue, which the Spring receives.
And ſtill thoſe ancient ſeeds theſe waters hold:
Who gild their ſhoars with glittering grains of gold.
He, hating wealth, in woods and fields beſtows
His time with *Pan*; whom mountain Caves incloſe.
Yet his croſs wit remains: his ſhallow brain,
And ſottiſh ſenſes puniſh him again.
High *Tmolus* with a ſteep aſcent diſplays
His rigid brows, and under-ſeas ſurveys;
VVhoſe ſtretcht-out baſes here to *Sardis* join;
There to *Hypæpis*, girt in ſmall confine.
VVhere boaſting *Pan*, while he his verſe doth praiſe
To tender Nymphs, and pipes to rural lays;
Before *Apollo*'s durſt his ſongs prefer.
They meet (ill-matcht) great *Tmolus* arbiter.
Th' old Judge on his Mountain ſits; and clears
His ears from trees: alone a garland wears
Of Oak, with Acorns dangling on his brow.
VVho thus beſpake the God of Shepherds, Now
Your Judge attends. He blows his wax-bound reeds,
And *Midas* fancy with rude numbers feeds.
The ſacred *Tmolus* to divine *Apollo*,
Converts his looks: his words his motion follow.
He, his long yellow hair with Laurel bound,
Clad in a *Tyrian* robe that ſwept the ground,
A Viol holds, with ſparkling gems inchas'd,
And *Indian* teeth; the bow his right hand grac'd.
A perfect Artiſt ſhew'd. Then ſweetly play'd,
VVhen *Tmolus*, raviſht with his muſick, ſaid,
Pan to the Viol yield thy ruder reed.
All like of what the Mountain had decreed,
But *Midas* only; whoſe exclaims traduce
The Cenſure. *Phœbus* for this groſs abuſe
Transforms his ears, his folly to declare;
Stretcht out in length, and cover'd with gray hair:
Inſtable, and now apt to move. The reſt
The former figure of a man poſſeſt.

Puniſht in that offending part; who bears
180 Upon his skull a ſlow-pac'd Aſſes ears.
He ſtrives to cover ſuch a foul defame:
And with a red *Tiara* hides his ſhame.
But this his ſervant ſaw that cut his hair:
Who big with ſecrets, neither durſt declare
185 His Sovereigns ſeen deformity, nor yet
Could hold his peace. Who digs a ſhallow pit,
And therein ſoftly whiſpers his diſgrace:
190 Then turning in the earth forſook the place.
A tuft of whiſpering Reeds from thence there grows;
Which coming to maturity, diſcloſe
The husbandman: and by ſoft South-winds blown
195 Repeat his words, and his Lords ears make known.
Reveng'd *Apollo*, leaving *Tmolus*, flies
Through liquid air; and on the Land which lies
On that ſide *Helles* ſtraightned ſurges ſtands;
Where far-obey'd *Laomedon* commands.
Between *Rhœteum* and *Sygeum* ſtood
An ancient Altar, high above the floud,
Vow'd to the *Panomphæan* Thunderer:
200 From whence he ſaw the King begin to rear
New *Troy's* ſcarce-founded walls; with what ado,
And with how great a charge they ſlowly grew.
Who, with the father of the ſwelling Main,
Indues a Mortal ſhape: both entertain
205 Themſelves for unregarded gold to build
The *Phrygian* Tyrants walls. That work fulfill'd;
The King their promiſed reward denies:
And falſhood by forſwearing multiplies.
Revengeful *Neptune* his wild waves unbound;
210 Which all the ſhoars of greedy *Ilium* drown'd,
And make the Land a Lake: the country Swain
His labour loſt beneath that liquid Plain.
Beſides, the daughter of the King demands:
Who chained to a Rock, expoſed ſtands
To feed a Monſter of the Sea; ſet free
By ſtrenuous *Hercules*. Yet could not He
215 The horſes of *Laomedon* enjoy,
His valours hire: who ſacks twice perjur'd *Troy*;
And gives his fellow-Soldier *Telamon*
Heſione: for *Peleus* now had won
A Deity; nor in his Grandfather
Took greater pride, than in his Sire by her.

For *Jupiter* had nephews more than one:
But he a Goddeſs had eſpous'd alone.
For aged *Proteus* had fore-told the truth
To wave-wet *Thetis*: Thou ſhalt bear a Youth,
Greater than him, from whom he took his birth,
In arms and fame. Leſt any thing on earth
Should be more great than *Jove*, *Jove* ſhuns the bed
Of Sea-thron'd *Thetis*, though her beauty led
His ſtrong deſires: Who bids *Æacides*
Succeed his love, and wed the Queen of Seas.
 A Bay within *Æmonia* lies, that bends
Much like an arch, and far-ſtretcht arms extends:
Which were, if deep, an harbour lockt by land;
Where ſhallow Seas o're-ſpred the yellow ſand.
The ſolid ſhoar (whereon no Sea-weed grows)
Nor clogs the way, nor print of footing ſhows.
Hard by, a Myrtle grove affords a ſhade:
In this, a Cave; rather, though doubtful, made
By Art than Nature: Hither *Thetis* ſwims
On Dolphins back, here laid her naked limbs.
In this the ſleeping Goddeſs *Peleus* caught:
Who, when ſhe could not by his words be wrought,
Attempts to force, and claſpt her in his arms.
And, had ſhe not aſſum'd her uſual charms
In varying ſhapes, he had his will obtain'd;
Now turns t' a fowl, yet he her flight reſtrain'd;
Now ſeems a maſſie tree adorn'd with leaves;
Cloſe to the bole th' enamour'd *Peleus* cleaves.
A ſpotted Tygreſs ſhe preſents at laſt;
When he, with terrour ſtruck, his arms unclaſpt:
Who pouring wine on Seas, thoſe Gods implores;
And with perfumes and ſacrifice adores:
Till the *Carpathian* Prophet rais'd his head,
And ſaid; *Æacides*, enjoy her bed.
Do thou but bind her in her next ſurprize,
When in her cold moiſt cave ſhe ſleeping lies:
And though ſhe take a thouſand ſhapes, let none
Diſmay; but hold, till ſhe reſume her own.
This *Proteus* ſaid, and div'd to the Profound:
His later word in his own waters drown'd.
Now haſty *Titan* to *Heſperian* Seas
Deſcends; when beauteous *Thetis*, bent to eaſe,
Forſook the floud, and to her Cave repair'd.
No ſooner ſhe by *Peleus* was inſnar'd;

But forthwith varies forms; until ſhe found
Her virgin-limbs within his fetters bound.
Then, ſpreading forth her arms, She ſighing ſaid,
Thou haſt ſubdu'd by ſome immortal aid:
Appears her ſelf; nor his embrace repell'd,
Whoſe pregnant womb with great *Achilles* ſwell'd.
  Happy was *Peleus* in his ſon and wife:
And had not *Phocus* murther ſoil'd his life,
All fortunate. With brothers bloud defil'd,
Thee *Thracis* harbours, from thy home exil'd.
Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigour, reign'd;
The ſon of *Lucifer*; whoſe looks retain'd
His fathers luſtre: Then diſconſolate,
Nor like himſelf for his loſt brothers fate.
Hither, with travel tir'd, and clogg'd with cares,
The baniſht with a ſlender train repairs:
His flocks and herds, with men for their defence,
Left in a ſhady vale not far from thence.
Conducted to his royal preſence, He
With Olive brancht, down bending to his knee,
His name and birth declares: The murther masks
With forged cauſe of flight: A dwelling asks
In field, or city. *Ceyx* thus replies;
Our hoſpitable bounty open lies
To men of vulgar rank: What owes it then
To your high ſpirit, ſo renown'd by men
Of monumental praiſe? Whoſe bloud extracts
His ſource from *Jove*, improved by your acts?
To ſue, is times abuſe: Your worth aſſures
Your full deſires; of all, the choice is yours:
I wiſh it better. And then wept. The cauſe
Jove's Nephew asks: When, after a ſhort pauſe;
  Perhaps you think this Bird which lives by rape,
To all a terrour, ever had that ſhape.
He was a man, as conſtant in his mind
As fierce in war, to great attempts inclin'd.
Dædalion nam'd; ſprung from that Star which wakes
The dewy Morn; the laſt that heaven forſakes.
Affected peace I foſter'd, with the rites
Of nuptial joys: He joy'd in bloudy fights.
His valour Kingdoms with their Kings ſubdu'd,
By whom the *Thisbian* Doves are now purſu'd.
His daughter *Chione*, whoſe beauty drew
A thouſand ſutors, ripe for marriage grew.

By fortune *Phœbus* and the ſon of *Mai'*,
From *Delphos*, and *Cyllene*, came this way:
Here meeting, look, and like. The God of Light
Defers his joy-imbracing hopes till night.
Hermes ill-brooks delay: Who on her laid
His drowzy rod, and forc'd the ſleepy Maid.
Night ſpangs the skies with ſtars. An old-wives ſhape
Apollo took, and ſeconds *Hermes* rape.
Now when the fulneſs of her time drew nigh,
Autolichus was born to *Mercury*.
Nor from the Sire the Son degenerates,
Cunning in theft, and wily in all ſleights:
Who could with ſubtilty deceive the ſight;
Converting white to black, and black to white.
To *Phœbus* (for ſhe bears two ſons) belongs
Philammon, famous for his harp, and ſongs.
What is't t' have had two ſons? Two Gods t' inflame
A valiant Father? *Jupiter* the ſame?
Is glory fatal? Sure 'twas ſo to her:
Who to *Diana's* durſt her face confer,
And blame her beauty. With a cruel look,
She ſaid; Our deeds ſhall right us. Forthwith to
Her bow, and bent it; which ſhe ſtrongly drew;
And through her guilty tongue the arrow flew.
It bleeds; of ſpeech and ſound at once bereſt:
And life, with bloud, her falling body left.
What grief (O piety!) oppreſt my heart!
What ſaid I not, t' aſſwage my brothers ſmart!
Who hears me ſo, as rocks the roaring waves
That beat their brows; and for his Daughter raves.
But when he ſaw her burn, four times aſſail'd
To ſack the flamy Pile: As often fail'd.
Then turns his heels to flight (much like a Bull
By Hornets ſtung) whom ſcratching brambles pull;
Yet ſeem'd to run far faſter than a man,
As if his feet had wings; and all out-ran.
Who ſwift in chaſe of wiſhed death, aſcends
Parnaſſus top. As he his body bends
To jump from down-right cliffs, compaſſionate
Apollo, with light wings, prevents his fate:
With beak and tallons arm'd; with ſtrength repleat
Above his ſize: His courage ſtill as great.
This Falcon, friend to none, all fowl purſu'th:
And grieving, is the cauſe of common ruth.

As *Ceyx* thus his brothers change relates:
Phocean Anetor ruſheth through the gates;
(Who kept the Herd) and cri'd (half out of breath)
350 *Peleus*, I bring thee news of loſs and death.
Report, ſaid *Peleus*, we are bent to bear
The worſt of fortunes. While the King with fear
Hangs on his tongue. He, panting, ſtill afeard:
To winding ſhoars we drave the weary Herd.
When *Phœbus* from the height of all the skie,
355 The East and Weſt beheld with equal eye.
A part on yellow ſands their limbs diſplay,
And from their reſt the wavy fields ſurvey:
While other ſlowly wander here and there:
Some ſwim in Seas, and lofty fore-heads rear.
360 A Fane, undeckt with gold, or *Parian* ſtone,
Of blocks adjoins; within a grove o're-grown.
This the *Nereides* and *Nereus* hold:
By Sea-men, who there dri'd their nets, ſo told.
Near it, a Mariſh, thick with Sallow, ſtood;
365 Made plaſhy by the interchanging floud.
A Wolf, a monſtrous beaſt; with hideous noiſe
That frights the confines from thoſe thickets flies.
His lightning jaws with bloud and foam beſmear'd:
In whoſe red eyes two darting flames appear'd.
370 Though fell with rage and famine; yet his rage
More greedy far: Nor hunger ſeeks t' aſſwage
With bloud of Beeves, and ſo ſurceaſe; but all
He meets with, wounds; inſulting in their fall.
Nor few of us, while we his force withſtood,
375 Fell by his cruel phangs. The ſhoar with bloud,
With bloud the Sea-brim bluſht, and bellowing Lakes.
Delay is loſs; who doubts; himſelf forſakes.
Arm, arm, while ſomething yet is left to loſe:
And joining force, this mortal plague oppoſe.
380 The Herdſman ends. Nor did this loſs incenſe
Æacides; remembring his offence:
Born, as the juſtice of ſad *Pſamathe*,
To celebrate her *Phocus* Obſequie.
The King commands his men to arm: Provides
To go in perſon. Buſie rumour guides
385 This to *Alcyone*: Her paſſion bare
Her ſwiftly thither; running with her hair
Half uncompos'd; and, that diſordering, clung
About her neck: Then weeps; and with a tongue

That ſcarce could ſpeak, intreats, that they alone
Might go; nor hazard both their lives in one.
To whom *Æacides*: Fair Queen, forbear
(Too much your bounty flows) your vertuous fear.
No force avails in ſuch extreams as theſe:
'Tis pray'r that muſt the Sea-thron'd Power appeaſe.
A lofty Tower within a fortreſs ſtood;
A friend to wandring ſhips that plow the floud;
They this aſcend; and ſighing, ſee the ſhoar
With cattel ſtrew'd; the Spoiler drencht in gore.
Here *Peleus* fixt on Seas, with knees that bend,
Blue-*Pſamathe* implores, at length to end
The juſtice of her wrath. She from his ſpeech
Diverts her ears: Till *Thetis* did beſeech,
And got her husband's pardon: Nor yet could
The ſalvage Wolf from thirſt of bloud withhold;
Till ſhe the beaſt, as he an Heifer ſlew,
Transform'd to Marble; differing but in hue;
All elſe intire. The colour of the ſtone
Shews him no Wolf: Now terrible to none.
Yet fate would not permit *Æacides*
To harbour here; nor found in exile eaſe;
Till at *Magneſia*, in an happy time
Acaſtus purg'd him from his bloudy crime.
   Mean-while perplext with former prodigies,
Both of his neice and brother; to adviſe
With ſacred Oracles, the joys of men,
Ceyx prepares for *Claros*. *Phorbas* then,
With his *Phlegian* hoſt, alike prophane,
The paſſage ſtopt to *Delphian Phœbus* Fane.
Yet firſt to thee his ſecret purpoſe told,
Faith-crown'd *Alcyone*. An inward cold
Shot through her bones: Her changing face appears
As pale as box, bedewed with her tears.
Thrice ſtrove to ſpeak, thrice weeps through deep con-
Sobs interrupting her divine complaint, (ſtraint;
   What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy mind?
Where is that love that late ſo clearly ſhin'd?
Canſt thou thy ſelf enjoy, from me remov'd?
Do long ways pleaſe? Is now my abſence lov'd?
Yet didſt thou go by land, I ſhould alone
Grieve without fear: Now both combine in one.
Seas fright me with their tragical aſpect;
Of late I ſaw them on the ſhoar eject

There ſcattered wracks: And often have I read
Sad names on ſepulchres that want their dead.
Nor let falſe hopes thy confidency pleaſe;
In that my father, great *Hippotades*,
The ſtruggling winds in rocky caverns keeps,
And at his pleaſure calms the raging Deeps.
They, once broke looſe, ſubmit to no command;
But rage through all the Sea, on all the Land;
Perplex the clouds, with ſtern encounters roar,
And ſtrike forth flames. I fear, by knowledge, more.
Theſe knew I, and oft ſaw their rude comport;
While yet a Girl, within my fathers Court.
But if my prayer no favour can procure;
And that, alas, thy going be too ſure;
Take me along: Let both one fortune bear;
Then ſhall I only what I ſuffer fear.
Together ſail we on the toiling Main:
And equally whatever hap ſuſtain.
Thus ſpake *Alcyone*: Whoſe ſorrows melt
Her ſtar-like Spouſe; nor he leſs paſſion felt.
Yet neither would his firſt intent forſake,
Nor her a Partner in his danger make.
Much ſaid he to aſſwage her troubled breaſt;
As much in vain. This adds unto the reſt,
(Which anſwer only could her paſſion tame)
All ſtay is irkſom; by my Father's flame,
I ſwear, if fate permit, return I will
E're twice the Moon her ſhining Creſcents fill.
Reviv'd with promiſe of ſo ſhort a ſtay;
He bids them launch the ſhip without delay,
And fit her tacklings. This renews her fears;
Preſaging ill ſucceſs: Abortive tears
Flow from their Springs; then kiſt; a ſad farewel,
Long firſt, at length ſhe takes, and ſwooning, fell
The Seamen call aboard; in double ranks
Reduce their oars, up-riſing from their Banks
With equal ſtroakes. She rears her humid eyes,
And firſt her husband on the poop eſpies
Shaking his hand: That, anſwers. Now from ſhoar
The veſſel drives, and thence her object bore:
Her following eyes the flying ſhip purſue;
That loſt, the ſails her eager gazes drew.
When all had left her, to her chamber goes,
And on the empty bed her body throws.

The bed and place, with tears to mind recal
That abſent part, which gave eſteem to all.
Now far from Port, the winds began to blow
On quivering ſhrouds; their Oars the Sailers ſtow;
Then hoiſe their Yards a trip, and all their ſails
At once let fall to catch th' approaching gales.
The ſhip ſcarce half her courſe, or ſure no more,
By this had run; far off from either ſhoar;
When, deep in night; fierce *Eurus* ſtiffly blew,
And high-wrought Seas with chafing foamy grew.
Strike, ſtrike the Top-ſail, let the Main-ſhear fly,
And furl your Sails, the Maſter cry'd; his cry
The bluſtring winds and roaring Seas ſuppreſs:
Yet of their own accord in this diſtreſs
They ply their tasks: Some ſieling yards beſtride
And take in Sails; ſome ſtop on either ſide
The yawning leaks; ſome Seas on Seas eject.
While thus Diſorder toils to ſmall effect,
The bitter ſtorm augments; the wild winds wage
War from all parts, and join with *Neptune*'s rage.
The Maſter, loſt in terrour, neither knew
The ſtate of things, what to command, or do;
Confeſſing ignorance, ſo huge a maſs
Of ills oppreſt which ſlighted Arts ſurpaſs.
Loud cries of men reſound; with ratling ſhrouds,
Flouds juſtling flouds, and thunder-craſhing clouds.
Now toſſing Seas appear to touch the sky,
And wrap their curls in clouds, frotht with their ſpry:
The ſand now from the bottom lave, and take
Their ſwarter die; now black, as *Stygian* lake;
Sometimes depreſt, with hiſſing foam all white,
The *Trachin* ſhip ſuch horrid changes fright.
Which now, as from a mountain rockt with flaws,
Views under-vales, and *Acheron*'s dark jaws;
Now head-long with the tumbling billows fell;
And Heaven ſurveys from that low depth of Hell.
Her wave-beat ſides an hideous noiſe report;
As when a battering Ram beats down a Fort.
As chafed Lions, whom no terrours fright,
Ruſh on extended ſteel with horrid might:
So Seas invade with ſtorm-imbatled power
The ſhips defence; and o're her hatches tower.
Her yielding planks now ſpring: Stern *Neptune* raves,
Charging her breaches with his deadly waves,

The prodigal clouds in ſhowers their ſubſtance ſpend,
Ambitious Seas to gloomy heaven aſcend:
All heaven deſcending to the lofty Main:
At leaſt ſo ſeem. Sails ſuck the falling rain;
Show'rs join with flouds. No friendly ſtar now ſhone:
Blind Night in darkneſs, tempeſts, and her own
Dread terrours loſt: Theſe horrid lightning turns
To light more fear'd; the Sea with lightning burns.
Now vaulting flouds her upper deck oppreſt.
And as a Souldier, braver than the reſt,
'Tempting to ſcale the walls with loſs aſſaies,
At length enjoys his hopes; and ſpurr'd with praiſe,
Among a thouſand only ſtands the ſhock:
So, while aſſailing waves the veſſel rock,
The tenth bold billow ruſheth in, nor ſinks
Until the ſhip beneath his fury ſhrinks.
Thoſe Seas, without, the labouring bark aſſail:
Theſe rack her hold. All tremble and look pale;
As at a ſiege, when foes enforce a wall,
While ſome within to execution fall.
Art fails, hearts ſink: On every riſing wave
Death ſits in triumph: And preſents a grave.
He weeps; he ſtands amaz'd; he calls them bleſt,
Whom funerals grace: He vows to heaven addreſt,
Looking at what he ſees not, and beſought
The Gods in vain: He on his parents thought,
His children, houſe, and what he left behind.
Alcyone poſſeſt all *Ceyx* mind.
Her only names, now in her abſence joy'd,
Whoſe preſence was in heaven: And had employ'd
His eyes laſt duty, to deſcry the way
To her abode, but knew not where it lay.
The giddy Seas ſo whirl, ſuch pitchy clouds
Obſcure the sky, Night two-fold darkneſs ſhrouds:
Loud-howling whirlwinds over-board now bore
The ſhivered Maſt; and now the Rudder tore.
A billow, with theſe ſpoils encourag'd, raves;
Who Victor-like contemns the under-waves:
Nor lighter falls, than if ſome God had torn
Pindus and *Athos* from their roots, up-born
As high as heaven, and tumbled on the Main.
Nor could the ſhip ſuch force and weight ſuſtain:
But to the bottom ſinks: Moſt of her men
The Seas infold; who never ſeen again,

560 Accompliſhed their fates: While others ſwim
On ſcattered planks, a plank upholding him
Who late a Scepter held. His father-in-law,
And father, now invokes: But could not draw
(Alas!) from either ſuccour. Still his Wife
Runs in his thoughts, in that ſhort ſpan of life
565 He wiſht the waves would caſt him on the ſands
Of *Trachis*, to be buried by her hands.
Who ſwimming, ſighs *Alcyone* her name
His laſt of ſpeech; in Seas conceives the ſame.
Behold, an arch of waters, black as hell,
570 Aſunder breaks: The breaking ſurges quell
Their ſinking Burthen. *Lucifer* that night
Became obſcure; nor could you ſee his light;
And ſince he might not render up his place,
With pitchy clouds immur'd his darkned face.
Mean-while *Alcyone* (his fate unknown)
575 Computes the tedious nights; by day wrought on
A garment for her Lord; another makes
To wear, her ſelf! Whoſe flattering hope miſtakes
In his return. Who holy fumes preſents
To all the Gods; but moſt of all frequents
The Fane of *Juno*: At her altars pray'd
580 For him that was not. Grant ſucceſs! (ſhe ſaid)
A quick return! Give he may ſigh to none!
Of all her prayers the laſt ſucceeds alone.
The melting Goddeſs could no longer brook
Her death-croſt prayers; but from her altar ſhook
585 Her tainted hand; and thus to *Iris* ſpake:
Haſte faithful Meſſenger, thy journy take
To drowzie *Sleep*'s dim palace: Bid him ſend
A dream, that may preſent the woeful end
Of *Ceyx* to *Alcyone*. This ſaid;
590 She, in a thouſand-coloured robe array'd,
Her ample Bow from heaven to earth extends;
And in a cloud to his abode deſcends.
Near the *Cimmerians* lurks a Cave, in ſteep
And hollow hills, the Manſion of dull *Sleep*:
595 Not ſeen by *Phœbus* when he mounts the skies,
At height, nor ſtooping: Gloomy miſts ariſe
From humid earth, which ſtill a twilight make.
No creſted fowls ſhrill crowings here awake
The chearful Morn: No barking Sentinel
600 Here guards; nor Geeſe, who wakeful dogs excel.

Beaſts tame, nor ſalvage; no wind-ſhaken boughs,
Nor ſtrife of jarring tongues, with noiſes rouze
Secured eaſe. Yet from the Rock a Spring,
With ſtreams of *Lethe* ſoftly murmuring,
605 Purls on the Pebbles, and invites Repoſe.
Before the Entry pregnant Poppy grows,
With numerous Simples; from whoſe juicy birth
Night gathers ſleep, and ſheds it on the Earth.
No doors here on their creeking hinges jarr'd:
610 Throughout this Court there was no door, nor guard.
Amid the *Heben* Cave a downy bed
High-mounted ſtands, with ſable coverings ſpred.
Here lay the lazy God, diſſolv'd in reſt.
Fantaſtick dreams, who various forms expreſt,
615 About him lay: Than Autumn's ears far more;
Or leaves of trees, or ſands on *Neptune*'s ſhoar.
The Virgin entring, parts the obvious Dreams:
And fills the ſacred Concave with the beams
Of her bright robe. The God with ſtrife disjoins
620 His ſieled lids; again his head declines,
And knocks his chin againſt his breaſt. Anon
Sleep caſts off ſleep; and ſoftly leaning on
His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why
She thither came? When *Iris* made reply;
Thou Reſt of things, moſt meek of all the Gods;
625 O Sleep, the Peace of minds, from whoſe abodes
Care ever flies; reſtoring the decay
Of toil-tir'd limbs to labour-burd'ning Day;
Send thou a Dream, reſembling truth, in poſt
T' *Herculean Trachis*; that like *Ceyx* Ghoſt,
May to *Alcyone* his wrack unfold,
630 *Saturnia* this commands. Her meſſage told,
Iris withdrew; who could the power of Sleep
Reſiſt no longer. When ſhe found it creep
Upon her yielding ſenſes, thence ſhe flies:
And by her painted Bow remounts the ſkies.
The Sire among a thouſand ſons, excites
635 Shape-feigning *Morpheus*: Of whoſe brother Sprights
None (bid t' aſſume) with ſubtler cunning can
Uſurp the geſture, viſage, voice of man,
His habit, and known phraſe. He only takes
An human form: Another ſhews a Snakes,
640 A Birds, a Beaſts. This *Icelos* they call,
Whom heaven imbow'r; though *Phobetor* by all

Of mortal birth. Next *Phantaſus*; but he,
Of different faculty indues a tree,
Earth, water, ſtone, the ſeveral ſhapes of things
That life enjoy not. Theſe appear to Kings,
645 And Princes in deep night: The reſt among
The vulgar ſtray. Of all the airy throng
Their aged father only *Morpheus* choſe
To act *Thaumantia*'s charge. His eyes then cloſe
Their drowzy lids, and hanging down his head,
650 Opprest with ſlumber, ſhrinks into his bed.
His noiſeleſs wings by night fly *Morpheus* ſtrains;
And with the ſwiftneſs of a thought, attains
Th' *Æmonian* towers; then laid them by, and took
The form of *Ceyx*. With a pallid look
655 He naked ſtood, like one depriv'd of life,
Before the bed of his unhappy Wife:
His beard all wet, the hair upon his head
With water dropt; who leaning on her bed,
Thus ſpake; while tears from ſeeming paſſion flow.
Doſt thou, O wretched Wife, thy *Ceyx* know?
660 Or am I chang'd in death? Look on the Loſt;
And for thy husband thou ſhalt ſee his Ghoſt.
Thy pious prayers no favour could obtain:
Lo, I am drown'd, no longer hope in vain.
Cloud-cruſhing South-winds in *Ægeum* caught
665 Our raviſht ſhip, and wrackt her with her fraught.
My voice the flouds opprest, while on thy name
I vainly call'd. This, neither wandring Fame,
Nor doubtful authour tells: This I relate,
I, that there periſht by untimely fate.
670 Ariſe, weep, put on black: Not undeplor'd
For pity ſend me to the *Stygian* Ford.
To this he adds a voice, ſuch as ſhe knew
Expreſt her Lord's; with tears appearing true,
And geſture of his hand. She ſigh'd and wept;
675 Stretcht out her arms t' imbrace him as ſhe ſlept,
But claſpt the empty air. Then cry'd, O ſtay!
Ah, whither wilt thou? Let us go one way.
Wak'd with his voice, and husband's ghoſt; with fear
She looks about for that which was not there
680 For now the maids rais'd with her ſhrieks, had brought
A taper in. Not finding what ſhe ſought,
She ſtrikes her cheeks, her nightly linnen tare,
Invades her breaſt; nor ſtays t' unbind her hair,

But tugs it off. Her nurſe the cauſe demands
Of ſuch a violence. She wrings her hands,
And in the paſſion of her grief repli'd:
685 There's no *Alcyone*; none, none! ſhe di'd
Together with her *Ceyx*. Silent be
All ſounds of comfort. Theſe, theſe eyes did ſee
My ſhipwrackt Lord: I knew him; and my hands
Thruſt forth t' have held him, but no mortal bands
Could force his ſtay. A Ghoſt: Yet manifeſt:
690 My husband's Ghoſt: Which, O but ill expreſt
His form and beauty, late divinely rare!
Now pale, and naked, with yet-dropping hair.
Here ſtood the miſerable; in this place;
Here, here (and ſought his airy ſteps to trace,)
695 O this my ſad miſgiving ſoul divin'd,
When thou forſook'ſt me to purſue the wind.
But ſince imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee
Had put to Sea: An happy fate for me!
Then both together all the time aſſign'd
700 For life had liv'd; nor in our death disjoin'd.
Now here, I periſht there: On that Profound
Poor I was wrackt: Yet thou without me drown'd.
O I, than flouds more cruel; ſhould I ſtrive
To lengthen life, and ſuch a grief ſurvive!
705 Nor will I, nor forſake thee, nor defer.
Though one Urn hold not both, one ſepulcher
Shall join our titles: Though thy bones from mine
The Seas diſſever, yet our names ſhall join.
Grief chok'd the reſt. Sobs every accent part:
710 And ſighs aſcend from her aſtoniſht heart.
Day ſprings: She to the ſhoar addreſt her haſte,
Even to that place from whence ſhe ſaw him laſt.
And while ſhe ſadly utters, Here he ſtai'd;
Here parting kiſt me; from thence anchour weigh'd;
715 While ſhe ſuch ſighs recals; her ſteady eyes
Fixt on a Sea, far off ſhe ſomething ſpies;
But knows not what: Yet like a corſe. Firſt ſhe
Doth doubt: Driven nearer (though not near) might ſee
A body plainly. Though unknown, yet much
720 The Omen mov'd her, ſince his fate was ſuch.
Poor wretch, who e're thou art; and ſuch (ſhe ſaid)
Thy Wife (if wed) by thee a widow made!
By flouds driven nearer; the more near, the more
Her ſpirits faint. Now nigh th' adjoining ſhoar,

She

725 She ſees now what ſhe knows; her husband's Corſe.
Woe's me! 'tis He, ſhe cries! At once doth force
Her face, hair, habit: Trembling hands extends
To ſoul-leſs *Ceyx*, and then ſaid: Here ends
My laſt of hopes! Thus, O than life more dear;
O Husband, thus return'ſt thou! Art a Peer
730 Had ſtretcht into the ſurges; which with-ſtood,
Which brake the firſt incurſion of the Floud.
Thither forthwith (O wonderful!) ſhe ſprings;
Beating the paſſive air with new-grown wings,
Who, now a bird, the waters ſummit rakes:
About ſhe flies, and full of ſorrow, makes
735 A mournful noiſe; lamenting her divorce:
Anon ſhe touch't his dumb and bloudleſs Corſe;
With ſtretching wings imbrac't her periſht bliſs;
And gave his colder lips an heartleſs kiſs.
740 Whether he felt it, or the flouds his look
Up-rais'd, the vulgar doubt: Yet ſure he took
Senſe from her touch. The Gods commiſerate:
And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.
As late, they love: Their nuptial faiths they ſhew,
745 Now little birds; engender, parents grew.
Seven Winter days with peaceful calms poſſeſt,
Alcyon ſits upon her floating neſt.
Then ſafely ſail; then *Æolus* incaves
For his, the winds, and ſmoothes the ſtooping waves.
750   Some old man ſeeing theſe their pinions move
O're broad-ſpread Seas, extols their endleſs love.
By theirs, a neighbour, or himſelf, revives
Another's fate. Yon ſable fowl that dives;
(And therewith ſhews the wide-mouth'd Cormorant)
755 Of royal parentage may alſo vant,
Whoſe anceſtors from *Tros* their branches ſpred;
Ilus, *Aſſaracus*, *Jove's Ganymed*,
Laomedon, and *Priamus* the laſt
That reign'd in *Troy*: To *Hector* (who ſurpaſt
In fortitude) a brother. If by power
760 Of Fate unchanged in his youths firſt flower,
He might perhaps as great a name have won,
Though *Hector* were great *Dymas* daughter's ſon.
For *Alixothoe*, a country Maid,
Bare *Æſacus* by ſtealth in *Idas* ſhade.
765 He, hating Cities, and the diſcontents
Of glittering Courts, the lonely Woods frequents.

And unambitious fields; but made repair
To *Ilium* rarely: Yet, he debonair,
Nor unexpugnable to love. Who 'ſpi'd
Eperia, oft deſir'd, by *Cebren*'s ſide
(Her fathers river) drying in the Sun
Her flowing hair. Away the Nymph did run,
Swift as a frighted Hind the Wolf at hand;
Or like a fearful fowl thrust over-land
Beneath a Falcon. He purſues the chace:
Fear wings her feet, and love enforc't his pace.
Behold; a lurking Viper in this ſtrife,
Seiz'd on her heel; ſuppreſſing flight with life.
Frantick, his trembling arms the dead include:
Who cri'd, Alas that ever I purſu'd:
I fear'd not this; nor was the victory
Worth ſuch a loſs. Ah me! Two, one deſtroy.
They wound the Serpent: I th' occaſion gave:
I, O more wicked; yet thy death ſhall have
My life for ſatisfaction. Therewith flung
His body from a cliff which over-hung
The undermining Seas. His falling limbs
Upheld by *Tethys* pity; as he ſwims
With feathers cloth'd, nor power of dying gives.
To be compell'd, to live the Lover grieves:
Diſdaining that his ſoul, ſo well upaid
To leave her wretched ſeat, ſhould thus be ſtaid.
And mounting on new wings, again on Seas
His body throws. The fall his feathers eaſe.
With that, enrag'd, into the deep he dives:
And ſtill to drown himſelf as vainly ſtrives.
Love makes him lean. A long neck doth ſuſtain
His ſable head; long-jointed legs remain.
Nor ever the affected Seas forſakes;
And now a fitted name from diving takes.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Snake-like Stone. Cycnus a Swan;
Cænus the Maid, now Cænus and a Man,
Becomes a Fowl. Neleius varies ſhapes:
At laſt an Eagle, nor Alcides ſcapes.

OLD *Priam* mourns for *Æſacus*, nor knew
That he ſurviv'd, and with light feathers flew.
While *Hector* and his brethren dues, with tears,
Pay to the tomb which his inſcription bears.
But *Paris*, abſent from that obſequy,
Straight with his Rape, brought ten years war to *Troy*.
5 A thouſand ſhips, in one conſederate,
Purſue his ſtealth, with all the *Achaian* State.
Nor vow'd revenge ſo long had been delaid,
If wrathful Seas had not their paſſage ſtaid:
At fiſhy *Aulis*, in *Bœotia*,
10 Their wind-bound Navy in expectance lay.
Here (as of old) to *Jove* they ſacrifice,
While from the antique altar flames ariſe,
A blew ſcal'd Dragon, in the Armies view,
Aſcends a tree, which near the Altar grew.
A Neſt there was upon an upper bough, (now
15 With twice four Birds: Theſe, and their Dam (which
Flutter'd about her young) the greedy Snake
At length devour'd: This all with wonder ſtrake.

When *Chalchas* cri'd, (who could the truth divine)
Rejoice, *Pelaſgians*, 'tis an happy ſign!
20 Proud *Troy* ſhall fall, though with long toil and care,
Theſe thrice three birds, thrice three years war declare.
She wound about a bough, gorg'd with her rape,
Became a ſtone, that held a Serpent's ſhape.
Still *Nereus* in *Aonian* ſurges raves,
25 Nor war transfers. Some think the God of waves
Would *Troy* preſerve, and ſave the walls he made.
Theſtorides diſſents, who knew and ſaid,
A virgins bloud muſt *Dian'* reconcile;
Now did the publick cauſe the private foil.
30 A King a father, *Iphigenia* ſtood
Before the Altar to reſign her bloud.
The Prieſt then wept, ſo pity did ſubdue
The Goddeſs, who a cloud about her threw.
And while they proſecute her Rites, and pray'd,
Produc't an Hinde to repreſent a Maid.
35 When fitter ſacrifice had dull'd her rage,
Her fury and the Seas, at once aſſwage.
A forewind then their thouſand Veſſels bore;
Who, ſuffering much, attain the *Phrygian* ſhore.
Amid the world, between Air, Earth, and Seas,
A place there is, the confines to all theſe.
40 Where all that's done, though far remov'd, appear,
And every whiſper penetrates the ear.
The houſe of *Fame*, who in the higheſt tower
Her lodging takes. To this capacious bower
Innumerable ways conduct, no way
45 Barr'd up, the doors ſtand open night and day.
All built of ringing braſs, throughout reſounds,
Things heard reports, and every word rebounds.
No reſt within, no ſilence, yet the noiſe
Not loud, but like the murmuring of a voice,
50 Such as from far by rowling billows ſent,
Or as *Jove's* fainting thunder almoſt ſpent,
Hither the idle Vulgar come and go,
Millions of Rumours wander to and fro,
55 Lies mixt with truths, in words that vary ſtill.
Of theſe, with news unknowing ears ſome fill;
Some carry tales, all in the telling grows,
And every Author adds to what he knows.
Here dwells raſh Errour, light Credulity,
60 Dejected Fear, and vainly grounded Joy,

New raiſ'd Sedition, ſecret Whiſperings
Of unknown Authours, and of doubtful things.
All done in Heaven, Earth, Ocean, Fame ſurviews:
And through the ample world inquires of news.
She notice gave, how with a dreadful hoaſt
The *Grecian* Navy ſteered for their coaſt.
Nor unexpected came: The *Trojans* bend
Their powers t' encounter, and their ſhores defend.
Firſt, thou thy life, *Proteſilaus*, loſt
By *Hector*'s fatal Lance; the battel coſt
The *Greeks* much noble bloud: So clearly ſhone
Their fortitudes: Great *Hector* yet unknown.
Nor no ſmall ſtreams of bloud their valours drew
From *Phrygian* wounds, who felt what *Greece* could do.
And now their mingled gores *Sigæum* ſtain;
Now *Neptunes Cycnus* had a thouſand ſlain,
Now on the Foe the fierce *Achilles* flew,
And with his Lance whole ſquadrons overthrew:
Seeking for *Cycnus*, or for *Hector*, round
About the field; at length brave *Cycnus* found
(For *Jove* nine years great *Hector*'s life ſuſtain'd)
Cheering his horſes with the flaxen mains
His thundring chariot drives againſt his foe,
And ſhakes his trembling Lance, About to throw;
O youth, he ſaid, what e're thou art, rejoice
Achilles honours thee with death. His voice
His ſpear purſues: The ſteel no wound impreſt,
Though ſtrongly thrown. When, bounding from his breaſt,
He ſaid, Thou Goddeſs-born, Fame bruits thee ſuch,
Why wondreſt thou? (*Achilles* wondred much)
This helm with horſe hair deckt, this ſhield I bear,
Defend not me: For faſhion theſe I wear:
So *Mars* his perſon arms. Should I diſplay
My naked breaſt, thy force could find no way.
The grace to be *Nereus* ſon is ſmall,
This, who *Nereus*, who his Nymphs, who all
The Ocean guides: Then at *Achilles* threw
His Lance, that pierc't his plated ſhield, and through
Nine Ox-hides ruſht: The tenth did it reſtrain.
The Hero caught it, and retorts again
The ſinging ſteel; again it gave no wound.
The third aſſay no better entrance found,
Though *Cycnus* bar'd his boſom to the blow.
He rages like a Bull in Circian ſhows,

Whoſe dreadful horns the ſcarlet, which provokes
His fury, toſs with ſtill deluded ſtrokes.
Then ſearches if the head were off; that on:
What, is my hand, ſaid he, ſo feeble grown?
On one is all my vigour ſpent? My power
Was more, when firſt I raz'd *Lyrneſſus* tower:
When *Tenedos*, *Eetion Thebes*, were fill'd
With bloud of theirs, by my encounters ſpill'd.
The red *Caycus* ſlaughtered natives di'd:
Twice *Telephus* my javelin powerful tri'd.
Behold theſe heaps of bodies! Theſe I ſlew:
Much could my hand have done! as much can do.
This ſaid, his former deeds almoſt ſuſpects,
And at *Menœtes* breaſt his aim directs,
(A *Lycian* of mean rank) the thrilling dart
Quite through his faithleſs curaſs pierc't his heart:
Whoſe dying body ſtruck the groaning ground.
Snatching the weapon from the reeking wound;
This hand, he ſaid, this now victorious Launce
Shall urge thy fate: Aſſiſt me equal chance!
With that, th' unerring dart at *Cycnus* flung,
Th' unevitated on his ſhoulders rung;
Which like a Rock the Launce repell'd again:
Yet where it hit, it left a purple ſtain;
By vainly glad *Æacides* deſcri'd:
He woundleſs: This *Menœtes* bloud had di'd.
Then roaring, from his chariot leaps; and made
An horrid on-ſet with his flaming blade:
Who breaches in his Helm and ſhield beheld;
Yet he ſecure: His skin the ſteel repell'd.
Now all impatient, with the Hilt his Foe's
Hard front invades, with thick redoubled blows:
Preſt on as he gave back, purſues, inſiſts;
Nor lets the aſtoniſht breathe. He faints; blue miſts
Swim over his dim eies: Whoſe backward ſteps
A Stone withſtood, on whom *Achilles* leaps
With all his ſtrength, and *Cycnus* up-ward caſt
On ſounding earth: Then held the Hero faſt.
Then ſets his ſhield and knees upon his breaſt;
And, drawing hard his Helmet ſtrings, oppreſt
His gaſping jaws: The breathing path and way
Of life ſhuts up! About t' unarm his prey,
The body miſt. To a Fowl as white as ſnow
By *Neptune* chang'd; whom by that name we know.

This toil, this fight gave many days of reſt;
And either part from deeds of arms ſurceaſt.
While on their walls the watchful *Phrygians* ward,
And while the watchful *Greeks* their trenches guard,
A feaſt was kept: Wherein *Æacides*,
For *Cycnus* death with Heifers bloud did pleaſe
Propitious *Pallas*. When the entrals laid
On burning Altars, to the Gods conveigh'd
An acceptable ſmell: A part addreſt
To ſacred uſe; the board receiv'd the reſt.
Down lay the Heroes, fed on roaſted fleſh,
And generous wines their cares and thirſt refreſh.
Nor muſick now, nor ſongs their ears delight;
But in diſcourſe conſume the ſhortned night.
The ſubject, Valour: Of the valour ſhown
By their couragious foes, and of their own.
Promiſcuouſly of paſſed dangers tell,
And former enterprizes. What ſo well
Could great *Achilles* ſpeak of? Or what were
A fitter theam for great *Achilles* ear?
Then ſpake he of his Conqueſt, in the fall
Of noble *Cycnus*: Wondred at by all,
That weapons had no power to penetrate
His woundleſs body, which could ſteel rebate.
This the *Pelaſgians*, this *Æacides*
Himſelf admires. When *Neſtor* ſaid to theſe;
Cycnus is he, who in your age alone
Contemned ſteel, and could be hurt by none.
I ſaw *Perrhæbian Cæneus* once indure
A thouſand ſtrokes; yet he from wounds ſecure.
Perrhæbian Cæneus, excellent in deeds,
On *Othrys* dwelt: And what belief exceeds,
A Woman born. This prodigy begets
Their greater wonder. Every one entreats
Achilles thus: Divinely eloquent,
O thou the wiſdom of our age; conſent
To our deſires; for all deſire the ſame:
Of *Cæneus* tell; how he a man became;
In what contention, or what battel known;
By whom, if ſo by any, overthrown.
Then He: Though age impair my memory,
And much beheld in youth my knowledge flie,
I much remember: Yet, of all that are
Among ſo many acts of peace and war,

185 None deeper is imprinted in my brain.
And if the length of time not ſpent in vain
Can many accidents to knowledge give;
Two Ages finiſht, in the third I live.
Nor all the Virgins that *Theſſalia* bare,
With *Elateian Cænis* could compare,
190 For beauty. From the Cities bordering,
And thoſe, *Æacides*, which call thee King
(For ſhe her birth to your *Æmonia* ought)
A world of Lovers her affection ſought.
And *Peleus* too perhaps had woo'd her bed;
But that already to thy mother wed,
195 Or elſe aſſured. *Cænis* ſtill forbore
All nuptial ties. As on the ſecret ſhore
She walkt alone, the Sea-god her diſſent
Enforc't to Rape: For ſo the rumour went.
Rapt with the joy of loves firſt taſted fruit;
All ſhall, ſaid *Neptune*, to thy wiſhes ſute;
200 Wiſh what thou wilt. So Fame the ſtory told.
My wrongs, ſaid *Cænis*, makes my wiſhes bold
That never like enforcement may befall,
Be I no woman; and thou giv'ſt me all.
Her later words a deeper voice expreſs,
Much like a mans: For now it prov'd no leſs.
205 The Sea-god had aſſented to her will:
And further adds, that ſteel ſhould neither kill
Nor wound his perſon. Young *Atracides*
Departs, rejoicing in ſuch gifts as theſe;
Who great in every manly vertue grows,
And haunts the fields through which *Peneus* flows.
210 The ſon of bold *Ixion* now had wed
Hippodame: The ſalvage Centaures, bred
Of claſped Clouds, his invitation grac't;
In ſhady bowers at ſundry tables plac't.
There were th' *Æmonian* Princes; there was I.
The Palace rung with unconfined joy.
215 They *Hymen* ſing; the *Altars* fume with flames:
Forth came th' admired Bride with troops of Dames.
We call *Perithous* happy in his choice:
But ſcarce maintain the Omen of that voice.
For *Eurytus*, more heady than the reſt,
Foul rapine harbours in his ſalvage breaſt;
220 Incens'd by beauty, and the heat of wine:
Luſt and Ebriety in out-rage join.

Straight, turn'd up boords the feaſts prophane: the fair
And tender ſpouſe now haled by the hair.
Fierce *Eurytus*, *Hippodame*; all took
Their choice, or whom they could: Sackt Cities look
With ſuch a face. The women ſhriek: We riſe:
When *Theſeus* firſt; O *Eurytus*, unwiſe!
Dar'ſt thou offend *Perithous* as long
As *Theſeus* lives? In one to ſuffer wrong
The great-ſoul'd *Hero*, not to boaſt in vain,
Breaks through the throng, and from his fierce diſdain
The Rape repriz'd. He no reply affords;
Such facts could not be juſtifi'd by words:
But with his fiſts the brave redeemer preſt;
Aſſails his face, and ſtrikes his generous breaſt.
Nor far off ſtood an antique Goblet, wrought
With high-raiſ'd figures: This *Ægides* caught;
Hurl'd at the face of *Eurytus*: A floud
Of reeking wine, of brains, and clotted bloud,
At once he vomits from his mouth and wound,
And falling backward, kicks the ſtained ground.
The Centaures, frantick for their brother's death,
Arm, arm, reſound, with one exalted breath.
Wine courage gives. At firſt an uncouth flight
Of Flagons, Pots, and Boles, began the fight:
Late fit for banquets, now for bloud and broils.
Firſt *Amycus*, *Ophion*'s iſſue, ſpoils
The ſacred places of their gifts; who ramps,
Tears down a brazen Creſſet ſtuck with Lamps:
This ſwings aloft, as when a white-hair'd Bull
The Sacrificer ſtrikes; which cruſht the skull
Of *Celadon* the *Lapithite*, and left
His face unknown; confuſion form bereft.
Out ſtart his eyes; his batter'd noſe betwixt
His ſhiver'd bones flat to his palat fixt.
Pellean Belades, a treſſel tore
That propt the boord, and fell'd him to the floor.
He knocks his chin againſt his breaſt, and ſpu'd
Bloud mixt with teeth: A ſecond blow purſu'd
The firſt; and ſent his vexed ſoul to hell.
Next *Gryneus* ſtood; his looks with vengeance ſwell;
Serves this, ſaid he, for nothing? Wherewith rais'd
Aloft a mighty altar: As it blaz'd,
Among the *Lapithites* his burthen threw;
Which *Broteas*, and the bold *Orion* ſlew.

Orion's mother *Mycale*; with fear
Could pale the Moon, and hale her from her ſphear.
265 *Exadius* cri'd: Nor ſhalt thou ſo depart,
Had I a weapon. Of a voted Hart
The Antlers from a Pine he pulls; they fix
Their forks in *Gryneus* darkned eyes: One ſticks
Upon the horn, the other in thick gore
270 Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Rhœtus* bore,
Snatcht from the Altar; and *Charaxus* head
Crackt through the skull, with yellow treſſes ſpred.
The rapid flame his blazing curls ſurround,
275 Like corn on fire; bloud broiling in his wound
Horribly hiſſes: As red Steel that gloes
With fervent blaſts, which pliant tongues diſpoſe
To quenching cool-troughs, ſputters, ſtrives, conſumes,
And hiſſing under heated water, fumes.
280 The wounded from his ſinged treſſes ſhakes
The greedy flame; and on his ſhoulders takes
A ſtone torn from the threſhold, which alone
Would load a Wain, at diſtant *Rhœtus* thrown.
This, falling ſhort, *Cometes* life invades:
And ſent his friend to everlaſting ſhades.
285 When *Rhœtus*, laughing, May you all abound
In ſtrength ſo tri'd; and aggravates his wound
By blows redoubled, with his burning brand.
Cruſht bones now ſink in brains. Then turns his hand,
290 On *Coritus*, *Evagrus*, *Dryas* flew:
Who *Coritus*, a youth, too timely ſlew.
What glory can the ſlaughter of a Boy
Afford, *Evagrus* ſaid? Nor more could ſay,
For *Rhœtus* e're his jaws together came;
295 Hid in his throat and breſt the choking flame.
Then whisks the brand about his brows: aſſails
The valiant *Dryas*; but no more prevails:
For through his ſhoulder, who hath triumpht long
In daily ſlaughter, *Dryas* fixt his Prong.
300 Who groaning, tugs it out with all his might:
And ſoil'd with bloud, now ſaves himſelf by flight.
So *Lycidas Arnæus*, *Medon* (red
With his own bloud) *Piſenor*, *Caumas*, fled:
Wound-tardy *Mermerus*, late ſwift of pace;
305 *Meneleus*. *Pholus*, *Abas*, us'd to chace
The Bore; and *Aſtylos*, who fates fore-knew:
Who vainly bad his friends, that war eſchue;

And ſaid to frighted *Neſſus*, Flie not ſo;
Thou art reſerv'd for great *Alcides* bow.
But yet *Eurynomus*, nor *Lycidas*,
Areus, nor *Imbreus*, unſlaughtred paſs;
All ſlain by *Dryas* hand. The *Caneus* too,
Though turn'd about to flie, a fore-wound ſlue;
For looking back, the point between his ſights,
There, where the noſe joins with the forehead, lights.
Unwakened with the tumult of this fray,
Diſſolv'd in death-like ſleep, *Aphidus* lay
Upon a Bears rough hide on *Oſſa* kil'd:
Whoſe lazy hand a mixed goblet held.
Pherbas far off the vainly hurtleſs ſpi'd;
And to the thong his fingers fitting, cri'd,
Thy wine henceforth with *Stygian* water brew,
This ſaid, at ſlumber-bound *Aphidus* threw
His trembling dart: The ſteeled aſh made way
Through's naked neck, as he ſupinely lay.
Death was unfelt: His full throat voids a floud:
The hide and goblet, drown'd and fil'd with bloud.
I ſaw *Petreus* tearing from the ground
A well-grown Oak: While he imbrac't it round
With his ſtrong arms, now, this, now that way hal'd,
Perithous to the bole his boſom nail'd.
Stout *Lycus* by *Perithous* valour fell:
Perithous valour *Chromis* ſunk to hell.
Theſe leſs the glory of his acts relate
Then *Helop*'s death and *Dictys* ſtranger fate.
His eager Javelin *Helops* temples cleft:
Which at the right ear ruſhed through the left.
But *Dictys* from a broken mountain ſlides,
As he *Ixion*'s furious ſon avoids,
And headlong fell: His weight aſunder brake
A mighty Aſh, the ſtumps his entrals ſtake.
In ruſht revengeful *Phereus* with a ſtone
Torn from a rock; His mighty elbow bone
(About to hurl) in ſhivers *Theſeus* crackt:
Nor leiſure had, or further care t'exact
His uſeleſs life, then nimbly vaults upon
Byanor's back, before beſtrid by none.
His knees clap to his ſides, his ſhaggy hair
His left hand hales: His eyes, that grimly ſtare
And threaten, cruſhes with his knotty Oak.
Dart fam'd *Lycoſpes*, and *Medimnus* ſtroke

To humble earth: So *Hippaſus*, whoſe beard
Reacht to his breaſt; and *Ripheus*, who appear'd
More tall than trees, with *Thereus* who caught
Wild bears on *Othris* heretofore, and brought
Th' enraged purchaſe to his home alive.
355 *Demoleon* frets to ſee *Ægides* thrive
With ſuch ſucceſs; and from the center ſtrives
To tear a Pine, which when he could not, rives
The yielding bole, and darts it as his foe,
Theſeus far off eſpi'd the deadly throw;
360 Who by *Minerva's* counſel (for ſo he
Would have us think) with-drew: And yet the tree
Not idle fell; but *Crantor's* ſhoulder, breaſt,
And throat divides; which tortur'd life releaſt.
He was (*Æacides*) thy father's Squire;
Given by ſubdu'd *Amyntor* to thy ſire
(*Amyntor* the well-train'd *Dolopian's* Guide)
365 In hoſtage for their peace, and faith affi'd.
When *Peleus* ſaw that ſpectacle of ruth;
Receive, O *Crantor*, O beloved youth,
This ſacrifice, he ſaid: And ſent a dart,
With all the vigour of his hand and heart,
At proud *Demoleon*; which the bones that join
370 His ribs tranſfixt; and quaver'd in the chine.
His hands from thence the headleſs Javelin pluck,
And hardly that: The head behind it ſtuck.
Anguiſh it ſelf the heat of wrath improves:
He rears afore, and paws him with his hooves.
375 Who with his ſhield and burganet defends
The ſounding ſtrokes: Yet ſtill his ſword extends,
And 'twixt his ſhoulders at one thruſt doth gore
His double breaſts. Yet had he ſlain before
Phlegræus, *Hyles*, with his Lances flight,
Hiphinous and *Clanis*, in cloſe fight.
380 Adds *Dorylas* to theſe, who wore a skull
Of Wolf-skin tann'd, the ſharp horns of a Bull,
Inſtead of other weapon, fixt before,
And di'd in crimſon with *Lapithian* gore.
To whom, with courage fir'd I ſaid in ſcorn,
Behold how much our ſteel excels thy horn.
385 And threw my Lance: Not to be ſhunn'd, he now
Claps his right hand upon his threatned brow,
Which both together nail'd. They rore: And while
Th' engaged with his bitter wound doth toil,

Thy father, who was neareſt, neareſt preſt;
And thruſt his ſword deep in, below his breaſt.
390 He bounds aloft, on th' earth his bowels trails;
The trailed kicks, the kickt in pieces hales;
Which winding, fetter both his legs and thighs:
So falls; and with a gutleſs belly dies.
Nor thee thy beauty, *Cyllarus*, could ſave:
If ſuch a two-form'd figure beauty have.
395 His chin began to bud with down of gold;
And golden curls his Ivory back infold;
His looks a pleaſing vigour grac'd; his breaſt,
Hands, ſhoulders, neck, and all that man expreſt,
Surpaſſing arts admired images.
Nor were his beſtial parts a ſhame to theſe;
400 Add but a horſes head and creſt, he were
For *Caſtor's* uſe; his back ſo ſtrong to bear,
So largely cheſted; blacker than the crow:
His tail and feet-locks, white as falling ſnow.
A number of that nation ſought his love;
405 Whom none but fair *Hylonome* could move:
None for attracting favour ſo excel,
Of all the half-mares that on *Othrys* dwell.
She, by ſweet words, by loving, by confeſt
Affection, only *Cyllarus* poſſeſt.
With combs ſhe ſmooths her hair; her perſon trims
With all that could be graceful to ſuch limbs.
410 Of roſes, roſemary, and violets,
And oft of Lilies curious dreſſings pleats.
Twice daily waſht her face in ſprings that fall
From *Pegaſæan* Hills; twice daily all
Her body bathes in cleanſing ſtreams, and ware
The ſkins of beaſts, ſuch as were choice and rare,
Which flowing from her ſhoulder croſs her breaſt,
415 Vail her left ſide. Both equal love poſſeſt;
Together on the ſhady mountains ſtray,
In woods and hollow caves together lay:
Then to the palace of the *Lapithæ*
Together came; and now together fight:
A javelin from the left hand flung, thy breaſt,
420 O *Cyllarus*, beneath thy neck impreſt.
Her heart though ſlightly hurt (the dart out-hal'd)
Grew forthwith cold; and all his body pal'd.
Hylonome his dying limbs receives;
Foments his wound, cloſe to his lips ſhe cleaves,

To ſtay his flying ſoul. But when ſhe found
Lifes fire extinct; with words in clamour drown'd,
Even on that ſteel, which through his boſom paſt,
She threw her own: and him in death imbrac't.
Me thinks I ſee grim *Phæocomes* yet:
Who with two Lions skins, together knit,
Protects his double form. A log he took,
Which ſcarce two teems could draw, this darted, ſtrook
The crown of *Phonolenides*; his brains
It through his battered skulls deep crannies ſtrains;
Which from his mouth, eyes, ears, and noſtrils guſht,
Like curds through wicker ſqueas'd; or juices cruſht
Through draining colendars. As he the dead
Prepares t'unarm, my ſword his bowels ſhred.
Your father ſaw his downfal. *Chthonius* too,
And ſtout *Teleboas* our ſawchion ſlew.
The firſt a forked branch, the other bore
A launce; the launce this wound had given before;
Whereof you ſee the ancient ſcar. Then I,
Then ſhould I have been ſent t' have ruin'd *Troy*,
Then might I have reſtrain'd, if not o'rethrown
Great *Hector*. But, he either then was none;
Or elſe a child. Now ſpent with age, I wain.
What ſpeak I of two-ſhap't *Pyretus* ſlain
By *Periphas*? Thy dart without an head,
Brave *Ampycus*, four-hoof'd *Oicles* ſped.
Macareus born by *Pelethronian* rocks,
Huge *Erigdupus* with a leaver knocks
To ecchoing earth. His dart *Cymelus* ſheath'd
Deep in *Neſſus* groin, and life bereav'd.
Nor would you think *Ampycides* alone
Could fate fore-tel; a launce by *Mopſus* thrown
Odites ſlew: this, as the Centaur rail'd,
His tongue t' his chin, his chin t' his boſom nail'd.
Five, *Cæneus* ſlew; *Bromus*, *Antimachus*,
Ax-arm'd *Pyracmus*, *Helims*, *Stiphelus*.
Although forgetful by what wounds they fell;
Their names, and number, I remember well.
Giant-like *Latreus* lighteth to theſe broils;
Arm'd with *Emathian Alesus* ſpoils:
His years 'twixt youth and age; nor age impairs
The ſtrength of youth though ſprinkled with gray hairs.
A *Macedonian* ſpear, a ſword, and ſhield,
Confirm his pride: o're-views the well-fought field,

Claſhes his arms ; and trotting in a round,
Enforc'd the air with this diſdainful ſound.
470 Shall I indure thee, *Cænis*? ſtill to me
Thou art a woman, and ſhalt *Cænis* be.
Thou haſt forgot thy births original,
And for what fact rewarded ; by what fall
Advanc't to this man-counterfeiting ſhape.
Think of thy birth ; think of thy eaſie rape.
475 Go, take a Spindle and a Diſtaff ; twine
The carded wool ; and arms to Men reſign.
While thus he ſcoffs ; and circularly ran ;
Cæneus his ſides gores with his launce, where Man
And Horſe unite. He, mad with anguiſh, flings
His ſpear at the *Phyllian* youth, which rings
480 On his unwounded face ; and back recoils,
As Pebbles dropt on Drums, or Hail on Tiles.
Then ruſhing on, with thruſts aſſays to wound
His hardned ſides, the ſword no entrance found.
Nor ſhalt thou ſcape ; the edge ſhall lance thy throat,
485 Although the point be dull. This ſaid, and ſmote
At once, the blow, as if on marble, ſounds,
And from his neck the broken blade rebounds.
When he his charmed limbs had open laid
Enough to wounds and wonder, *Cæneus* ſaid ;
490 Now will we try, if thou our ſword canſt feel.
Then 'twixt his ſhoulders thruſt the fatal ſteel
Up to the hilts ; which to and fro he waves
Deep in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraves.
The frighted Centaurs with an horrid cry,
495 On him alone, with all their weapons, fly.
Their Darts rebated, fall, but draw no bloud ;
For *Cæneus* ſtill invulnerable ſtood.
This more amaz'd. Ah, *Monychus* exclaims,
One foils us all, to all our endleſs ſhames !
500 He ſcarce a man ! nay he the man, and we
Are what he was : ſo poor our actions be.
What boots our mighty limbs ? our double force ?
The ſtrongeſt of all creatures, Man and Horſe,
In us by Nature join'd ? ſure we are not
A Goddeſs birth ; nor by *Ixion* got,
505 Who durſt the Queen of Deities imbrace :
This half-man conquers his degenerate race.
Stones, maſſie Logs, whole Mountains on him roul ;
And with a pile of Trees cruſh out his ſoul.

Let woods oppreſs his jaws; o're-whelm with weight,
In ſtead of idle wounds. Thus he: and ſtraight
An Oak up-rooted by the furious blaſts
Of frantick winds, on valiant *Cæneus* caſts.
Th' example quickly *Othrys*, diſ-array'd
Of all his trees; and *Pelion* wanted ſhade.
Preſt with ſo huge a burthen, *Cæneus* ſweats:
And to th' o're-whelming Oaks his ſhoulders ſets.
But now the load above his ſtature climbs,
And chokes the paſſage of his breath. Sometimes
He faints; then ſtruggles to advance his crown
Above the Pile, and throw the timber down:
Sometimes the burthen with his motion quakes;
As when an Earth-quake high-brow'd *Ida* ſhakes.
His end was doubtful; ſome there be, who tell
How with that weight his body ſunk to Hell;
Mopſus diſſents; who ſaw a fowl ariſe
From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies;
(The firſt I ever ſaw) which flying round
About our tents, ſent forth a mournful ſound.
This he purſuing with his ſoul and ſight,
Cry'd, Hail thou glory of the *Lapithite*!
O *Cæneus*, late a man at arms; but now
An un-match'd fowl! his witneſs all allow.
Grief whets our fury; brooking ill, that one
By ſuch a multitude ſhould be o're-thrown:
And ſorrow ſo long executes the fight,
Till half were ſlain: half ſav'd by ſpeed, and night.
Tlepolemus could not his tongue debar:
Since in the repetition of that war,
Of *Hercules* he had no mention made.
Old man, how can you ſo forget (he ſaid)
Alcides praiſe? my father oft would tell,
How by his hand the Cloud-born Centaurs fell.
To this ſad *Neſtor* anſwer'd: Why ſhould you
Compel me to remember, and renew
My ſorrow loſt in time? or iterate
Your father's guilt, together with my hate?
His acts tranſcend belief, his high repute
Fills all the world: which would I could refute.
But not *Polydamas*, *Deiphobus*,
Nor valiant *Hector*, are extoll'd by us.
For who commends his foe? *Meſſene's* walls
He rais'd: Fair *Elis*, *Pylos*, in their falls

Deteſt his fury: Cities which his hate
Had not deſerv'd; with them did ruinate
Our Houſe with ſword and fire. Not now to tell
Of others, who by his ſtern out-rage fell;
Twice ſix fair-fam'd *Neleidæ* were we;
Twice ſix *Alcides* ſlew, excepting me.
Others have been ſubdu'd: but more than ſtrange
Was *Periclymen*'s ſlaughter! who could change
And re-change to all figures. Such a grace
Great *Neptune* gave; the root of *Neleus* race.
He, forc'd to vary forms, at length appears
Like *Jove*'s lov'd Fowl, who in her talons bears
Impetuous thunder; and in his deſcent
His face with his ſtrong beak and pounces rent.
At him his Bow, too ſure, *Alcides* drew,
As tow'ring in the lofty clouds he flew,
And ſtruck his ſide-join'd wing. The wound was ſlight;
But ſinder'd nerves could not ſuſtain his flight.
Whilſt tumbling down, his weight the arrow ſmote
In at his ſide, and thruſt it through his throat.
Now brave Commander of the *Rhodian* Fleet;
Think'ſt thou *Alcide*'s praiſe a ſubject meet
For my diſcourſe? Alone with ſilence we
Revenge our ſlaughtred brothers; and love thee.
When *Neſtor* with mellifluous eloquence
Had thus much utter'd; they with ſpeech diſpenſe,
And liberal *Bacchus* quaff: then all aroſe,
And give the reſt of night to ſoft repoſe.
The God, whoſe Trident calms the Ocean,
For ſtrangled *Cycnus*, turn'd into a Swan,
Grieves with paternal grief. *Achilles* fate
He proſecutes with more than civil hate.
Ten years now well-nigh laps'd in horrid fights,
This unſhorn *Sminthean* his ſtern rage excites.
Of all our brothers ſons to us moſt dear;
Whoſe hands, with ours, *Troy*'s wall in vain did rear:
O ſigh'ſt thou not to ſee the *Ilian* towers
So near their fall! their own, and aiding powers
By millions ſlain! the laſt of all their joy
Dead *Hector* dragg'd about his fathers *Troy*!
Yet dire *Achilles*, who our labour gives
To utter ſpoil, than War more cruel, lives.
Came he within my reach, he then ſhould try
The vengeance of my Trident: but ſince I

595 Cannot approach t' encounter with my foe;
Let him thy cloſe and mortal arrows know.
Delius aſſents: his Uncles wrath intends;
With it, his own; and in a cloud deſcends
To th' *Ilian* hoſt: amid the battel ſeeks
600 For *Paris*, ſhooting at un-noted *Greeks*;
Then ſhew'd a God, and ſaid: why doſt thou loſe
Thy ſhafts ſo baſely? nobler objects chooſe;
If thou of thine at leaſt haſt any care:
Thy brethrens deaths revenge on *Peleus* heir.
Then ſhew'd him ſtern *Achilles*, as he ſlew
605 The *Trojan* troops: and while his bow he drew,
Directs the deadly ſhaft. This only might
Old *Priam*, after *Hector*'s death, delight.
Him, who with conqueſt cloy'd the jaws of death,
610 A faint Adulterer deprives of breath.
If by the effeminate to be o're-thrown,
Then ſhould the *Pollax* of the *Amazon*
Have forc't thy fate. The *Phrygian* fears the [illegible],
And ſtrong protection of the *Grecian* Name.
Invincible *Æacides* now burns:
The God, who arm'd, his bones to aſhes turns.
615 And of that great *Achilles* ſcarce remains
So much, as now a little Urn contains.
Yet ſtill he lives; his glory lightens forth,
And fills the world: this anſwers his full worth.
This, O divine *Pelides*, ſoars as high
As thy great ſpirit, and ſhall never die.
620 And even his arms, to inſtance whoſe they were;
Procure a war, Arms for his Arms they bear,
Ajax Oileus, *Diomedes*, nor
The leſs *Atrides*; not in age and war
The Greater: no not any; but the Son
Of old *Laertes* and bold *Telamon*,
625 Durſt hope for ſuch a prize. *Tantalides*,
To ſhun the burthen and the hate of theſe,
The Princes bids to ſit before his tent:
And puts the ſtrife on their arbitrement.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS

THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Thoſe purple flowers which Ajax *name diſplay,*
His blood produce. Enraged Hecuba
Becomes a Bitch. From Memnon*'s cynders riſe*
Self-ſlaughtring Fowl: a yearly ſacrifice.
Whatever Anius *daughters handle, proves*
Corn, Wine, *or* Oyl*: themſelves transform'd to Doves.*
From honour'd Virgins aſhes Sons aſcend.
Th' Ambracian *Judge, a Stone. Light wings defend*
Moloſſus *royal iſſue.* Scylla *grows*
An horrid Monſter. Murther'd Acys *flows*
With ſpeedy ſtreams. The kind Nereides
For Glaucus *ſue: inthron'd in ſacred Seas.*

THe Princes ſate; the ſouldier crowns the field;
Up roſe the Maſter of the ſevenfold Shield,
With wrath impatient, his ſtern eyes ſurvey
Sygæum, and the Navy which there lay.
5 Then throwing up his hands, O *Jove*, he ſaid;
Before the Fleet muſt we our title plead?
And am I rivall'd by *Ulyſſes* claim?
Who made no doubt to fly from *Hector*'s flame,
This I ſuſtain'd; from this that Navy freed.
'Tis ſafer to contend in word than deed.
10 I cannot talk, nor can he fight: as far
His tongue excels, as I exceed in war.

Nor need I to rehearſe what you have ſeen
In act, renowned *Greeks*! what his hath been
Let *Ithacus* declare; perform'd by fight,
Without a witneſs, only known to night.
Great is th' affected prize, I muſt confeſs:
But ſuch a Rival makes the value leſs.
For me, 'tis no ambition to obtain,
(Though great) whatever he could hope to gain.
Who now in this is honour'd, that can boaſt
He ſtrove with me, when he the palm hath loſt.
But were my valour queſtion'd, I might on
My birth inſiſt; begot by *Telamon*,
Who under *Hercules Troy's* bulwarks ſcal'd:
In *Pegaſæan* keell to *Colchis* ſail'd.
His father, *Æacus*, the Judge of Souls,
Where *Siſyphus* his reſtleſs torment rouls.
High *Jupiter* upon a mortal Love
Got *Æacus*: I *Ajax*, third from *Jove*.
Nor let this pedigree aſſiſt my claim,
If great *Achilles* joyn'd not in the ſame.
He was my brother, his I ask. Why thus
Should'ſt thou, thou ſon of damned *Siſyphus*,
Alike in theft and fraud, a ſtranger to
Achilles race, the right of his purſue?
Becauſe I firſt aſſumed arms, deſcry'd
By no detector, are theſe arms deny'd?
Or rather for the laſt in field deſign'd?
Who with feign'd Lunacy the war declin'd:
Till *Palamed* more politick, though more
Unhappy, did his coward-guile explore,
And drew him to avoided arms? Muſt he
Now wear the beſt, who all eſchew'd? and we
Unhonour'd, robbed of a Kinſman's right,
Becauſe we at the firſt appear'd in fight?
And would to *Jove* he had been truly mad,
Or ſtill ſo thought: nor this companion had,
This tempter to foul actions, ever ſeen
The *Phrygian* tow'rs. Then ſhould'ſt not thou have been
O *Pæan's* ſon, expoſed by our crime
To *Lemnian* Rocks: where thou conſum'ſt thy time
In lonely Caves obſcur'd with woods, the ſtones
Provok'd to pity with thy daily groans,
And wiſheſt him, what he deſerves, thy pain,
If Gods there be, thou wiſheſt not in vain.

50 Now our Confederate (a Prince of brave
Command) to whom his ſhafts *Alcides* gave;
Broken with pain and famine, doth employ
Thoſe arrows, that import the fate of *Troy*,
For food and clothing: yet he lives the while,
55 In that removed from *Ulyſſes* guile.
And *Palamed* might wiſh t' have been ſo left:
Then had he liv'd, or been of life bereft
Not by our crime. He helliſhly inclin'd,
Bears his convicted madneſs in his mind;
And falſly him accus'd to have betray'd
Th' *Achaian* hoſt; confirming what he ſaid
60 By ſhewing ſums of gold, which in his tent
Himſelf had hid. Thus he by baniſhment
Or death, our ſtrength impairs; for this preferr'd:
So fights, ſo is *Ulyſſes* to be fear'd.
Though faithful *Neſtor*, he in eloquence,
Surpaſs; his leaving *Neſtor*, no defence
Of words can ſalve: who ſlow through his hurt horſe,
65 And clogg'd with age, implor'd *Ulyſſes* force
To fetch him off; who left to odds of foes
His old acquaintance. This *Tydides* knows
For no forg'd crime: who vainly call'd, to ſtay
His trembling friend, reviling his diſmay.
70 The Gods with juſtice view our human deeds.
Who would not late aſſiſt, aſſiſtance needs:
And now to be forſaken by the Law
Himſelf preſcrib'd. He cry'd, I came, and ſaw
The coward quaking, pale, about to yield
75 His ghoſt for fear. I interpos'd my ſhield,
Beſtrid him as he lay; and from that ſtrife
Redeem'd (my leaſt of praiſe) his coward life.
But if thou wilt contend, return we there:
Revoke the foe, thy wounds, thy uſual fear;
Behind my target ſkulk; then plead. This man,
80 Who fear'd with wounds, freed, as unwounded ran.
Now *Hector* came, and brought the Gods along;
Ruſht on all parts: not thou alone, the ſtrong
And beſt reſolved ſtruck ſo great a dread
He drew on all. Him, as his conqueſt led
85 Through blood and ſlaughter, with a mighty ſtone
I ſtruck to earth: him I ſuſtain'd alone,
When he to all ſo bold a challenge made:
Which for my lot you all devoutly pray'd.

Nor pray'd in vain. If you enquire the ſum
Of this our fight, I was not overcome.
With bloudy weapons, flames, and *Jove*, the men
Of *Troy* invade our navy: where was then
Your eloquent *Ulyſſes*? I, even I
A thouſand ſhips preſerv'd; whereon rely
The hopes of your return. Theſe arms for all
Your Fleet afford. The meed more honour ſhall
Receive than give: our glories juſtly pleaſe:
Theſe arms do *Ajax* ſeek, not *Ajax* theſe.
Rheſus ſurpriſe, with ours let him compare,
That poor ſpy *Dolon's*, *Helenus* deſpair,
The rapt *Palladium*: nothing done by day:
He of no worth, take *Diomed* away.
If to ſuch mean deſerts theſe arms accrue;
Divide them: to *Tydides* moſt is due.
Why would he theſe? who ſtill unarmed goes,
Conceal'd; and cunningly intraps his foes?
This radiant Cask, that ſhines with burniſht gold,
Will his deceit, and lurking ſteps unfold.
His neck can ſcarce *Achilles* helmet bear;
Nor can his feeble arms employ this ſpear:
His ſhield, whoſe orb the figur'd world adorns,
A cowards arm, inur'd to thieving, ſcorns.
O fool, that thus thy own undoing ſeeks!
If given thee by th' error of the *Greeks*,
It will not make thee dreadful to thy foe;
But give occaſion of thy overthrow.
And flight, wherein thou only doſt exceed,
Clogg'd with ſo huge a weight, will fail thy need.
Beſides, thy ſhield in battel rarely born,
Is yet entire: but mine, all hackt and torn
With ſtorms of blows, a new ſucceſſor needs.
What boots ſo many words? behold our deeds.
Theſe arms deliver to the foes defence;
And let him keep, that takes the prize from thence.
Here *Ajax* ends. The Souldiers in the cloſe
A murmur rais'd; till *Ithacus* aroſe;
Who having fixed on the earth a ſpace
His eyes, unto the Princes rais'd his face
And now expected, ſpake unto this ſenſe,
With all the grace of winning eloquence.
Grecians! if heavens with yours had heard my prayer,
What now we ſeek had found no doubtful Heire:

Th'hadſt

130 Th'hadſt kept thy arms, *Achilles*, and we thee.
But ſince ſtern Fate, averſe to you and me,
So covered an happineſs denies,
(With that appears to weep, and wipes his eyes)
Who great *Achilles* with more right ſucceeds,
Than he, who gave you great *Achilles* deeds?
135 Favour not him becauſe he ſeems to be,
And is a ſot: nor blame this wit in me,
So bleſt in your affairs: or take offence
That for my ſelf I arm my eloquence,
(If I have any) oft for you imploi'd.
Let none the glory of his own avoid.
140 For Anceſtors, divine original,
And deeds by us not done, we ours miſcal.
Yet in that *Ajax* vaunts himſelf to be
Great-Granchild unto *Jove*; no leſs are we.
Laertes was my Sire, *Arceſius* his;
His, *Jupiter*: in this deſcent none is
145 Condemn'd, nor baniſht. By the mother I
From *Hermes* ſpring: in both a Deity.
Nor that more noble by the Mothers ſide,
Nor that my Father had his hands undi'd
In brothers bloud, do I inforce this claim:
150 Weigh but our worths: and cenſure by the ſame.
That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were,
In *Ajax* is no merit. Not the next
In birth, but great in act, deſerve this grace.
Or if proximity in bloud have place,
155 *Peleus* his father, *Pyrrhus* is his ſon:
What right remains for *Ajax Telamon*?
To *Phthia* then, or *Scyros* carry theſe.
Teucer is Coſin to *Æacides*
As well as he; yet ſtirs not he herein:
Or if he ſhould, ſhould he the honour win?
Then ſince our actions muſt our ſuit advance;
160 Although my deeds ſurmount my utterance,
Their abſtract yet in order to relate:
Thetis, fore-knowing great *Achilles* fate,
Diſguis'd her ſon: ſo like a Virgin dreſt,
That all miſtook, and *Ajax* with the reſt.
When arms, with womens trifles, that might blind
Suſpect, I brought to tempt a manly mind.
165 Yet was the Hero Virgin-like arraid;
Who taking up the ſpear and ſhield, I ſaid:

O God-

O Goddeſs-born, for thee the fate of *Troy*
Her fall reſerves: why doubt'ſt thou to deſtroy
Great *Pergamus*? then made him leave thoſe weeds:
And ſent the Mighty unto mighty deeds.
His acts are therefore ours. We *Telephus*
Foil'd by our Lance; the ſuppliant cur'd by us.
Strong *Thebes* we ſack'd: ſackt *Lesbos* us renowns;
Chryſa and *Tenedos* (*Apollo*'s towns)
Cilla, and Sea-girt *Cyros*, in their falls
Our fame advance: we raz'd *Lerneſſius* walls:
To paſs the reſt; I gave, who could ſubdue
The brave *Priamides*: I *Hector* ſlew.
For th' arms that found *Achilles* theſe I crave:
He dead, I ask but what, alive, I gave.
The grief of one, with all the *Greeks* prevails:
Eubœan Aulis held a thouſand ſails.
The long-expected winds oppoſed ſtand,
Or ſleep in calms. When cruel Fates command
Afflicted *Agamemnon* to aſſwage
With *Iphigenia*'s death, *Diana*'s rage.
But he diſſents; the Gods themſelves reproves;
And in a King a father's paſſion moves.
His noble diſpoſition ne'rtheleſs
I to the publick won: and muſt confeſs
(*Atrides*, pardon;) we did proſecute
Before a partial Judge, an hateful ſuit.
Yet him his brother, Scepter, publick good,
Perſwade to purchaſe endleſs praiſe with bloud.
Then went I to the mother for her child:
Now not to be exhorted, but beguil'd.
Had *Ajax* thither gone, our flagging ſails
Not yet had ſwell'd with ſtill-expected gales.
Then on a bold embaſſage I was ſent
To haughty *Troy*: to th' *Ilian* Court I went
Yet full of men: and fearleſs, urg'd at large
The common cauſe committed to my charge.
Falſe *Paris* I accuſe: rap'd *Helena*
I re-demand, with all they bore away.
Old *Priam* and *Antenor* juſt appear.
But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were
His followers in that ſtealth, from wicked blows
Could ſcarce refrain. This *Menelaus* knows,
The firſt of dangers, wherein you and I
Together joyn'd. But what my policy

And force perform'd behoofeful to this State,
In that long war, too long is to relate.
The firſt great battel fought, our wary foes
Long lie immur'd: nor durſt their powers expoſe.
Nine years expir'd, wars all the fields affright.
210 Meanwhile what didſt thou, only fit to fight?
What uſe of thee? inquire my actions; I
The foe intrap, our trenches fortifie,
Encouraging the weary Souldier
To brook the tediouſneſs of lingring war
With fair expectance: teach them ways to feed,
215 The uſe of arms: imploi'd at every need.
The King deluded in his ſleep by *Jove*,
Bids us the care of future war remove.
The author was his ſtrong apology.
Ajax ſhould have withſtood; the ſack of *Troy*
He ſhould have urg'd; done what he could, have fought.
220 VVhy was the nobler ſiege by him unſought?
VVhy arm'd he not? a ſpeech he might have made,
That would the wavering multitude have ſtai'd:
To him not difficult, who looks ſo high;
And ſpeaks ſo big. VVhat if himſelf did flie!
I ſaw, and ſham'd to ſee thee turn thy back,
To hoiſe thy ſails unto thy honours wrack.
225 VVhat do you? O what madneſs, mates, ſaid I,
Provokes you to abandon yielding *Troy*?
Ten years nigh ſpent, what will you bear away
But infamy? I this and more did ſay;
VVherein my ſorrow made me eloquent:
They thus perſwaded, alter'd their intent.
230 The King a Council calls; diſtruſts afford
No ſound advice: durſt *Ajax* ſpeak a word?
VVhen baſe *Therſites* durſt the King provoke
VVith bitter words: who felt my ſcepters ſtroke.
Their doubts with hopes of conqueſt I inſpire:
235 And ſet their fainting courages on fire:
Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right
To me belongs, that thus reſtrain'd his flight.
Beſides, what one of all the wiſer *Greeks*
Makes choice of thee? or thine aſſiſtance ſeeks?
Tydides us approves, builds on our will;
240 Is confident in his *Ulyſſes* ſtill.
Among ſo many, 'tis a grace for me
To be his conſort; and the choice ſo free.

The danger of the foe, and night deſpis'd;
I *Dolon*, then a counter-ſcout, ſurpriz'd:
245 Nor him, till I had ſearcht his boſom, ſlew;
Informed what perfidious *Troy* would do.
All known, and nothing left to be enquir'd;
I now with praiſe enough might have retir'd.
Yet not ſo ſatisfi'd, I forward went;
250 And *Rheſus* ſlew, with his, in his own tent;
When, like a Victor, on his Chariot I
Return'd in triumph. Can you then deny
Achilles arms, whoſe horſes were aſſign'd
For one nights hazard? *Ajax* is more kind.
255 What ſhould I of *Sarpedon's* forces tell,
O're-thrown by us: by us *Ceranos* fell,
Iphitides, *Alaſtor*, *Chromius*,
Alcander, *Prytanis*, *Noemonius*,
Halius, ſtout *Thoon*, bold *Pheridamas*,
260 With *Charopes* *Eunomus* fatal Paſs
Sign'd by my Launce: and many more in view
Of hoſtile *Troy*, of meaner rank, I ſlew.
And I, O Countrymen, have honour'd wounds,
Fair in their ſcars; nor truſt to empty ſounds:
Behold, (ſaid he, with that his boſom bares)
265 This breaſt, ſtill exercis'd in your affairs.
No bloud for *Greece* in all theſe lengthful wars
Hath *Ajax* ſhed: let him produce his ſcars.
What boots it, though his deeds his brags approve;
That for our Fleet he fought with *Troy* and *Jove*?
270 I grant, he did ſo: nor will we detract
With hated envy from a noble act.
So he ingroſs not to himſelf alone
A common praiſe, but render us our own.
Actorides (for great *Achilles* held)
Troy's flames and Vulcan from our ſhips repell'd.
He vainly glories that himſelf alone
275 Could anſwer *Hector's* oppoſition;
The King, his brother, and my ſelf forgot:
Of nine the laſt, and but preferr'd by lot.
But what event, O great in valour, crown'd
Your famous combat? *Hector* had no wound.
280 Wo's me! with what a tide of grief I call
That time to mind; when in the *Grecian* Wall,
Achilles fell? tears, fears, nor ſorrow ſtaid
My forward zeal; his raiſed corps I laid

Upon theſe ſhoulders: theſe, even theſe did bear
Him, and his arms; which now I hope to wear.
Our ſtrength can ſuch a weight with eaſe ſuſtain:
Our knowledge can your honour'd gift explain.
Was *Thetis* ſo ambitious for her ſon,
That ſuch a brainleſs Souldier ſhould put on
This heavenly gift, of ſo divine a frame?
Whoſe figur'd ſhield his ignorance would ſhame.
Wherein, the Ocean; Earth with Cities crown'd;
Skies deckt with Stars; cold *Arctos* never drown'd,
Sword-girt *Orion*, ſad *Pleiades*,
The rainy *Kids*. He ſeeks, yet knows not theſe.
Upbraids he me, that I this war did ſhun,
And time deferr'd till others had begun?
  Nor can conſider, how he wounds in me
Achilles honour. If a crime it be
To counterfeit; we join in that defame:
If, in that tardy; I before him came.
Me, my kind wife, his mother him withdrew;
Our flow'r to them we gave, the fruit to you.
Nor fear I, ſhould I quit my own defence,
To ſuffer with ſo clear an excellence.
Nor was it *Ajax* found out me; and yet
Achilles was diſcover'd by my wit.
Leſt I ſhould wonder why his fooliſh tongue
Should ſlander me; he you upbraids with wrong.
If *Palamedes* was accus'd by me
Without juſt cauſe, muſt not his judgment be
To you reproachful? neither *Nauplius* Seed
Could juſtifie ſo evident a deed:
Nor heard you only of his treacheries,
The hire of treaſon laid before your eyes.
Pœantius in *Lemnos* left, was none
Of my offence; do you defend your own:
You to his ſtay conſented. Yet again
I muſt confeſs, I adviſ'd him to abſtain
From travel, toils of war; and to appeaſe
The anguiſh of his bitter wound with eaſe.
He dies; he lives. Th' advice was good: ſucceſs
As fortunate approves it for no leſs.
Since Fate deſigns him for the fall of Troy;
Spare me, and *Ajax* induſtry employ.
His tongue the mad with wrath and anguiſh will
Appeaſe; he'l fetch him with ſome reach of skill.

First *Simois* ſhall retire, *Ida* want a ſhade,
325 *Achaia* promiſe to the *Trojans* aid,
E're my endeavours in your ſervice fail,
And fortiſh *Ajax* with his wit prevail.
And *Philoctetes*, though obdure, thou be
Incenſt againſt the King, theſe Lords, and me;
330 Though curſes lighten from thy lips, though ſtill
Thou covet my acceſs, my bloud to ſpill,
Yet I'll attempt thee, and will bring thee back,
That neither may, what we ſo wiſh for, lack.
Thy ſhafts I muſt poſſeſs (ſo favour Fate)
335 As I poſſeſt the *Dardan* prophet late;
As I unknit the *Trojan* deſtiny,
And doubtful anſwer of the Gods; as I,
Amid a world of foes, the fatal Sign
Of *Phrygian Pallas* raviſht from her ſhrine.
Compare with me will *Ajax*? this unta'ne,
Troy's hop'd-for expugnation had been vain.
340 Where was ſtrong *Ajax*? where the glorious boaſt
Of that great Souldier? why in terrour loſt?
How durſt *Ulyſſes* truſt himſelf to night,
Paſs through the watch, their thret'ning weapons ſlight?
The walls not only, but the higheſt tower
Of *Ilium* ſcale: and from her Fane the Power
345 That bears their fate inforce; and with this prey,
Repaſs the dangers of that horrid way?
Which, had not I atchieved, yet in field
Had *Ajax* vainly born his ſeven-fold ſhield.
That night *Troy* fell before *Laertes* ſon:
Won, when I made it that it might be won.
350 Why doſt thou fleer on my *Tydides* ſo;
And nodd'ſt at me? our praiſes jointly grow.
Not for our Navy didſt thou fight alone:
Thou by an hoſt aſſiſted, I by one.
Who knew that wiſdom valour ſhould command;
355 That theſe belong'd not to a ſtrenuous hand:
Elſe he himſelf had join'd in this debate;
Or th' other *Ajax*, far more moderate;
Brave *Thoas*, fierce *EurIphylus*; with the bold
Idomeneus and *Meriones*
Of *Creet*, or *Menelaus*. For they are,
360 As ſtrong, nor ſecond unto thee in War;
Yet yield to our advice. Thou fit for fight,
Doſt need my reaſon to direct thy might.

Thy valour wants forecaſt; my care is ſet
Upon the future: thou canſt fight; and yet
The time and place muſt be by us aſſign'd:
Thou only ſtrong in body, I in mind.
As skilful Pilots thoſe ſurpaſs, who row;
As wiſe Commanders, common Souldiers; ſo
I thee excel. Our vigour is leſs great
In bones and ſinews, yet my ſoul compleat.
Then O remunerate my vigilance:
And, Princes, for ſo many years expence
In anxious cares, this dignity extend
To my deſerts, our work is at an end:
Withſtanding fates removed: I, in that I
Have made it feaſible, have taken *Troy*.
Now by our mutual hopes, *Troy*'s overthrow,
Thoſe Gods which late I raviſht from the foe;
If ought remain to be diſcreetly done,
That courage craves, through danger to be won;
If in the *Ilian* deſtiny there be
A knot yet to unknit; remember me:
Or if you can forget; theſe arms reſign
To this; and ſhews *Minerva*'s fatal Sign.
The Chiefs were mov'd. Here words approv'd their charms;
And Eloquence from Valour wins thoſe arms.
He who alone, *Jove*, *Hector*, Sword and Fire
So oft ſuſtain'd, yields to one ſtroke of ire.
Th' unconquer'd ſorrow conquers; Then his blade
In haſte unſheath'd: Sure thou art mine, he ſaid;
Or ſeeks *Ulyſſes* this? this ſhall conclude
All ſenſe of wrong. And thee, ſo oft imbru'd
In *Phrygian* bloud, thy Lords muſt now imbrue;
That none but *Ajax Ajax* may ſubdue.
This ſaid; his breaſt, till then with wounds ungor'd,
The deadly ſword, where it could enter, bor'd.
Nor could draw back the ſteel with all his ſtrength;
Expell'd by guſhing gore. The bloud at length,
A purple flower ingendred on the ground;
Created firſt by *Hyacinthus* wound.
The tender leaves indifferent letters paint:
Both of his name, and of the Gods complaint.
The Conqueror, now hoiſing ſails, doth ſtand
For mild *Hypſiphile*'s and *Thoas* Land;
(Defam'd by Womens curſed violence)
To fetch the ſhafts of *Hercules* from thence.

Theſe, with their owner, to the camp convey'd;
Of that ſo long a war an end they made.
405 Now *Troy* and *Priamus* together fall.
Th'unhappy wife of *Priam* after all,
Her human figure loſt: whoſe raving Sprite
And uncouth howling foreign fields affright.
The flames of *Ilium* ſtretch their hungry fire
To narrow *Helleſpont*; nor there expire.
410 That little bloud which *Priam*'s age could ſhed,
Jove's altar drinks. By her anointed head
Apollo's Prieſt they drag, her hands in vain
To heaven upheld. The Victor *Greeks* conſtrain
415 The *Dardan* Dames; a deadly-hating prey:
Who imbrace their Country Gods; and while they may,
Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence
Aſtyanax threw from that tower; from whence
He had ſeen his father, by his mother ſhown,
Fight for his Kingdoms ſafety, and his own.
North-winds to Seas invite, and proſperous gales
420 Sing in their ſhrowds; they haſte to trim their Sails.
The *Trojan* Ladies cry, Dear Soil, farewel!
We are hal'd to loath'd captivity! then fell
On earth now kiſt; and leave with much delay,
Their countries ſmoaking ruins. *Hecuba*
Her ſad departure to the laſt defers:
Now found among her childrens ſepulchres,
425 (A ſight of ruth!) ſpread on their tombs; bewails,
Their cold bones kiſſing: whom *Ulyſſes* hales
From that ſad comfort. Some of *Hector's* duſt,
Up-ſnatcht, delivers to her boſoms truſt.
Upon his tomb ſhe left her hoary hairs
(A poor Oblation!) mingled with her tears.
430 Uppos'd to *Ilium*'s ruins lies a Land,
Till'd by the *Biſtones*; in the Command
Of *Polymneſtor*. Danger to prevent,
To him his father *Polydorus* ſent:
And wiſely; had he not withal conſign'd
435 A maſs of gold, to tempt his greedy mind.
His foſter-child, when flingring *Ilium* drew
To her laſt date, the *Thracian* Tyrant ſlew.
Whom, as if he his murther with the ſlain
Could caſt away, he caſts into the Main.
440 Now rode *Atrides* at the *Thracian* ſhoar;
Till winds forbore to ſtorm; and Seas to roar.

When from the yawning earth *Achilles* roſe;
Like mighty as in life: whoſe looks diſcloſe
As ſtern a wrath, as when his lawleſs blade
445 Was on *Atrides* drawn, and frowning, ſaid:
Achaians, O ingrateful! can you thus
Depart? are our deſerts intomb'd with us?
Now honour me with what I covet moſt:
Let ſlain *Polyxena* appeaſe my Ghoſt.
450 Then vaniſht. They th' ungentle Ghoſt obey'd;
And from her Mothers boſom drew the Maid,
(High-ſoul'd, unhappy, more than feminine,)
To his reſembled tomb; life to reſign
With Rites infernal. Of her birth ſhe thought:
And now unto the bloudy altar brought;
455 Seeing her ſelf the ſacrifice prepar'd:
And that *Neoptolemus* upon her ſtar'd
With Sword advanc'd, ſhe ſaid; untoucht with dread:
Our generous bloud to your intentions ſhed,
Diſpatch; in throat or breaſt (I am prepar'd)
460 Your weapon ſheath. (With that her boſom bar'd)
Polyxena doth ſervitude deſpiſe;
And yet no God affects ſuch ſacrifice.
I only wiſh my death might be unknown
To my afflicted mother. She alone
Diſturbs the joys of death: though *Priam*'s wife
465 My death ſhould leſs bewail, than her own life.
Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid;
That my free Soul may to the *Stygian* ſhade
Untainted paſs. If this be juſt, remove
Your hand, I ſhall more acceptable prove
Unto that God or Ghoſt, whate're he be,
To whom I am offer'd, if my bloud be free.
470 And if a dying tongue prevail at all;
I, late great *Priam*'s daughter, now a thrall,
Sollicite that my corps may not be ſold;
But given my mother; nor exchange for gold
Sad rites of ſepulture. In former years
Sh' had gold to give, now poor, accept her tears.
475 This having ſaid, for her, that would not weep,
The people wept: the Prieſt could hardly keep
His eyes from tears, yet did what he abhorr'd,
And in her proffered boſom thruſt his ſword.
On doubling knees ſhe ſinks, with ſilent breath,
And chearfully imbraceth ſmil'd-on Death.

480 Then when ſhe fell, ſhe had a care to hide
What ſhould be hid; and chaſtly decent di'd.
Her corps was carried by the *Trojan* dames:
Who in a funeral ſong repeat the names
Of *Priam*'s mourn'd-for Seed; what ſtreams of gore
One Houſe had ſpent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore:
And thee, O royal Wife, entitled late
485 The mother-Queen, and Glory of that State:
A Captive now, caſt by a ſcorned lot
On conquering *Ithacus*; refus'd, if not
Forbearing *Hector*. *Hector*, ſo renown'd,
A maſter hardly for his mother found.
She hugs the corps that ſuch a ſpirit kept.
490 Who for her country, children, husband, wept
So oft; now weeps for her: her lips ſhe preſt,
Her wounds fills with her tears. Then beats her breaſt.
Her hoary hair beſmear'd with clotted gore,
And boſom torn, this ſpake ſhe; and much more.
495 Poor daughter, our laſt ſorrow: (what is left
For fortunes ſpite!) by bloudy death bereft:
On thee I ſee my wounds. That of my ſeed
None may unwounded die, even thou muſt bleed.
In that a woman, thee I held ſecur'd:
But thou, O woman, ſuffer'ſt by the ſword.
This bane of *Troy*, our utter ruin, who
500 So many of thy princely brothers ſlew,
Hath ſlain thee too. When he a corſe was made
By *Paris* and *Apollo*'s ſhafts, I ſaid,
Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.
Now dead, to us as dreadful as before.
505 Againſt my race his aſhes riſe: his tomb
Preſents a foe. O my unhappy womb!
T'his fury fruitful! Ruin'd *Troy* deſcends:
And ſad ſucceſs the publick ſorrow ends:
Yet they are ended. *Ilium* alone
To us remains: our ſorrows freſhly groan.
I, late ſo potent, and ſo fortunate
510 In husband, ſons, and height of human State,
To exile now am hal'd: deſpis'd, and torn
From my own ſepulchres, from *Phrygia* born
To ſerve *Penelope*, that while I ſew
Or ſpin at her commandment, ſhe may ſhew
Her ſlave to *Ithacenſian* dames, and ſay,
Lo, *Hector*'s mother, *Priam*'s *Hecuba*.

My

515 My ſorrows ſole relief, ſo many loſt,
Is offer'd to appeaſe an hoſtile Ghoſt,
Infernal ſacrifices to the dead,
Even to my foe, my curſed womb hath bred.
Hard heart, why break'ſt thou not? What hopes ingage
Thine expectation? Miſchievous Old-age,
For what reſerv'ſt thou me? You cruel Powers,
520 Why lengthen you a poor old womans hours
To ſee new funerals? O *Priam*, I
May call thee happy, after ruin'd *Troy*.
Happy in death. Thou ſeeſt not this ſad fate:
Thou loſt thy life together with thy ſtate.
Rich funerals attend thee, royal Maid,
525 And by thine Anceſtors thou ſhalt be laid.
O no! thy mothers tears, an heap of ſand,
Muſt now content thee in a foreign Land.
All, all, is loſt! Yet lives a little Boy
530 My laſt and youngeſt joy, when I could joy;
For whom I condeſcend to live a ſpace,
Here foſter'd by the courteous King of *Thrace*.
Meanwhile why ſtay we with the cleanſing floud
To waſh theſe wounds, and look beſmear'd with bloud?
Then with an aged pace, her hoary hairs
535 All torn and ſcattered, to the Sea repairs.
And while the wretched ſaid; You *Troades*,
A Pitcher bring to draw the briniſh Seas:
She ſaw the caſt-up corps of *Polydor*
Struck full of wounds upon the beachy ſhoar.
The Ladies ſhriek; ſhe dumb with ſorrow ſtood:
540 Whilſt inward grief, her voice, her tears, her bloud,
At once devour'd. And now, as if intranc'd,
Stares on the earth; ſometimes to heav'n advanc'd
Her ſcouling brows: oft on his viſage gaz'd;
But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais'd,
545 Arm'd, and inſtructed, all on vengeance bent,
Still Queen-like, deſtinates his puniſhment.
And as a Lioneſs, robb'd of her young,
Purſues the unſeen hunters ſteps: ſo, ſtung
With fury, when her ſorrow with her rage
550 Had join'd their powers; unmindful of her age,
But not of former greatneſs, ran with ſpeed
To *Polymneſter*, author of this deed.
And craving conference, the Tyrant told
How ſhe would ſhew him ſums of hidden gold

To give her *Polydor*. This held for true;
He thirſty of his prey, with her withdrew.
And flattering her thus craftily begun:
Delay not, *Hecuba*, t' enrich thy ſon:
By all the Gods we juſtly will reſtore
What thou ſhalt give, and what thou gav'ſt before.
She with a truculent aſpect beheld
The falſly ſwearing King; with anger ſwell'd.
Then calls the captive dames, upon him flies;
Who hides her fingers in his perjur'd eyes,
Extracts his eye-balls: more than uſual ſtrong,
With thirſty vengeance, and the ſenſe of wrong,
Her hand drowns in his skull; the roots up-tore
Of his loſt ſight, imbru'd with guilty gore.
The men of *Thracia* incenſed for their King,
Weapons and ſtones at *Hecuba* now fling.
She, ſnarling, bites the follow'd flints, her chaps,
For ſpeech extended, bark. Of whoſe miſ-haps,
That place is nam'd. She, mindful of her old
Misfortunes, in *Sithonian* deſarts howl'd.
The *Trojans*, *Grecians*, thoſe who love or hate;
Yea, all the Gods commiſerate her fate,
Even ſpightful *Juno* did to this deſcend;
That *Hecuba* deſerv'd not ſuch an end.
  Aurora had no leiſure to lament,
(Although thoſe arms ſhe favour'd) the event
Of *Troy* or *Hecuba*. Domeſtical
And nearer grief afflicts her, for the fall
Of *Memnon*; whoſe life-bloud the Launce imbru'd
Of ſtern *Achilles*. This when firſt ſhe view'd,
The roſie dye, that deckt the Morns up-riſe,
Grew forthwith pale, and clouds immur'd the skies.
Nor could indure to ſee his body laid
On funeral flames: but with her hair diſplai'd,
As in that ſeaſon, to high *Jove* repairs;
And kneeling thus with tears, unfolds her cares.
  To all inferiour, whom the sky ſuſtains,
(For mortals rarely honour me with Fanes)
A Goddeſs yet, I come: not to deſire
Shrines, Feſtivals, nor Altars bright with fire;
Yet ſhould you weigh what I, a woman, do,
The night confine, and ſacred day renew,
I merit ſuch; ſuch fruit not now our ſtate;
Not ſuch deſires affect the deſolate.

Of *Memnon* robb'd, who glorious arms in vain
Bare for his Uncle, by *Achilles* ſlain
In flower of youth (ſo would you Gods) come I.
600 O chief of Pow'rs, a mothers ſorrow, by
Some honour given him, leſſen: death with fame
Recomfort! *Jove* aſſents. When greedy flame
Devour'd the funeral Pile; and curling fumes
Day over-caſt: as when bright *Sol* aſſumes
From ſtreams thick vapours, nor is ſeen below.
605 The flying ſparkles dying jointly grow
Into one body. Colour, form, life, ſpring
To it from fire, which lightneſs now doth wing.
First like a fowl, forthwith a fowl indeed:
610 Innumerable ſiſters of that breed:
Together whisk their feathers. Thrice they round
The funeral Pile; thrice raiſe a mournful ſound.
In two battalions then divide their flight;
And like two ſtrenuous nations fiercely fight;
Their oppoſite with beak and talons rend;
615 Cuff with their wings; on ſacrifice deſcend,
Now dying, on the aſhes of the dead:
Remembring they were of the Valiant bred.
Theſe new ſprung fowl, men of their author call
Memnonides. So ſooner *Sol* through all
The ſigns returns; but re-inforc'd again
620 In civil war they die upon the ſlain.
While others therefore do commiſerate
Poor barking *Hecuba* in her chang'd fate:
Aurora her own grief intends; renews
Her pious tears which fall on earth in dews.
625 Yet fates reſiſt, that all the hopes of *Troy*
Should periſh with her towers. The Son and Joy
Of *Cytherea*, with his houſhold Gods,
And aged Sire, his pious ſhoulders loads.
Of ſo great wealth he only choſe that prize,
And his *Aſcanius*: from *Antandros* flies
By Seas, and ſhuns the wicked *Thracian* ſhoar,
630 Defil'd with bloud of murthered *Polydore*:
With proſperous winds arriving with his train
At *Phœbus* town, where *Anius* then did reign,
Apollo's holy Prieſt; who, with the reſt,
Into the Temple leads his honour'd Gueſt:
635 The City, with the ſacred places, ſhows,
And trees held by *Latona* in her throwes.

Incenſe on flames, and wine on incenſe pour'd;
Intrails of ſlaughtred beeves by fire devour'd;
His Gueſts conducts to Court: on carpet ſpread
640 With *Ceres* and *Lyæus* bounty fed.
When thus *Anchiſes*; O to *Phœbus* dear!
I am deceiv'd, or, when I firſt was here,
Four daughters and a ſon thy ſolace crown'd.
He ſhook his head, with ſacred fillets bound;
645 And ſighing ſaid, O moſt renown'd of men,
I was the father of five children then,
Whom now, (ſuch is the change of things!) you ſee
Half childleſs: for my abſent ſon to me
Is of ſmall comfort; who, my Vice-roy, reigns
650 In Sea-girt *Andros*, which his name retains.
Him *Delius* with prophetick skill inſpir'd.
A gift paſt credit, ſtill to be admir'd,
My daughters *Bacchus* gave; above their ſuit:
That all they touch ſhould preſently tranſmute
To wine, to corn, and to *Minerva*'s oil.
655 Rich in the uſe. To purchaſe ſuch a ſpoil,
Great *Troy*'s Depopulator, *Atreus* Heir,
(Leſt you ſhould think we have not born a ſhare
In your miſ-haps) with armed violence
Enforc'd them from me: charged to diſpenſe
660 That heavenly gift unto th' *Argolian* Hoſt.
They ſcape by flight: two to *Eubæa* croſt;
Two fled to *Andros*: theſe the Souldier
Purſu'd, and threatned (if unrender'd) war.
Fear nature now ſubdu'd: his ſiſters were
665 By him reſign'd; forgive a brothers fear.
Nor *Hector*, nor *Æneas* then were by
To guard his town, who ſo long guarded *Troy*.
About to bind their captive arms in bands;
Rearing to heaven their yet unchained hands,
670 O father *Bacchus* help! While thus they pray'd,
The Author of that gift preſents his aid,
(If ſuch a loſs may be accounted ſo)
Yet how they loſt their ſhapes I could not know;
Nor yet can tell. It ſelf the ſequel proves;
675 Converted to thy Wives white-feather'd Doves.
With ſuch diſcourſe they enterta in the feaſt:
That ta'ne away, diſpoſe themſelves to reſt.
With day they roſe; the Oracle enquire;
Who bids them to their ancient Nurſe retire.

And hundred Spears. Now ready to depart
The King preſents rich gifts, wrought with rare art;
A Scepter to *Anchiſes* given: A brave
Robe, and a quiver, to *Aſcanius* gave:
A cup t' *Æneas*, which ſurpaſt the reſt;
By *Theban Therſes* ſent him, once his Gueſt,
Mylean Alcon made what *Therſes* ſent:
And carv'd thereon this ample argument.
A City with ſeven gates of equal grace;
Theſe ſerve for names in character the place.
Before it, exequies, tombs, piles, bright fires;
Dames with ſpread hair, bare breaſts, and torn attires,
Decipher mourning: Nymphs appear to weep
For their dry Springs: ſap-ſearing Cankers creep
On naked trees: Goats lick the foodleſs ground.
In midſt of *Thebes*, *Orion*'s daughters crown'd
With fillets ſtand: This proffers to the Sword
Her manly breaſt; her hands her death afford,
For common ſafety. All the people mourn;
And with due funerals their bodies burn.
Yet leſt the world ſhould ſuch a linage loſe,
Two youths out of their virgin-aſhes roſe,
Theſe Orphans wandring Fame *Coronæ* calls;
Who celebrate their mother's funerals.
The antick braſs with burniſht figures ſhin'd;
Whoſe brim neat wreathes of gilt *Acanthus* bind.
Nor were the *Trojan* gifts of leſs expence;
Who gave a *Cenſer* for ſweet Frankincenſe,
An ample Chalice of a curious mold;
With theſe a crown, that ſhone with gems and gold.
In that the *Teucrians* ſprung from *Teucer's* bloud,
They ſail to *Crete*: But *Jove* their ſtay with-ſtood.
Leaving thoſe hundred Cities, now they ſtand
For wiſht *Auſonia's* deſtinared ſtrand.
Toſt by rough Winter, and the wrath of Seas,
They anchor at the faithleſs *Strophades*:
Thence frighted by *Aello*, ſail away
By ſteep *Dulichium*, ſtony *Ithaca*,
Samos, high *Neritus* claſp'd by the Main;
All ſubject to the ſlie *Ulyſſes* reign.
Then at *Ambracia* touch, the ſtrife and grudge
Of angry Gods; the image of the Judge
"Behold, by them converted into ſtone;
Now by *Actiacan Apollo* known.

Then the *Dodonian* ſpeaking Oak they view;
Chaonia where *Moloſſus* children flew
With aiding feathers from the impious flame;
Next to *Phæacia*, rich in Orchards came;
Then to *Epirus*: At *Buthrotos* ſtai'd,
Whoſe Scepter now the *Phrygian* Prophet ſwai'd;
And ſee reſembled *Troy*. Fore-told of all
By *Priams Helenus*, that would befal:
They reach *Sicania*. This three tongues extends
Into circumfluent Seas. *Pachinus* bends
To ſhowry *Auſter*; flowry *Zephyr* blows
On *Lilybæus* brows; *Pelorus* ſhows
His cliffs to *Boreas*, and the frozen *Bear*
That ſhuns the *Ocean*. Under this they ſtear
And ſtretch their Oars, who favoured by the tide,
That night in *Zancle's* crooked harbour ride:
The right ſide dangerous *Scylla*, turbulent
Charybdis keeps the left, on ruin bent.
She belches ſwallowed ſhips from her profound;
Her ſable womb, dogs, ever rav'ning round;
Yet bears a Virgins face: If all be true
That Poets ſing, ſhe was a virgin too.
By many ſought, as many ſhe deſpis'd:
To Nymphs of Seas, of Sea Nymphs highly priz'd,
She bears her viſits; and to them diſcovers,
The hiſtory of her deluded Lovers.
To whom thus *Galatea*, ſighing, ſaid;
While *Scylla* comb'd her hair: You, lovely Maid,
Are lov'd of generous minded men, whom you
With ſafety may refuſe, as now you do:
But I, great *Nereus*, and blue *Doris* Seed,
Great in ſo many ſiſters of that breed,
By ſhunning of the *Cyclops* love, provok'd
A ſad revenge. Here tears her utterance chok'd.
Theſe cleanſed by the marble-finger'd maid;
Who, having comforted the Goddeſs, ſaid:
Relate, O moſt ador'd, nor from me keep
The wretched cauſe that makes a Goddeſs weep;
For I am faithful. *Nereis* conſents;
And thus her grief to *Cratæis* daughter vents.
The Nymph *Symæthis* bore a lovely Boy
To *Faunus*, *Acis* call'd; to them a joy;
To us a greater. For the ſmoothly faire
To me an innocent affection bare.

755 His blooming youth twice-told eight Birth-days crown,
And cloath his cheeks with ſcarce appearing down.
As I the gentle boy, ſo *Polypheme*
My love perſu'd; our loves alike extream.
Whether my love to *Acis*, or my hate
To him were more, I hardly can relate.
Both infinite! O *Venus*, what a power
760 Hath thy command! He, ſtill auſtere and ſowr,
A terrour to the woods, from whom no gueſt
With life eſcapes, accuſtomed to feaſt
On humane fleſh; who all the Gods above,
With them *Olympus* ſcorn'd; now ſtoops to love.
Forgetful of his flocks and caves, a fire
Feeds in his breaſt, inflamed with deſire.
765 His feature now extends, now bends his care
To pleaſe: with rakes he combs his ſtubborn hair;
His briſtles barbs with ſcithes: And by the brooks
Unſolid mirrour calms his dreadful looks:
His thirſt of bloud and love of ſlaughter ceaſe;
770 Leſs cruel now: Ships come and go in peace.
When *Telemus* came from *Sicilian* Seas,
The Augur *Telemus Eurymides*,
And ſaid to *Polypheme*, Thy brows large ſight
Shall by *Ulyſſes* be depriv'd of light.
775 O fool, he laughing ſaid, thou tell'ſt a lie;
A female hath already ſtoln that eye.
Thus flouts the Prophet's true prediction:
And with extended paces ſtalks upon
The burd'ned ſhoar; or weary, from the wave-
Beat beach retireth to his gloomy cave:
A promontory thruſts into the main,
780 Whoſe cliffie ſides the breaking Seas reſtrain;
The *Cyclop* this aſcends; whoſe fleecy flock
Unforced follow. Seated on a rock,
His ſtaff, a well-grown Pine, before him caſt,
Sufficient for a yard-ſupporting maſt;
785 He blows his hundred reeds; whoſe ſqueaking fills
The far-reſounding Seas, and echoing hills.
Hid in an hollow rock, and laid along
By *Acis* ſide, I heard him ſing this ſong.
790 O *Galatea*, more than Lilly-white,
More freſh than flowry meads, than glaſs more bright,
Higher than Alder-trees, than kids more blithe,
795 Smoother than ſhels whereon the ſurges drive,

More wiſht than Winters Sun, or Summers air,
795 More ſweet than Grapes, than Apples far more rare,
Clearer than Ice, more ſeemly than tall Planes;
Softer than tender curds, or down of Swans,
More fair, if fixt, than gardens by the fall
Of Springs inchas'd. Though thus, thou art withal
More fierce than ſalvage Bulls, who know no yoke,
800 Than waves more giddy, harder than the Oak,
Than Vines or Willow twigs more eaſ'ly bent,
More ſtiff than rocks, than ſtreams more violent,
Prouder than Peacocks prais'd, more raſh than fire,
Than Bears more cruel, ſharper than the Brier,
805 Deafer than Seas, more fell than trod-on Snake;
And, if I could, what I would from thee take,
More ſpeedy than the hound-purſu'd Hind,
Or chaſed clouds, or than the flying wind.
If known to thee, thou wouldſt thy flight repent;
810 Curſe thy delay, and labour my content;
For I have caves within the living ſtone;
To Summers heat, and Winters cold unknown:
Trees charg'd with Apples; ſpreading Vines that hold
A purple Grape, and Grapes reſembling Gold.
815 For thee I theſe preſerve, affected Maid,
Thou Strawberries ſhalt gather in the ſhade.
Autumnal Cornels, Plums with azure rind,
And wax-like yellow of a generous kind;
820 Nor ſhalt thou Cheſnuts want, if mine thou be,
Nor ſcalded Wildings, ſerv'd by every tree.
Theſe flocks are ours; in valleys many ſtray,
Woods many ſhade, at home as many ſtay,
Nor can I, ſhould you ask, their number tell:
825 Who number theirs, are poor. How theſe excel,
Believe not me, but credit your own eyes:
See how their udders part their ſtraggling thighs.
I in my ſheep-coats have new-weaned Lambs;
And frisking Kids late taken from their dams.
830 New milk, freſh curds and cream, with cheeſe well
Are never wanting for thy palats feaſt. (preſt,
Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare
Of eaſie purchaſe, or what are not rare:
Deer, red and fallow, Roes, light-footed Hares,
Neſts, ſcal'd from cliffs, and Doves produc'd by pairs.
835 A rugged Bears rough twins I found upon
The Mountain late, ſcarce from each other known,

For thee to play with: Finding theſe, I ſaid,
My Miſtreſs you ſhall ſerve. Come lovely Maid,
Come *Galatea*, from the ſurges riſe,
840 Bright as the Morning; nor our gifts deſpiſe.
I know my ſelf; mine image in the brook
I lately ſaw, and thereon pleaſure took.
Behold, how great! Nor *Jupiter* above
(For much you talk I know not of what *Jove*)
845 Is larger ſiz'd: Curls on my brows diſplay'd,
Affright; and like a Grove my ſhoulders ſhade.
Nor let it your eſteem of me impair,
That all my body briſtles with thick hair.
Trees without leaves, and Horſes without mains
Are ſights unſeemly; graſs adorns the Plains,
850 Wool ſheep, and feathers fowl. A manly face
A beard becomes: The ſkin rough briſtles grace.
Amid my fore-head ſhines one only light;
Round, like a mighty ſhield, and clear of ſight.
The Sun all objects ſees beneath the skie;
And yet behold, the Sun hath but one eye.
855 Beſides your Seas obey my father's throne:
I give you him for yours. Do you alone
Vouchſafe me pity, and your ſuppliant hear:
To you I only bow; you only fear.
Heaven, *Jupiter*, his lightning I deſpiſe:
More dread the lightning of thy angry eyes.
860 And yet your ſcorn my patience leſs would move,
Were all contemn'd. Why ſhould you *Acis* love,
And ſlight the *Cyclops*? Why to him more free?
Although himſelf he pleaſe, and pleaſeth thee,
(Which frets me moſt) could I your darling get,
He then ſhould find my ſtrength and the like great.
865 His guts I could extract, ſqueeze out his brains,
Throw his diſſevered limbs about the plains:
And if with thee he mingle, mix thy waves
With his hot bloud; and make thy deep his grave.
For O, I fry! Deſpis'd affection burns
With greater rage: My bulk to *Ætna* turns,
And all her flames are in my boſom pent:
870 Yet, *Galatea*, wilt not thou relent?
This ſaid, he roſe; (for I beheld him well;)
Nor could ſtand ſtill; but terrible and fell,
Hurries about the woods and well-known coaſt;
Much like a Bull that hath his Heifer loſt.

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Who me and *Acis*, too ſecure, eſpi'd,
And with a voice that ſuits a *Cyclop*, cri'd,
This hour ſhall be the laſt of all your joys;
Affrighted *Ætna* roared with the noiſe,
I under water div'd: He flying ſaid;
Help *Galatea*! You, O Parents, aid
The utterly undone; and entertain
Your iſſue in the Empire where you reign.
A torn-off rock the following *Cyclop* threw;
Whoſe corner over-whelmed *Acis* ſlew.
We did, what could be licenſed by Fate;
Reſuming *Acis* to his Grand-ſires ſtate;
The purple bloud from his cruſht body fled;
Which preſently forſook the native red:
Firſt like a rain-diſcoloured ſtream appears;
Then cryſtalline. The rock in ſunder tears:
Whoſe crannies with up-ſtarting reeds abound;
And in the breach inſulting waves reſound;
From whence a youth aroſe above the waſt;
His horned brows with quivering reeds imbrac't.
'Twas wondrous ſtrange: But that his looks appear
More blue, and he more great, it *Acis* were.
And ſo it was: Although he now became
A living ſtream, which ſtill preſerves his name.
Here *Galatea* ends; th' aſſembly brake;
To ſmiling Seas the Nymphs themſelves betake.
Scylla returning, dares not truſt the Deeps;
But naked, nigh the thirſty gravel keeps;
Or weary, in the more-ſequeſtred waves
Her comely limbs in cooling water bathes.
Lo, *Glaucus* in the Sea but lately known,
Transformed near *Eubœan Anthedon*,
Through yielding waves arrives: Rapt with her ſight,
By gentle words attempts to ſtay her flight.
She faſter flees: Who ſwift with fear aſcends
A lofty hill, which near the ſhoar extends:
Whoſe round congeſted ſummit, crown'd with wood,
Did over-peer the under-ſwelling floud.
There ſtays, ſecured by the place: nor knew
If God, or Monſter: Much admires his hue,
His ſpreading locks, which all his ſhoulders vail,
And hinder-parts, that bear a fiſhes tail.
Perceived; leaning on a rock, he ſaid:
I am no beaſt, nor prodigy, fair Maid;

Nor

920 Nor *Proteus*, *Triton*, *Athamantides*,
Are greater Gods, or more command in Seas.
Yet once a mortall; and did then frequent
Th' affected Seas. On thoſe my labour ſpent.
Sometimes with nets I fiſhes hale to land:
Sometimes the line directed with my wand.
925 The ſhoar a meadow bounds; whereof one ſide
Is fring'd with weeds, th'other with the tide.
On this nor horned cattel ever fed,
Nor harmleſs ſheep, nor goats on mountains bred.
No Bees from hence their thighs with honey laid;
930 Thoſe flowers no marriage-garlands ever made:
That graſs ne're cut with ſithes. Of mortals I
Firſt thither came; my nets hung up to dry.
While I expos'd the fiſhes which I took,
935 By their credulity hung on my hook,
Or matcht in nets; (what would a lie behove?
Yet ſuch it ſeems) my prey began to move,
Diſplay their fins, and ſwim as on the floud.
While I neglect their ſtay, and wondring ſtood;
They all by flight avoiding my command,
940 Together left their owner, and the Land.
Amaz'd, and doubting long; the cauſe I ſought,
If either God, or Herb, this wonder wrought.
What herb, ſaid I, hath ſuch a power! In haſte
An herb I pull'd, and gave it to my taſt.
945 No ſooner ſwallowed, but my intrails ſhook:
When forthwith I another nature took:
Nor could refrain; but ſaid, O Earth, my laſt
Farewel receive! In Seas my ſelf I caſt.
950 The Sea-gods now vouchſafing my receit
Into their ſacred fellowſhips, intreat
Both *Tethys* and *Oceanus*, that they
Would take, what ever mortal was, away.
Whom now they hallow; and with charms nine times
Repeated, purge me from my human crimes:
And bad me dive beneath an hundred ſtreams:
955 Forthwith the Rivers ruſh from ſundry Realms;
And Sea-mix'd Surges roll above my crown.
As ſoon as ſtreams retire, and Seas were down,
Another body, and another mind,
Unlike the former, they to me aſſign'd.
960 Thus much of Wonder I remember well.
Thenceforth inſenſible of what befel.

Then firſt of all this Sea-green beard I ſaw,
Theſe dangling locks, which through the deep I draw:
Broad ſhoulder-blades, blue arms of greater might;
And thighs which in a fiſhes tail unite.
565 What boots this form? My grace with Gods of Seas?
Or that a God? If thou affect not theſe?
  While this he ſpake, and would have uttered more,
Coy *Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore
His Loves repulſe. Whom ſtrong deſires tranſport
To great *Titanian Circe*'s horrid Court.

OVID'S

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Inchanted Scylla, *hemm'd with horrid ſhapes,*
Becomes a Rock; Cercopeans *turn'd to Apes.*
Sibylla *wears t' a Voice.* Ulyſſes *men*
Transform'd to Swine, and re-transform'd agen.
Picus, *a Bird: His Followers, Beaſts. Deſpair*
Reſolves ſad-ſinging Canens *into Air.*
The mates of Diomed *un*[illegible]*'d*
Idalia *turns to Fowl. An Olive wild*
Rude Apulus *deciphers.* Turnus *burns*
Æneas *ſhips; Theſe* Berecynthia *turns*
To Sea-Nymphs; who Alcyons *ſhip with joy*
Behold a Rock. The Trojan *flames deſtroy*
Beſieged Ardea*; from whoſe aſhes ſprings*
A meager Hern, that beats them on her wings.
Æneas *Deify'd.* Vertumnus *tries*
All ſhapes. Rhamnuſia, *for her cruelties,*
Congeals proud Anaxarete *to Stone,*
Cold Fountains boyl with heat. T' an heav'nly throne
Mars Romulus *aſſumes.* Herſilia
Like grace receives; Who join in equal ſway.

NOW *Glaucus,* thron'd in tumid floods, had paſt
High *Ætna,* on the jaws of *Typhon* caſt;
Cyclopian fields, where never Oxen drew
The harrowing plough, nor ever tillage knew;

Crookt *Zancle*; *Rhegium* on the other ſide;
The wrackful Straights, whoſe double bounds divide
Sicilia from *Auſonia*: forward draves;
Through ſpacious *Tyrrhen*, at length arrives
At herby Hills, *Phœbean Circe*'s ſeat,
With ſundry forms of monſtrous beaſts repleat.
When, mutually ſaluting, *Glaucus* ſaid:
O God, O Goddeſs, pity: On your aid
Alone relies, (if my deſert might move
So dear a grace) th' aſſwagement of my Love.
For none than I, *Titania*, better knows
The power of herbs, that was transform'd by thoſe.
T' inform you better, in *Italia*,
Againſt *Meſſena*, on a ſandy Bay,
I *Scylla* ſaw: It ſhames me to recite
My ſlighted Courtſhip, anſwered by her flight.
Do thou, if charms avail, in charms untie
Thy ſacred tongue: Or Soveraign Herbs apply,
If of more power. Yet I affect no cure,
Nor end of Love: Like heat let her endure.
But *Circe* (none to ſuch deſires more prone,
Or that the cauſe is in her ſelf alone;
Or ſtung by *Venus* angry influence,
In that her Father publiſht her offence)
Repli'd: The willing with more eaſe purſue;
Who wiſh the ſame, whom equal flames ſubdue;
For thou O well deſerv'ſt to be purſu'd:
Give hope, and, credit me, thou ſhalt be woo'd.
Reſt therefore of thy beauty confident;
Lo I, a Goddeſs, radiant *Sol*'s deſcent:
In herbs ſo potent, and no leſs in charms;
Proffer my ſelf, and pleaſures to thy arms.
Scorn her that ſcorns thee; her that ſeeks, purſue:
And ſo at once be thou reveng'd of two.
Glaucus repli'd to her who ſought him ſo:
Firſt ſhady groves ſhall on the billows grow,
And Sea-weeds to the mountain tops remove;
Ere I, (and *Scylla* living) change my love.
The Goddeſs frets: Who ſince ſhe neither could
Deſtroy a Deity, nor, loving, would;
On her, preferr'd before her, bends her ire:
And high incenſed with repulſt deſire,
Forthwith infectious drugs of dire effects
Together grinds, and *Hecat*'s charms injects;

A

A Sea-green robe puts on, the Court forſakes
Through throngs of fawning beaſts: Her journey takes
To *Rhegium* oppoſite to *Zancle's* ſhoar;
And treads the troubled waves that loudly roar.
Running with unwet feet on that Profound;
As if ſh' had trod upon the ſolid ground.
A little Bay, by *Scylla* haunted, lies
Bent like a Bow; ſconſt from the Seas and Skies
Diſtemper, when the high-pitcht Sun invades
The world with hotteſt beams, and ſhorteſt ſhades;
This with portentous poiſons ſhe pollutes;
Beſprinkled with the juice of wicked roots;
In words dark and perplexed nine times thrice
Inchantments mutters with her magick voice.
Now *Scylla* came; and, wading to the waſte,
Beheld her lips with barking dogs imbrac't,
Starts back: At *firſt* not thinking that they were
Part of her ſelf, but rates them, and doth fear
Their threatning jaws: But thoſe from whom ſhe flies,
She with her hales. Then loking for her thighs,
Her legs, and feet; in ſtead of them ſhe found
The mouths of *Cerberus* inviron'd round
With rav'ning Curs: The backs of ſalvage beaſts
Support her groin; whereon her belly reſts.
Kind *Glaucus* wept; and *Circe's* bed refuſ'd;
Who had ſo cruelly her Art abuſ'd.
But *Scylla*, ſtill remaining, *Circe* hates;
Who for that cauſe deſtroy'd *Ulyſſes* mates.
And had the *Trojan* navy drown'd of late,
If not before transform'd by powerful Fate,
Into a Rock: The ſtony Prodigy
Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men fly.
This, and *Charybdis* paſt with ſtretched oars;
The *Trojan* fleet now near th' *Auſonian* ſhoars,
Croſs winds, and violent, to *Libya* drave.
There, in her heart, and palace, *Dido* gave
Æneas harbour: With impatience bears
Her husbands flight: Forthwith a Pile ſhe rears,
Pretending ſacrifice; and thereon doth fall
Upon his Sword; Deceiv'd, deceiving all.
Flying from *Carthage*, *Eryx* he re-gain'd,
There where his faithful friend *Aceſtes* reign'd.
His fathers funerals he re-ſolemniz'd,
He puts to Sea, with ſhips well nigh ſurpriſ'd.

By *Iris* flames, *Hippotades's* Command,
The Sulphur-fuming Iſles, the rocky Strand
Of *Acheloian Syrens* leaving, loſt
His Pilot: To *Inarime* then croſt,
To *Prochyta*, and *Pithecuſa*, fill'd
With barren hills: So of her people call'd.
For *Jupiter*, deteſting much the Iſle
And fraudulent *Cercopians* perjury,
Into deformed beaſts tranſform'd them then;
Although unlike, appearing like to men:
Contracts their limbs, their noſes from their brows
He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plows;
And, covering them with yellow hair, affords
This dwelling, firſt depriving them of words,
So much abus'd to perjury and wrongs:
Who jabber, and complain with ſtammering tongues.
  Then on the right-hand left *Parthenope*.
Miſenus on the left, far ſtretcht in Sea,
So named of his Trumpeter: Thence, paſt
By ſlimy Mariſhes, and anchor caſt
At *Cumæ*, entring long-liv'd *Sibyls* Caves,
A paſſage through obſcure *Avernus* craves
T' his Fathers *Manes*. She erects his eyes,
Long fixt on earth, and with the Deities
Reception fill'd, in ſacred rage repli'd;
Great things thou ſeek'ſt, O thou ſo magnify'd
For mighty deeds! Thy piety through flame,
Thy arm through Armies conſecrate thy name.
Yet fear not, *Trojan*, thy deſires enjoy:
T' *Elyſian* Fields, th' infernal Monarchy,
And Fathers ſhade, I will thy perſon guide:
No way to noble Virtue is deni'd.
  Then to a golden bough directs his view,
Which in *Avernian Juno's* Hort-yard grew:
And bad him pull it from the ſacred tree.
Æneas her obeys: And now doth ſee
The ſpoils of dreadfull Hell; his Grand-ſires, loſt
In death, and great *Anchiſes* aged Ghoſt;
There knows the cuſtoms of the *Latian* State;
The toil of future wars, and following fate.
Then, in retreat, his weary ſtep appli'd;
And by diſcourſe with his *Cumæan* Guide
His toil beguiles, as in that horrid way,
Through gloomy twylight, he re-mounts to Day.

Whether, ſaid he, thou bee'ſt a Deity,
Or of the Gods belov'd; for ever I
125 Will ſerve thee as a Goddeſs: And confeſs,
That by thy favour I have won acceſs
Unto th' abodes of death; that by thee I
Eſcape from his infernal Monarchy.
And therefore will, when I to day return,
A Temple build, and incenſe to thee burn.
The Propheteſs on him reverts her eye;
130 And ſighing, ſaid; I am no Deity:
To mortals offer no immortal Dues;
Leſt ignorance thy gratitude abuſe.
Yet had been free from deaths impetuous power,
Had I to *Phœbus* given my virgin flower.
While hopeful; tempting me with gifts, he ſaid,
135 Ask what thou wilt, my fair *Cumæan* Maid,
And take thy wiſh: I ſhew'd an heap of ſand;
And wiſht as many birth-days as my hand
Contained grains: Forgot to add the prime
Of youthful years, which ſhould have crown'd my time.
140 Who this had granted alſo, if my bed
He could have won. His gifts deſpis'd, I led
A ſingle life, thoſe happier times are gone;
And crazie age with trembling ſteps come on.
Seven ages have I liv'd, and live I muſt
145 Till years have equalled thoſe grains of duſt.
Three hundred Harveſts conſummate the ſum,
Three hundred Vintages. The time will come,
When length of days my body ſhall abate,
And little leave in quantity or weight.
None then will think, that I belov'd had been,
150 Or pleas'd a God. He, by whom all is ſeen,
(Such change ſhall I endure) or will not know,
Or elſe deny, that he had lov'd me ſo.
No eye ſhall ſee me: Yet a voice alone
Fate will afford, by which I ſhall be known.
Thus *Sibyl*, as they climb'd that ſteep aſcent.
155 Pious *Æneas* through this *Stygian* vent
At *Cumæ* roſe: And ſacrificing came
To ſhoars ſince called of his Nurſes name.
Neritian Macareus, the friend
Of *Ithacus* did here his travels end.
Who knowing *Achæmenides*, of late
160 On *Ætna* left, admires to ſee his mate

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Long given for dead. What chance, or God, ſaid he,
O *Achæmenides*, hath ſet thee free?
How comes a *Græcian* ſouldier to be found,
In *Trojan* veſſel? For what Country bound?
164 When *Achæmenides*: (not now forlorn,
Now like himſelf, his rags not pinn'd with thorn)
May I fell *Polypheme* behold again,
Whoſe jaws o're-flow with bloud of ſtrangers ſlain;
If I this home prefer not far above
Ulyſſes ſhip, or leſs *Æneas* love
170 Than my own father, could I render more
Than all my All, the recompence were poor.
That now I ſpeak, I breathe, Heaven, Sun-ſhine ſee
(Can I unmindful or ungrateful be)
Is by his bounty; that the *Cyclops* foul
And hungry maw had not devour'd my ſoul:
175 That now I may be buried when I die;
Or at the leaſt, not in his entrails lie:
O what an heart had I! With fear bereft
Of ſoul and ſenſe! When I behind was left,
And ſaw your flight! I had an Out-cry made,
180 But that afear'd to have my ſelf betrai'd.
Yours, almoſt had *Ulyſſes* ſhip deſtroi'd:
I ſaw him rive out of the mountains ſide
A ſolid rock, and dart it on the Main:
I ſaw the furious Giant once again,
When mighty ſtones with monſtrous ſtrength he ſlung:
Like quarries by a warlike engine flung.
185 Leſt ſhip ſhould ſink with waves and ſtones I fear:
Not then remembring, that I was not there.
He, when your flight had reſcu'd you from death,
O're *Ætna* paces; ſighing clouds of breath:
And groping in the woods, bereft of ſight,
190 Encounters juſtling rocks: Mad with deſpight
Extends his bloudy arms to under waves,
The *Greeks* purſues with curſes; and thus raves.
O would ſome God *Ulyſſes* would ingage,
Or ſome of his, to my inſatiate rage!
I'd gnaw his heart, his living members rend,
195 Gulp down his bloud till it again aſcend,
And craſh his panting ſinews. O, how light
A loſs, or none, were then my loſs of ſight!
This ſpake, and more, my joints pale horrour ſhook,
To ſee his grim, and ſlaughter-ſmeared look,

His

200 His bloudy hands, his eyes deſerted ſeat,
Vaſt limbs, and beard with human gore concreet.
Death ſtood before mine eyes (my leaſt diſmay!)
Now thought my ſelf ſurpriz'd; now, that I lay
Drown'd in his paunch. That time preſents my view,
205 When two of ours on daſhing ſtones he threw;
Then on them like a ſhagged Lion lies;
Their entrails, fleſh, yet moving arteries,
White marrow, with craſht bones, at once devours,
210 I, ſad, and bloudleſs ſtood: Fear chill'd my powers,
Seeing him eat, and caſt the horrid food;
Raw lumps of fleſh, wine mixt with clotted bloud.
Even ſuch a fate my wretched thoughts propound.
Long lying hid, afraid of every ſound,
215 Abhorring death, yet coveting to die;
With maſt, and herbs repelling famine; I,
Forlorn, to death, and torment left, at laſt
This ſhip eſpi'd: And wafting it, in haſt
Ran to the ſhore, nor ſafety vainly ſeek:
220 A *Trojan* veſſel entertain'd a *Greek*.
Now, worthy friend, your own adventures tell;
And what, ſince firſt you put to ſea, befel.
He told how *Æolus* raign'd in *Tuſcan* Seas,
Storm-fettering *Æolus Hippodates*,
Who nobly gave to their *Dulichian* Guide
225 A wind, incloſed in an Oxes hide.
Nine days they ſailed with ſucceſsful gales; (ſails
Sought ſhores deſcri'd: The tenth had blancht their
When greedy Sailers, thinking to have found
230 A maſs of envi'd gold, the wind unbound.
This through rough ſeas the blaſt backward drives,
Which at th' *Æolian* port again arrives
To *Leſtrigonian Lamus* ancient town.
From thence, ſaid he, we came. That Countries crown
Antiphates then wore. Three thither ſent,
235 Two of us ſcarce by flight our death prevent:
The third the *Leſtrigonians* teeth embru'd
With his hot gore. *Antiphates* purſu'd
Our flight; incites his troops; who tumbling down
Huge ſtones and trees, our men and veſſels drown:
240 One ſcap'd, which us, and ſad *Ulyſſes* bore.
Jointly our loſt companions we deplore;
And grieving reach that Sea-environ'd land,
Which far from hence you ſee: Still may it ſtand

Far

245 Far from my ſight! Beware, thou Goddeſs Son,
Juſt *Trojan* Prince, (for now the wars are done,
With them for ever end our enmity,)
From *Circes* Manſion, O *Æneas*, flie.
There anchoring, mindful of the *Cyclops* ſtrand,
250 And fell *Antiphates*, we fear to land.
But caſting lots, the lot elected us,
Faithful *Polites*, ſage *Eurylochus*,
Elpenor prone to wine, and eighteen more
To viſit *Circe* on that unknown ſhore.
Approaching, we before the Portal ſtaid,
255 A thouſand Lions, Bears, and Wolves invade
Our hearts with fear, which needed not, for they
Inſtead of teeth their flattering tails diſplay,
And fawning follow, till their hand-maids came
260 And led us through that Marble-cover'd frame
Unto their Miſtriſs. On a throne of State,
She in a ſumptuous inward chamber ſate:
With gold her under garment richly ſhone;
And over it a purple Mantle thrown,
Nereides, and Nymphs, nor carded wool,
265 Nor following twine with little fingers pull:
But weeds diſpoſe in order, mingled flowers
Select in maunds, and herbs of different powers,
At her direction: Who the vertue knew
Of every ſimple, of their compounds too,
270 And gives them their due weight. Saluted, ſhe
Salutes again; her chearful looks as free,
As her full bounty to ſupply our need.
Who bids her ready damsels mix with ſpeed
The pulp of Barley, Honey, Curds, ſtrong wines;
275 And to this ſweet receit hid juices joins.
Then gave the cup with her own ſacred hand;
Which thirſtily we drunk, while with her wand
The direful Goddeſs ſtrokes our crowns, I ſhame
To tell; yet tell; I preſently became
With briſtles rough; Thinking as I was wont,
280 T' have ſpoke, and ſhew'd my grief in words, I grunt.
My looks hung down, my mouth extends t' a ſnout,
My ſtiffer neck with ſwelling brawn ſticks out;
And go upon theſe hands, wherewith of late
I took the cup. With thoſe whom frightful fate
285 Had thus un-mann'd (ſo great a potency
In *potions* lurks) included in a Sty.

Alone *Eurylochus* the Shape of Swine
Avoids: Alone reſus'd the proffered wine.
Which had not he rejected, with the reſt
Himſelf had been a briſtle-bearing Beaſt.
Nor ſhould *Ulyſſes* our miſ-haps have known:
290 Or forced *Circe* to reſtore his own.
Peace-bearing *Hermes* gave him a white flower;
Call'd *Moly* by the Gods; of wonderous power,
Sprung from a Sable root: Inform'd withal
By heavenly counſel, enters *Circe's* Hall.
295 Proffering th' inſidious Cup, her magick wand
About to raiſe he thruſt her from her ſtand;
And with drawn ſword the trembling Goddeſs frights:
When vowed faith with her fair hands ſhe plights;
And grac't him with her nuptial bed: Who then
Demands in dowry his transfigur'd men.
Sprinkled with better juice, her wand reverſt,
300 Above our crowns; and charms with charms diſperſt;
The more ſhe ſings, we grow the more upright,
Our briſtles ſhed, our cloven feet unite,
Shoulders and arms poſſeſs their former grace.
305 With tears our weeping General we embrace
And hang about his neck: Nor ſcarce a word
Breathes through our lips, but ſuch as thanks afford.
From hence our Paſs was for a year deferr'd;
In that long time much ſaw I, and much heard:
310 Of which, a Maid (one of the four, prepar'd
For ſacred ſervice) cloſely this declar'd.
For while my Chief with *Circe* ſports alone,
She ſhew'd a young mans Image of white ſtone,
315 Clos'd in a ſhrine, with crowns imbelliſhed;
Who bore a Wood-pecker upon his head.
Demanding whoſe it was, why placed there,
Why he that Bird upon his ſummit bare?
I will, repli'd ſhe, O *Macareus*, tell
In this my Miſtreſs power: Obſerve me well.
320 *Saturnian Picus* in *Auſonia* reign'd,
Who generous horſes for the battel train'd.
His form, ſuch as you ſee: Whom had you known,
You would have thought this feature were his own.
His mind as beautiful. Nor yet could he
325 Four *Grecian* wraſtlings in th' *Olympicks* ſee.
The *Dryades*, in *Latian* mountains born,
His looks attract: Nor Nymphs of fountains ſcorn

To ſue for pity. Thoſe whom *Albula*,
Numicus, *Anio*, *Almo* ſhort of way,
330 And heady *Nar* ſuſtain; The ſhady flood
Of *Farfarus*, the *Scythian Cynthiae* wood,
Environ'd mariſhes, and neighbouring Lakes,
Yet for one onely Nymph the reſt forſakes:
Whom whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the fair
Venilia to the two fac'd *Janus* bare.
335 The Maid, now marriageable, honoured
Laurentian Picus with her nuptial bed.
Her beauty admirable; Yet more fam'd
For artful ſongs, and thereof *Canens* nam'd.
Her voice the woods and rocks to paſſion moves;
Tames ſalvage beaſts, the troubled Rivers ſmooths,
Detains their haſty courſe, and, when ſhe ſings,
340 The birds neglect the labour of their wings.
While her ſweet voice coeleſtial muſick yields,
Young *Picus* follows in *Laurentian* Fields,
The ſalvage Boar, upon a fiery Steed,
Arm'd with two darts: Clad in a *Tyrian* weed
345 With gold cloſe-buckled. Thither alſo came
The Daughter of the Sun, who left her name
Retaining fields, and on thoſe fruitful hills
Her ſacred lap with dewy Simples fills.
Seeing unſeen, his ſight her ſenſe amaz'd;
350 The gathered herbs fell from her as ſhe gaz'd;
Whoſe bones a marrow-melting flame encloſ'd:
But when ſhe her diſtraction had compos'd,
About t' impart her wiſh, the following preſs,
And ſwiftneſs of his horſe, forbid acceſs.
355 Thou ſhalt not ſo eſcape, ſaid ſhe, although
The winds ſhould wing thee; if my ſelf I know,
If herbs retain their power, if charms at leaſt
My truſt deceive not. Then creates a Beaſt
Without a body, bid to run before
360 The King's purſuit; and made the airy Bore
To take a thicket, where no horſe could force
His barr'd acceſs. He leaves his foaming horſe
On foot to follow a deceitful Shade
With equal hopes: And through the foreſt ſtray'd.
365 New Vows ſhe ſtraight conceiveth, and implores;
And Gods unknown with unknown charms adores,
Wherewith inur'd t' eclipſe the pale fac't Moon,
And cloud her Father's ſplendour at high Noon,

And now with pitchy foggs obſcures the day,
From earth exhal'd. His Guard miſtake their way,
In that deceitful Night, and from him ſtray'd.
When ſhe, the time and place befitting, ſaid:
By thoſe fair eyes, which have inthralled mine;
And by that all-alluring face of thine,
Which makes a Goddeſs ſue; aſſwage the fire
By thee incenſt; and take unto thy Sire
The all-illuminating Sun: Nor prove
Hard-hearted to *Titanian Circes* love.
Her, and her prayers, deſpis'd. What e're thou art,
I am not thine, ſaid he, my captive heart
Another holds; and may ſhe hold it long,
Nor with a ſtranger will I ever wrong
Our nuptial faith, ſo long as Nature gives
Life to my veins, and *Janus* daughter lives.
Titania, tempting oft, as oft in vain;
Thou ſhalt not ſcape my vengeance, nor again
Return to *Canens*. What the wrong'd can do,
A wronged Lover, and a Woman too,
Thou ſhalt, ſaid ſhe, by ſad experience prove:
For I a Woman, woo'd, and wrong'd in love.
Twice turns ſhe to the Eaſt, twice to the Weſt:
Thrice toucht him with her wand, three charms expreſt,
He flies; at his unwonted ſpeed admir'd;
Then ſaw the feathers, which his ſkin attir'd;
Who forthwith ſeeks the woods; and angry ſtill,
Hard Oaks aſſails, and wounds them with his bill.
His wings the purple of his cloak aſſume;
The gold that claſpt his garment turns to plume,
And now his neck with golden circle chains;
Of *Picus* nothing but his name remains.
The Courtiers *Picus* call, and ſeek him round
About the fields, that was not to be found.
Yet *Circe* find (for now the day grew fair,
The Sun and Winds ſet free to cleanſe the air)
And charge her with true crimes, their King demand,
With threatning looks, and weapons in their hand.
She ſprinkles them with juice of wicked might,
From *Erebus* and *Chaos* conjures *Night*
With all her Gods; and *Hecate* intreats
With tedious mumblings. Woods forſake their ſeats,
Their leaves look pale; Herbs bluſh with drops of gore,
Earth groans, dogs howl, rocks hoarſly ſeem to roar:

Upon

410 Upon the tainted ground black Serpents ſlide;
And through the air unbodi'd ſpirits glide.
Frighted with terrours, as they trembling ſtand,
She ſtrokes their wondering faces with her wand:
Forthwith the ſhapes of ſavage beaſts inveſt
415 Their former forms; not one his own poſſeſt.
Phœbus now entring the *Tarteſſian* Main,
Sad *Canens* with her Eyes and Soul, in vain
Expects her Spouſe. Her ſervants ſhe excites
To run about the woods with blazing lights.
420 Who not content to weep, to tear her hair,
And beat her breaſts (though theſe expreſs her care)
In haſte forſakes her roof; and frantick, ſtrays
Through broad-ſpred fields. Six nights, as many days,
Without or ſleep, or ſuſtenance, ſhe fled
425 O're hills and dales, the way which fortune led.
Now tir'd with grief and travel, *Tyber* laſt
Beheld the Nymph: On his cool banks ſhe caſt
Her feeble limbs. There weeps, and weeping ſung
Her ſorrows with a ſoftly warbling tongue.
430 Even ſo the dying Swan with low-rais'd breath,
Sings her own exequies before her death.
At length her marrow melts with griefs deſpair:
And by degrees ſhe vaniſheth to air.
Yet ſtill the place doth memorize her fame:
Which of the Nymph the Rurall *Canens* name.
435 In that long year, much, and ſuch deeds as theſe
I ſaw and heard. Un-nerv'd with ſlothful eaſe,
Again we put to Sea. By *Circe* told
Of our hard paſſage, and the manifold
Diſaſters to enſue, I grew afraid
440 (I muſt confeſs) and here arriving, ſtaid.
Macareus ends. *Cajeta* Urn inclos'd,
This verſe had on her marble tomb impos'd:
Here, with due rites, my pious Nurſe-child me
Cajeta burnt; from *Grecian* fires ſet free.
445 They looſe their cables from the graſſie ſtrand;
Avoiding *Circe*'s guileful palace, ſtand
For thoſe tall groves, where *Tyber*, dark with ſhades,
In *Tyrrhene* Seas his ſandy ſtreams unlades.
The throne of *Faunus* ſon, the *Latian* ſtar
Lavinia gains; but not without a war.
450 War with a furious Nation is commenc'd:
Stern *Turnus* for his promis'd wife incens'd:

While all *Hetruria* to *Latium* ſwarms;
Hard victory long ſought with penſive arms.
To get Recruits from foreign States they try:
Nor *Trojans*, nor *Rutulians* want ſupply.
Nor to *Evander*'s town *Æneas* went
In vain. Though vainly *Venulus* was ſent
To baniſht *Diomed*'s City, late immur'd:
Thoſe fields *Iapygian Daunus* had aſſur'd
To him in dowry. When *Venulus* had done
His ambaſſie to *Tydeus* warlike ſon;
The Prince excus'd his aid: As loth to draw
The ſubjects of his aged father-in-law
T' unneceſſary war: That none remain
Of his to arm. Leſt you ſhould think I ſeign;
Though repetition Sorrow renovates;
Yet, while I ſuffer, hear the worſt of fates.
After that *Pergamus* our prey became,
And lofty *Ilium* fed the *Grecian* flame,
A Virgin, for a Virgins rape, let fall
Her vengeance, to *Oileus* due, on all.
Scattered on faithleſs Seas with furious ſtorms,
We, wretched *Grecians*, ſuffer'd all the forms
Of horrour; Lightning, night, ſhow'rs, wrath of skies,
Of Seas, and dire *Caphareian* cruelties.
T' abridge the ſtory of ſo ſad a fate;
Now *Priam* would have pitied our eſtate.
Yet *Pallas* ſnatcht me from the ſwallowing Main;
Then from my ungrateful Country chas'd again.
For *Venus*, mindful of her antient wound,
New woes inflicts. Much on the vaſt Profound,
Much ſuffering in terreſtrial conflicts I
Oft call'd them happy, whom the injury
Of publick tempeſts, and the harbourleſs
Caphareus drown'd. Envy'd in our diſtreſs.
The worſt endur'd; with Seas and battels tir'd,
My men an end of their long toil deſir'd.
But *Acmon*, full of fire, and fiercer made
By uſual ſlaughters, What remains, (he ſaid)
O mates, which now our patience would atchieve?
Though willing, what can *Cytherea* do
More than ſhe hath done? When worſe miſchiefs affright,
Then prayers avail: but when miſ-fortunes ſpight
Her worſt inflicts, then fear is of no uſe;
And height of ills ſecurity produce.

Let *Venus* hear: Although ſhe hate us all
(As all ſhe hates that ſerve our General;)
Yet let us all deſpiſe her empty hate;
Whoſe Power hath made us ſo unfortunate.
Pleuronian Acmon angry *Venus* ſtung;
495 Revenge reviving with his laviſh tongue.
Few like his words: They moſt ſeverely chid
His tongues exceſs. About to have repli'd,
His ſpeech, and path of ſpeech, at once grew ſmall.
His hair converts to plume; plumes cover all
500 His neck, back, boſom: Larger feathers ſpring
From his rough arm, his arm was now a wing.
His feet divide to toes, hard horn extends
From his chang'd face, and in a bill deſcends.
Rhetenor, Nycteus, Lycus, Abas, Ide,
505 Admire; and in their admiration tri'd
Like deſtiny. Moſt of my Souldiers grew
Forthwith new Fowl; and round about us flew.
If you inquire, what ſhape their own un-mans;
They are not, yet are like to ſilver Swans.
510 Theſe barren fields, with this poor remnant, I,
As ſon-in-law to *Daunus*, ſcarce enjoy.
Thus far *Oenides*. *Venulus* forſakes
Tydides Kingdom; by *Puteoli* takes
His way, and through *Meſſapia*. There ſurvey'd
A Cave, inviron'd with a ſylvan ſhade;
515 Diſtilling ſtreams, by half-goat *Pan* poſſeſt:
Which erſt the Wood-nymphs with their beauties bleſt.
They terrifi'd at firſt with ſudden dread,
From home-bred *Apulus*, the ſhepherd, fled:
Straight, taking heart, deſpiſed his purſuit:
520 And danced with a meaſure-keeping foot:
He ſcoffs: Their motion clown-like imitates:
Nor only raileth, but obſcenely prates;
Nor ceaſeth till a tree inveſts his throat.
A tree whoſe berries his behaviour note.
An Olive wild, which bitter fruit affords,
525 Becomes diſ-ſeaſned with his bitter words.
Th' Embaſſadour returns without the ſought
Ætolian ſuccours: The *Rutilians* fought
'Gainſt foes and fortune; of that hope depriv'd:
Whole ſtreams of bloud from mutual wounds deriv'd.
530 Lo, fire-brands to the Navy *Turnus* bears:
And what eſcaped drowning, burning fears.

Pitch, Rozen, and like ready food for fire,
Now *Vulcan* feed: The hungry flames aſpire
Up to the ſails along the lofty maſt;
And catch the yards, with curling ſmoke imbrac't.
But when the Mother of the Gods beheld
Thoſe blazing Pines, from top of *Ida* fell'd;
Loud chalms and Cymbals uſher'd her repair:
Who, drawn by bridled Lions through the air,
Thus ſaid: Thy wicked hands to ſmall effect,
O *Turnus*, violate what we protect.
Nor ſhall the greedy fire a part of thoſe
Tall woods devour, which ſheltred our repoſe.
With that ſhe thunders, pouring down amain
Thick ſtorms of ſkipping hail, and clouds of rain.
Th' *Aſtræan* Sons in ſwift concurſions join;
Toſſing the troubled air, and *Neptune*'s brine.
One ſhe imploies, whoſe ſpeed the reſt out-ſtrips;
That brake the Cables of the *Phrygian* Ships,
And drave them under the high-ſwelling Floud.
The timber ſoftens, fleſh proceeds from wood,
The crooked Stern to heads and faces grows,
The Oars to ſwimming legs, fine feet, and toes;
What were their holds, to ſlender ſides are grown;
The lengthful keel preſenting the back-bone;
The yards to arms, to hair the tackling grew:
As formerly, ſo now, their colour blue.
And they, but lately of their flouds afraid,
Now in the flouds, with Virgin paſtime, plai'd.
Theſe Sea-Nymphs, born on mountains, celebrate
The Seas, forgetful of their former ſtate.
Yet weighing, what themſelves ſo oft endur'd
On high-wrought waves, oft ſinking ſhips ſecur'd;
Excepting ſuch, as *Grecians* carry: Thoſe
They hate, yet mindful of the *Trojan* woes:
Who ſaw *Ulyſſes* ſhips in ſurges quell'd
With pleaſed eyes; with pleaſed eyes beheld
Alcinous ſhip, in ſwiftneſs next to none,
Unmoveable; the wood transform'd to ſtone.
'Twas thought this wondrous prodigie would fright
The *Rutuli*, and make them ceaſe from fight.
Both parts perſiſt, both have their Gods to friend;
And Valour no leſs potent. Nor contend
Now for *Lavinia*, for *Latinus* crown,
Nor dotal Kingdom; but for fair renown.

Aſham'd to lay their bruiſed arms aſide,
Till death to conqueſt had the quarrel try'd.
Venus her ſon victorious ſees at length,
Great *Turnus* fell; ſtrong *Ardea* falls, of ſtrength
While *Turnus* ſtood, devour'd by barbarous flame,
In dying cinders buried. From the ſame
A Fowl, unknown to former ages, ſprings;
And fans the aſhes with her hovering wings.
Pale colour, leanneſs, ſhrieking ſounds of woe,
The image of a captive City ſhow.
Who alſo ſtill the Cities name retains:
And with ſelf-beating wings of Fate complains.
   And now *Æneas* virtues terminate
The wrath of Gods, and *Juno's* ancient hate.
An opulent foundation having laid
For young *Julus*, by his merit made
Now fit for Heaven: The Power, who rules in Love,
The Gods ſolicits; then, imbracing *Jove*;
   O Father, never yet to me unkind;
Now O inlarge the bounty of thy mind.
A Deity, mean, ſo it a Deity be,
Æneas give; that art to him by me
A Grand-father: Th' unamiable realms
Suffice it once t' have ſeen, and *Stygian* ſtreams.
   The Gods agree; nor *Juno's* looks diſſent,
Who with a chearful freeneſs forward bent.
Then *Jove*; He well deſerves a Deity:
Thy ſute, fair Daughter, to thy wiſh enjoy.
She, joyful, thanks returns: And through the air,
Drawn by her yoked Doves, lights on the bare
Laurentian ſhoars; where ſmooth *Numicius* creeps
Through whiſp'ring reeds into the neighbour Deeps.
Who bids him from *Æneas* waſh away
All unto death obnoxious, and convey
It ſilently to Seas. The horned Floud
Obeys; and what ſubſiſts by mortal food,
With water purg'd, and only left behind
His better part. His mother thus refin'd
Anoints with ſacred Odours, and his lips
In *Nectar*, mingled with *Ambroſia*, dips:
So deify'd: Whom *Indiges Rome* calls,
Honour'd with altars, ſhrines, and feſtivals.
   Two-nam'd *Aſcanius Latium* then obey'd,
And *Alba*: Next, the Scepter *Sylvius* ſway'd.

His Son *Latinus* held that ancient name,
And crown. Him *Epitus*, renown'd by Fame,
Succeeds. Then *Capis*. *Capetus*, his Son
Succeeded him. Next *Tiberius* begun
His reign; who, drown'd in *Thuſcan* waters, gave
Thoſe ſtreams his name: Who *Remulus* got, and brave-
Soul'd *Acrota*. But *Remulus* was ſlain
With thunder; Who the Thunderer durſt feign.
More moderate *Acrota* reſign'd his throne
To *Aventine*, upon the Mount whereon
He reign'd, intomb'd; which yet his name retains.
Over the *Palatines* next *Procas* reigns.
Pomona flouriſht in thoſe times of eaſe:
Of all the *Latian Hamadryades*,
None fruitful Hort-yards held in more repute;
Or took more care to propagate their fruit.
Whereof ſo nam'd. Nor ſtreams, nor ſhady groves,
But trees producing generous burthens loves.
Her hand an hook, and not a javelin bare:
Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughs that dare
Tranſcend their bounds: now ſlits the bark, the bud
Inſerts; inforc'd to nurſe anothers brood.
Nor ſuffers them to ſuffer thirſt, but brings
To moiſture-ſucking roots, ſoft-ſliding Springs.
Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend
To loves unknown deſires: yet to defend
Her ſelf from rapeful Rurals, round about
Her Hort-yard walls; t' avoid, and keep them out.
What left the skipping *Satyres* unaſſay'd;
Rude *Pan*, whoſe horns Pine-briſtled garlands ſhade;
Silenus, ſtill more youthful than his years;
Or he who thieves with hook and members fears,
To taſt her ſweetneſs; but far more than all
Vertumnus loves; yet were his hopes as ſmall.
How often, like a painful Reaper, came
Laden with weighty ſheaves; and ſeem'd the ſame:
Oft wreaths of new-mow'd graſs his brows array,
As though then exercis'd in making hay.
A goad now in his hardned hands he bears,
And newly ſeems to have unyok'd his Steers.
Oft Vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hook
Corrects, and dreſſes; oft a Ladder took
To gather fruit: now with his ſword the God
A Souldier ſeems; an Angler with his rod:

And various figures daily multiplies
To win acceſs, and pleaſe his longing eyes.
Now, with a ſtaff, an old-wife counterfeits;
655 On hoary hair a painted Mitre ſets.
The Hort-yard entring, he admires the fair
And pleaſant fruits: So much, ſaid he, more rare
Than all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enjoy,
Hail ſpotleſs flower of Maiden chaſtity:
660 And kiſt the prais'd. Nor did the Virgin know,
(So innocent) that old-wives kiſt not ſo.
Then, ſitting on a bank, obſerveth how
The pregnant boughs with Autumns burthen bow.
Hard by, an Elm with purple cluſters ſhin'd:
This praiſing, with the vine ſo cloſely join'd:
665 Yet, ſaith he, if this Elm ſhould grow alone,
Except for ſhade, it would be priz'd by none;
And ſo this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,
If but diſ-join'd, would creep upon the ground.
Yet art not thou by ſuch examples led:
670 But ſhunn'ſt the pleaſures of an happy bed.
I would thou wert: not *Helen* was ſo ſought,
Nor ſhe, for whom the luſtful *Centaures* fought,
As thou ſhouldſt be; no nor the wife of bold
Or cautelous *Ulyſſes*. Yet, behold
Though thou averſe to all, and all eſchue;
675 A thouſand men, Gods, Demi-gods, purſue
The conſtant Scorn, and every deathleſs Power
Which *Alba*'s high and ſhady hills imbower.
If thou art wiſe, and would'ſt well married be;
Or an old woman truſt, who, credit me,
Affects thee more than all the reſt, refuſe
680 Theſe common wooers, and *Vertumnus* chooſe.
Accept me for his gage; ſince ſo well none
Can know him; by himſelf not better known.
He is no wanderer; this his delight:
Nor loves, like common lovers, at firſt ſight.
Thou art the firſt, ſo thou the laſt ſhall be:
685 His life he only dedicates to thee.
Beſides, his youth perpetual; excellent
His beauty; and all ſhapes can repreſent.
With what you will, whatever hath a name:
Such ſhall you ſee him. Your delights, the ſame:
The firſt-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;
690 Which joyfully he ſtill accepts from you.

But neither what theſe pregnant trees produce
He now deſires, nor herbs of pleaſant juice:
Nor ought, but only You. O pity take:
And what I ſpeak, ſuppoſe *Vertumnus* ſpake.
695 Revengeful Gods, *Idalia*, ſtill ſevere
To ſuch as ſlight her, and *Rhamnuſia*, fear,
The more to fright you from ſo foul a crime,
Receive (ſince much I know from aged Time)
A ſtory, generally through *Cyprus* known;
To mollifie an heart more hard than ſtone.
700 *Iphis*, of humble birth, by chance did view
The high-born *Anaxarete*, who drew
Her bloud from *Teucer*. Seeing her, his eyes
Extract a fire, wherein his boſom fries.
Long ſtruggling, when no reaſon could reclaim
His fury, to her houſe the Suppliant came.
705 Now to her Nurſe his wretched love diſplai'd;
And by her foſter'd hopes implor'd her aid;
Now humbly ſues to ſome of moſt repute
In her affection, to prefer his ſute.
The pleading Wax his ſad lines often bears,
710 Oft Myrtle garlands, ſprinkled with his tears,
Hangs on the poſts; on the hard threſhold laid
His tender ſides, his ſighs the doors upbraid.
But ſhe more cruel than the Seas, imbroil'd
With riſing ſtorms; more hard than Iron, boil'd
715 In fire-red furnaces; or rooted rocks;
Diſdains the lover, and his paſſion mocks,
Who to her froward deeds adds bitter words
Of no leſs ſcorn; nor hope to love affords.
Impatient of his torment, and her hate;
Theſe words his laſt, he utters at her gate:
720 O *Anaxarete*, thou haſt o're-come!
Nor ſhall my life be longer weariſome
To thy diſdain. Triumph, O too unkind!
Sing *Pæans*, and thy brows with Laurel bind!
Thou haſt o're-come; lo, willingly I die:
Proceed, and celebrate thy cruel joy.
Yet is there ſomething in me, ne'retheleſs,
725 That thou wilt praiſe; and my deſerts confeſs.
Think how my love and life together left
My breaſt: at once of two clear lights bereft.
Nor rumour, but even I will death preſent
730 In ſuch a form, as ſhall thy pride content;

But, O you Gods, if you our actions ſee,
(This only I implore) remember me!
Let after-ages celebrate my name:
And what you take from life, afford to fame.
Then heaves his meager arms and watry eyes
To thoſe known poſts, oft crown'd with wreaths, and ties
An halter to the top. Such wreaths, he ſaid,
[illegible] please; hard-hearted, and inhuman Maid!
Then, turning toward her, he forward ſprung:
When by the neck th' unhappy Lover hung:
Struck by his ſprawling feet, wide open fly
The ſounding door; and that ſad deed deſcry.
The ſervants ſhriek; the Vainly-raiſed bore
T'his mothers houſe; his father dead before.
His breathleſs corps ſhe in her boſom plac'd;
And in her arms his heatleſs limbs imbrac'd.
Lamenting long, as woful parents uſe;
And having paid a woful mothers dues;
The mournful Funeral through the City led:
And to prepared fires conveys the dead.
This ſorrowful Proceſſion paſſing by
Her houſe, which bordered on the way, their cry
To th' ears of *Anaxarete* arrives:
Whom now ſtern *Nemeſis* to ruin drives.
Wee'l ſee, ſaid ſhe, theſe ſad ſolemnities:
And forthwith to the lofty window hies.
Whence, ſeeing *Iphis* on his fatal bed,
Her eyes grew ſtiff; bloud from her viſage fled,
Uſurpt by paleneſs. Striving to retire,
Her feet ſtuck faſt; nor could to her deſire
Divert her looks; the hardneſs of her heart
It ſelf dilated into every part.
This *Salamis* yet keeps, to clear your doubt,
In *Venus* Temple; call'd, the *Looker-out*.
Inform'd by this, O lovely Nymph, decline
Thy former pride, and to thy Lover join.
So may thy growing fruits ſurvive the froſt;
Nor ripening by the rapeful winds be loſt.
When this the God, who can all ſhapes indue,
Had ſaid in vain: again himſelf he grew:
Th' abiliments of heatleſs age depos'd,
And ſuch himſelf unto the Nymph diſclos'd,
As when the Sun, ſubduing with his rays
The muffling clouds, his golden brow diſplays.

Who force prepares: of force there was no need;
Struck with his beauty, mutually, they bleed.
Unjuſt *Amulius*, next th' *Auſonian* State
By ſtrength uſurpt. The Nephews to the late
Depoſed *Numitor*, him re-inthrone;
Who *Rome*, in *Pales* Feaſts, immur'd with ſtone.
Now *Tatius* leads the *Sabine* Sires to war.
Tarpeia's hands her fathers gates unbar,
To death with armlets preſt; her treaſons meed.
The *Sabine* Sires like ſilent Wolves proceed
T' invade their ſleeping ſons, and ſeek to fall
Upon their gates; barr'd by *Iliades*.
One *Juno* opens; though no noiſe at all
The hinges made; yet by the bars loud fall
To *Venus* known: who this had ſhut; but knew
That Gods may not, what Gods have done, undo.
Auſonian Nymphs the places bordering
To *Janus* held, inchaſed with a Spring
Their aid ſh' implores. The Nymphs could not deny
A ſuite ſo juſt, but all their flouds untie.
As yet the Fane of *Janus* open ſtood;
Nor was their way impeached by the floud.
Beneath the fruitful Spring they Sulphur turn;
Whoſe hollow veins with black Bitumen burn.
With theſe the vapours penetrate below;
And waters, late as cold as *Alpin* ſnow,
The fire it ſelf in fervour dare provoke;
Now both the poſts with flagrant moiſture ſmoke.
Theſe new-rais'd ſtreams the *Sabine* Power exclude;
Till *Mars* his Souldiers had their arms indu'd.
By *Romulus* then in battalia led:
The *Roman* fields the ſlaughtered *Sabines* ſpread;
Their own, the *Romans*: Fathers, Sons-in-law,
With wicked ſteel, bloud from each other draw.
At length conclude a peace; nor would contend
Unto the laſt. Two Kings one throne aſcend
With equal rule. But noble *Tatius* ſlain,
Both Nations under *Romulus* remain.
When *Mars* laid by his ſhining caſk; and then
Thus ſpake unto the Sire of Gods, and men:
Now, Father, is the time (ſince *Rome* is grown
To ſuch a greatneſs, and depends on One)
To put in act thy never-failing word;
And *Romulus* an heavenly throne afford:

You, in a Synod of the Gods, profeſt
(Which ſtill I carry in my thankful breaſt)
That one of mine (this O now ratifie!)
Should be advanc'd unto the ſtarry sky.
Jove condeſcends: with clouds the day benights;
And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights.
Mars, at the ſign of his aſſumption,
Leans on his Lance, and ſtrongly vaults upon
His bloody chariot; laſhes his hot horſes
With ſounding whips, and their full ſpeed inforces:
Then, ſcouring down the airy region, ſtai'd
On fair mount *Palatine*, obſcur'd with ſhade:
There *Romulus* aſſumeth from his throne,
Rendring not King-like juſtice to his own.
Rapt through the air, his mortal members waſt,
Like melting Bullets by a Slinger caſt:
More heavenly fair, more fit for lofty ſhrines;
Our great and ſcarlet-rob'd *Quirinus* ſhines.
Then *Juno* to the ſad *Herſilia*
(Loſt in her ſorrow) by a crooked way
Sent *Iris* to deliver this Command:
Star of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* Land;
Thy ſexes glory: worthy then, the vow
Of ſuch an husband, of *Quirinus* now;
Suppreſs thy tears. If thy deſire to ſee
Thy husband ſo exceed, then follow me
Unto thoſe woods which on mount *Quirin* ſpring;
And ſhade the Temple of the *Roman* King.
Iris obeys: and by her painted Bow
To earth deſcending, told *Herſilia* ſo.
When ſhe, ſcarce lifting up her modeſt eyes:
O Goddeſs, (which of all the Deities
I know not; ſure a Goddeſs) thou clear light
Conduct me, O conduct me to the ſight
Of my dear Lord: which when the Fates ſhall ſhew;
They heaven on me, with all their gifts beſtow.
Then, with *Thaumantias*, entring the high
Romulian Hills, a Star ſhoots from the sky,
Whoſe golden beams inflam'd *Herſilia's* hair:
When both together mount th' enlightned Air.
The builder of the *Roman* City took
Her in his arms, and forthwith chang'd her look;
To whom the name of *Ora* he aſſign'd.
This Goddeſs now is to *Quirinus* join'd.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Black ſtones convert to White. Pythagoras
In Ilium'*s lingring war* Euphorbus *was.*
Of tranſmigrations, of the change of things,
And ſtrange effects, the learned Samian *ſings.*
Receiv'd Hippolytus *is deify'd;*
Whom ſafer Ages and name of Virbius *hide.*
Ægeria *thaws into a Spring. From Earth*
Prophetick Tages *takes his wondrous birth.*
A Spear a Tree. Grave Cippus *virtues ſhun*
The Crown, his horns preſent. Apollo'*s Son*
Aſſumes a Serpents ſhape. The Soul of War,
Great Cæſar, *ſlain, becomes a Blazing Star.*

MEan while a man is ſought that might ſuſtain
So great a burthen, and ſucceed the reign
Of ſuch a King: when true Fore-ſhewing (Fame
To God-like *Numa* deſtinates the ſame.
He, with his *Sabine* rites unſatisfi'd,
5 To greater things his able mind apply'd
In Natures ſearch. Incited with theſe cares,
He leaves his Countrey *Cures*, and repairs
To *Croto's* City: asks, what *Grecian* hand
Thoſe walls erected on *Italian* Land?
10 A Native then, in time and knowledge old,
Who much had heard and ſeen, this ſtory told;

Jove's ſon, enricht with his *Iberian* prey,
Came from the Ocean to *Lacinia*
With happy ſteps: who, while his cattel fed
Upon the tender clover, entered
Heroick *Croto*'s roof; a welcom Gueſt:
And his long travel recreates with reſt.
Who ſaid, departing; In the following age
A City here ſhall ſtand. A true preſage.
There was one *Mycilus*, *Argolian*
Alemon's iſſue: in thoſe times, no man
More by the Gods affected. He, who bears
The dreadful Club, to him in ſleep appears,
And ſaid: Be gone, thy Countreys bounds forſake;
To ſtony *Æſarus* thy journey take:
And threatens vengeance if he diſobey.
The God and ſleep together flew away.
He, riſing, on the Viſion meditates:
Which in his doubtful Soul he long debates.
The God commands; the Law forbids to go;
Death due to ſuch as left their Country ſo.
Clear *Sol* in Seas his radiant forehead vail'd,
Swart Night her brows exalts, with ſtars impal'd;
The ſelf-ſame God the ſame command repeats:
And greater plagues to diſobedience threats.
Afraid, he now prepares to change his own
For foreign ſeats. This through the City blown;
Accus'd for breach of Laws, arraign'd, and try'd;
They prove the fact, not by himſelf deni'd.
His hands and eyes then lifting to the ſky;
O thou, whom twice Six Labours deifie;
Aſſiſt, that art the author of my crime!
White ſtones and black they us'd in former time;
The white acquit; the black the pris'ner caſt:
And in ſuch ſort this heavy ſentence paſt.
Black ſtones all threw into the fatal Urn:
But all to white, turn'd out to number, turn.
Thus by *Alcides* power the ſad Decree
Was ſtrangely chang'd, and *Mycilus* ſet free.
Who, thanking *Amphitryoniades*,
With a full fore-wind croſt th' *Ionian* Seas.
Lacedemonian Tarentum paſt,
Fair *Sybaris*, *Neæthus* running faſt
By *Salentinum*, *Thurin*'s crooked Bay,
High *Temeſis*, and ſtrong *Japygia*:

Scarce ſearching all that ſhoars Sea-beaten bound,
The fatal mouth of *Æſarus* out found.
A Tomb, hard by, the ſacred bones incloſ'd
Of famous *Croto*: here, as erſt impoſ'd,
Alemons ſon erects his City-walls;
Which of th' Intombed he *Crotona* calls.
Of this Original, this City boaſts;
Built by a *Grecian* on *Italian* coaſts:
Here dwelt a *Samian*, who at once did flie
From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyranny;
Preferring voluntary baniſhment:
Though far from heaven, his mind's divine aſcent
Drew near the Gods: what Natures ſelf denies
To human ſight, he ſaw with his Souls eyes.
All apprehended in his ample breaſt,
And ſtudious cares; his knowledge he profeſt
To ſilent and admiring men, and taught
The Worlds original, paſt human thought:
What Nature was, what God: the cauſe of things;
From whence the Snow, from whence the Lightning ſprings;
Whether *Jove* thunder, or the winds, that rake
The breaking Clouds: what cauſ'd the Earth to quake;
What courſe the Stars obſerv'd; what e're lay hid
From vulgar ſenſe: and firſt of all forbid
With ſlaughtered creatures to defile our boards:
In ſuch, though unbeliev'd, yet learned Words.
Forbear, your ſelves, O Mortals, to pollute
With wicked food: fields ſmile with corn, ripe fruit
Weighs down their boughs; plump grapes their vines attire;
There are ſweet herbs and ſavory roots, which fire
May mollifie; milk, honey redolent
With flowers of thyme, thy palate to content.
The prodigal Earth abounds with gentle food,
Affording banquets without death or blood.
Bruit beaſts with fleſh their ravenous hunger cloy;
And yet not all; in paſtures horſes joy,
So flocks and herds. But thoſe whom Nature hath
Indu'd with cruelty, and ſalvage wrath
(Wolves, Bears, *Armenian* Tigers, Lions) in
Hot blood delight. How horrible a Sin,
That intrails bleeding intrails ſhould intomb!
That greedy fleſh, by fleſh ſhould fat become!
While by one creatures death another lives!
Of all which, Earth, our wealthy mother, gives:

Can nothing pleaſe, unleſs thy teeth thou imbrue
In wounds, and dire *Cyclopian* fare renew ?
Nor ſatiate the greedy luxury
Of thy rude paunch, except another die :
But that old Age, that innocent eſtate,
Which we the Golden call ; was fortunate
In herbs, and fruits, her lips with bloud undi'd,
Then Fowl through air their wings in ſafety pli'd ;
The Hare, then fearleſs, wandred o're the plain ;
Nor [illegible] by their credulity were ta'n.
Not treacherous, nor fearing treachery,
All liv'd ſecure. When he, who did envy
(What God ſo'ere it was) thoſe harmleſs cates,
And cramb'd his guts with fleſh ; ſet ope the gates
To cruel Crimes, Firſt, Slaughter without harm
(I muſt confeſs) to Piety, did warm
(Which might ſuffice) the reeking ſteel in bloud
Of ſalvage Beaſts, which made our lives their food :
Though kill'd ; not to be eaten. Sin now more
Audacious ; the firſt ſacrifice, the Boar
Was thought to merit death ; who bladed corn
Up-rooting, left the husbandman forlorn.
Vine-brouzing Goats at *Bacchus* altar ſlain,
Fed his revenge ; in both, their guilt their bane.
You Sheep, what ill did you ? a gentle beaſt,
Whoſe udders ſwell with *Nectar*, born t' inveſt
Expoſed man with your ſoft wool ; and are
Alive, than dead, more profitable far.
Or what the Ox ; a creature without guile,
So innocent, ſo ſimple ; born for toil
He moſt ungrateful is, deſerving ill,
The gift of corn, that can unyoke, then kill
His painful Hind : that neck with toil to wound
In ſervice gall'd, that had the ſtubborn ground
So often till'd ; ſo many crops brought in.
Yet not content therewith, t' aſcribe the ſin
To guiltleſs Gods ; as if the Powers on high
In death of labour-bearing Oxen joy.
A ſpotleſs ſacrifice, fair to behold,
('Tis death to pleaſe) with ribbands trickt, and gold,
Stands at the altar, hearing prayers unknown!
And ſees the meal upon his fore-head thrown,
Got by his toil ; the knife ſmear'd in his gore,
By fortune in the Laver ſeen before,

The entrals, from the panting body rent,
Forthwith they ſearch, to know the Gods intent.
Whence ſprings ſo dire an appetite in man
To interdicted food? O mortals, can,
Or dare, you feed on fleſh? henceforth forbear,
I you intreat, and to my words give ear:
When limbs of ſlaughtered Beeves become your meat;
Then think, and know, that you your ſervants eat.
Phœbus inſpires; his Spirit we obey:
My *Delphos*, heaven it ſelf, I will diſplay;
The Oracle of that great Power unfold:
And ſing what long lay hid; what none of old
Could apprehend. I long to walk among
The lofty ſtars: dull earth deſpis'd, I long
To back the clouds; to ſit on *Atlas* crown:
And from that height on erring men look down
That reaſon want; thoſe thus to animate
That fear to die; t'unfold the book of Fate.
O you, whom horrours of cold death affright;
Why fear you *Styx*, vain names, and endleſs Night;
The dreams of Poets, and feign'd miſeries
Of forged Hell? Whether laſt flames ſurprize,
Or Age devour your bodies; they nor grieve,
Nor ſuffer pains. Our Souls for ever live:
Yet evermore their ancient houſes leave
To live in new; which them, as Gueſts, receive.
In *Trojan* wars, I (I remember well)
Euphorbus was, *Panthous* ſon; and fell
By *Menelaus* Lance; my ſhield again
At *Argos* late I ſaw, in *Juno's* Fane.
All alter, nothing finally decays:
Hither and thither ſtill the Spirit ſtrays;
Gueſt to all Bodies; out of beaſts it flies
To men, from men to beaſts; and never dies.
As pliant wax each new impreſſion takes;
Fixt to no form, but ſtill the old forſakes;
Yet is the ſame: ſo ſouls the ſame abide,
Though various figures their reception hide.
Then leſt thy greedy belly ſhould deſtroy
(I propheſie) depreſſed Piety,
Forbear t'expulſe thy kindreds Ghoſts with food
By death procur'd, nor nouriſh bloud with bloud.
Since on ſo vaſt a Sea, my Sails unfurl'd,
And ſtretch'd to riſing winds; in all the World

There's nothing permanent; all ebb and flow:
Each image form'd to wander to and fro.
Even time, with reſtleſs motion ſlides away
Like living ſtreams: nor can ſwift Rivers ſtay,
Nor light-heel'd Hours. As billow billow drives,
Driven by the following; as the next arrives
To chaſe the former: times ſo flie, purſue
At once each other; and are ever new:
What was before, is not; what was not, is;
All in a moment change from that to this.
See, how the Night on Light extends her ſhades:
See, how the Light the gloomy Night invades.
Nor ſuch Heav'ns hue, when Midnight crowns repoſe,
As when bright *Lucifer* his taper ſhows:
Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day
Th' enlightned World reſigns to *Phœbus* ſway.
His raiſed Shield, Earths ſhadow ſcarcely fled,
Looks ruddy; and low-ſinking, looks as red,
Yet bright at Noon; becauſe that purer skie
Doth far from Earth, and her contagion flie.
Nor can Night-wandring *Dian's* wavering light
Be ever equal, or the ſame: this night
Leſs than the following, if her horns ſhe fill;
If ſhe contract her Circle, greater ſtill.
Doth not the image of our age appear
In the ſucceſſive quarters of the year?
The Spring-tide, tender-ſucking infancy
Reſembling: than the juiceful blade ſprouts high;
Though tender, weak; yet hope to ploughmen yields.
All things then flouriſh: flowers the gaudy fields
With colours paint: no virtue yet in leaves.
Then following Summer greater ſtrength receives:
A luſty Youth: no age more ſtrength acquires,
More fruitful, or more burning in deſires.
Maturer Autumn, heat of youth allay'd;
The ſober mean 'twixt youth and age, more ſtai'd
And temperate, in Summers wane repairs:
His reverend temples ſprinkled with gray hairs.
Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,
With trembling ſteps; his head or bald or white:
So change our bodies without reſt or ſtay.
What we were yeſterday, nor what to day,
Shall be to morrow. Once alone of men
The ſeeds and hope; the womb our manſion [illegible]:

Kind Nature ſhew'd her cunning; not content
That our vext bodies ſhould be longer pent
In mothers ſtretched intrails, forthwith bare
Them from that priſon, to the open air.
We ſtrengthleſs lie, when firſt of light poſſeſt;
Straight creep upon all four, much like a Beaſt:
Then, ſtaggering with weak nerves, ſtand by degrees,
And by ſome ſtay ſupport our feeble knees:
Now, luſty, ſwiftly run. Our Youth then paſt,
And thoſe our milder times, we poſt in haſt
To inevitable Age: this laſt devours
The former, and demoliſheth their powers.
Old *Milo* wept when he his arms beheld,
Which late the ſtrongeſt beaſt in ſtrength excell'd,
Big, as *Alcides* brawns, in flaggy hide
Now hanging by ſlack ſinews: *Helen* cry'd
When ſhe beheld her wrinkles in her glaſs;
And asks her ſelf, why ſhe twice raviſh't was.
Still-eating Time, and thou, O envious Age,
All ruinate: diminiſht by the rage
Of your devouring teeth. All that have breath
Conſume, and languiſh by a lingring death.
Nor can theſe Elements ſtand at a ſtay:
But by exchanging alter every day.
Th' eternal World four bodies comprehends,
Ingendring all. The heavy Earth deſcends
To Water, clogg'd with weight: to light aſpire,
Depreſt by none; pure Air, and purer Fire.
And though they have their ſeveral ſeats; yet all
Of theſe are made, to theſe again they fall.
Reſolved Earth to Water rarifies;
To Air extenuated Waters riſe;
The Air, when it it ſelf again refines
To elemental Fire extracted, ſhines.
They in like order back again repair:
The groſſer Fire condenſeth into Air;
Air into Water; Water thickning, then
Grows ſolid, and converts to Earth agen.
None holds his own: for Nature ever joys
In changes, and with new forms the old ſupplies;
In all the World not any periſh quite:
But only are in various habits dight.
For, to begin to be, what we before
Were not, is to be born; to die, no more

Than

Then ceaſing to be ſuch: although the frame
Be changeable, the ſubſtance is the ſame,
For nothing long continues in one mold.
You Ages, you to Silver grew from Gold;
To Braſs from Silver; and to Ir'n from Braſs.
Even places oft ſuch change of fortunes paſs:
Where once was ſolid Land, Seas have I ſeen;
And ſolid Land, where once deep Seas have been.
Shells, far from Seas, like quarries in the ground;
And Anchors have on mountain tops been found.
Torrents have made a valley of a plain;
High hills by Deluges born to the Main.
Deep ſtanding lakes ſuckt dry by thirſty ſand;
And on late thirſty earth now Lakes do ſtand.
Here Nature, in her changes manifold,
Sends forth new fountains; there ſhuts up the old.
Streams, with impetuous earthquakes, heretofore
Have broken forth; or ſunk, and run no more.
So *Lycus*, ſwallowed by the yawning Earth,
Takes in another world his ſecond birth.
So *Eraſinus*, now is hid, now yields
His riſing waters to *Argolian* fields.
And *Myſus*, his firſt head and banks diſclaim'd,
Elſewhere aſcends, and is *Caicus* nam'd.
Cool *Amaſenus* watering *Sicily*,
Now fills his banks, now leaves his chanel dry.
Men formerly drunk of *Anigrus* ſtreams;
Not to be drunk (if any thing by dreams
The Poets tell) ſince *Centaurs* therein waſhe
Their wounds, by great *Alcides* arrows guſhe.
So *Hypanis* deriv'd from *Scythian* hills,
Long ſweet, with bitter ſtreams his chanel fills.
Antiſſa, *Tyrus*, and *Ægyptian Phare*,
The floods imbrac'd; yet now no Iſlands are.
Th'old Planter knew *Leucadia* Continent;
Which now the Sea hath from *Epirus* rent:
So *Zancle* once on *Italy* confin'd;
Till interpoſing waves their bounds disjoyn'd.
If *Bura* and *Helice* (*Achaian* Towns)
You ſeek; behold, the Sea their glory drowns:
Whoſe buildings, and declined walls, below
Th'ambitious flood as yet the Sailers ſhow.
An Hill by *Pytthean Trœzen* mounts, uncrown'd
With ſylvan ſhades, which once was level ground.

Few

For furious winds (a ſtory to admire)
Pent in blind caverns, ſtruggling to expire;
And vainly ſeeking to enjoy th' extent
Of freer air, the priſon wanting vent;
Puffs up the hollow earth extended ſo,
As when with ſwelling breath we bladders blow.
The tumor of the place remained ſtill,
In time grown ſolid, like a lofty hill.
To ſpeak a little more of many things,
Both heard and known; New habits ſundry Springs
Now give, now take. Horn'd *Hammons* at high Noon,
Is cold; hot at Sun-riſe, and ſetting Sun.
Wood, put in bubbling *Athamas* is fir'd,
The Moon then fartheſt from the Sun retird:
Ciconian ſtreams congeal his guts to ſtone
That thereof drinks: and what therein is thrown.
Crathis, and *Cybaris* (from your mountains told)
Colour the hair like Amber, or pure Gold.
Some Fountains, of a more prodigious kind,
Not only change the body, but the mind.
Who hath not heard of obſcene *Salmacis*?
Of th' *Æthiopian* Lake? for who of this,
But only taſt, their wits no longer keep,
Or forthwith fall into a deadly ſleep.
Who at *Clitorius* Fountain thirſt remove;
Loath wine, and abſtinent, mere water love.
Whether it by antipathy expel
Deſire of wine; or (as the Natives tell)
Melampus having with his herbs and charms,
Snatcht *Prætus* frantick daughters from the harms
Of entred Furies, their wits phyſick caſt
Into this Spring; infuſing ſuch diſtaſt.
With ſtreams to theſe oppos'd, *Lynceſtus* flows:
They reel, as drunk, who drink too much of thoſe.
A Lake in fair *Arcadia* ſtands of old,
Call'd *Pheneus*; ſuſpected, as two-fold;
Fear, and forbear, to drink thereof by night:
By night unwholſom, wholſom by day-light.
So other lakes and ſtreams have other power.
Ortygia floated once, fixt at this hour:
Once *Argo* fear'd the juſtling *Cyanei*;
Which rooted now, reſiſt both winds and Seas.
Nor *Ætna*, burning with embowell'd fire,
Shall ever, or did always, flames expire.

For whether *Tellus* be an Animal,
Have lungs, and mouths that ſmoking fumes exhale;
Her organs alter, when her motions cloſe
Theſe yawning paſſages, and open thoſe.
Or whether winds, in caves impriſ'ned, rave;
Juſtling the ſtones, and minerals which have
The ſeed of fire, inkindled with their rage;
Their furious flames the falling winds aſſwage.
Or if Bitumen do the fire provoke;
Or ſulphur burning with more ſubtil ſmoke:
When Earth that food and oily nouriſhment
Withdraws, the matter by long feeding ſpent;
The hungry fire of ſuſtenance bereft,
Ill-brooking famine, leaves by being left.
In *Hyperborean Pallene* live
A People, if to fame we credit give,
Who, diving three times thrice in *Triton*'s lake,
Of fowl the feathers and the figure take:
The like, they ſay, the *Scythian* Witches do
With Magick Oils: incredible, though true,
If we may truſt to trial: ſee you not
Small creatures of corrupted fleſh begot?
Bury your ſlaughtred Steer; (a thing in uſe)
And his corrupted bowels will produce
Flow'r-ſucking Bees; who, like their parent ſlain,
Love labour, fields, and toil in hope of gain.
Hornets from buried horſes take their birth.
Break off the Crabs bent claws, and in the earth
Bury the reſt, a Scorpion without fail
From thence will creep, and menace with his tail.
The Caterpillars, who their cob-webs weave
On tender leaves, (as Hinds from proof receive)
Convert to pois'nous Butterflies in time.
Green Frogs, ingendred by the ſeed of ſlime,
Firſt without feet, then legs aſſume; now ſtrong
And apt to ſwim, their hinder-parts more long
Than are their former, fram'd to skip and jump.
The Bears deformed birth is but a lump
Of living fleſh: when licked by the Old,
It takes a form agreeing with the mold:
Who ſees the Young of honey-bearing Bees
In their ſexangular incloſure, ſees
Their bodies limbleſs: theſe unformed things
In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.

The

385 The ſtar-imbelliſht Fowl, which *Juno* loves,
Jove's Armour-bearer, *Cytherea*'s Doves,
And birds of every kind; did we not know
Them hatcht of eggs, who would conjecture ſo?
390 Some think the pith of dead men, Snakes becomes;
When their back-bones corrupt in hollow tombs.
Yet theſe from others do derive their birth.
One only Fowl there is in all the Earth,
Call'd by th' *Aſſyrians*, Phœnix, who the wane
Of age repairs, and ſows her ſelf again.
Nor feeds on grain nor herbs, but on the gum
Of Frankincenſe, and juicy Amomum.
395 Now, when her life five ages hath fulfill'd;
A neſt her horned beak and talons build
Upon the crownet of a trembling Palm:
This ſtrew'd with Caſſia, Spikenard, precious Balm,
Bruis'd Cinnamon, and Myrrh; thereon ſhe bends
400 Her body, and her age in Odours ends.
This breeding Corps a little Phœnix bears:
Which is it ſelf to live as many years.
Grown ſtrong; that load now able to transfer,
405 Her cradle, and her parents ſepulchre,
Devoutly carries to *Hyperion*'s town:
And on his flamy Altar lays it down.
If theſe be wonderful, admire like ſtrange
410 *Hyæna's*, who their ſex ſo often change:
Thoſe foodleſs creatures, fed by air alone;
Who every colour, which they touch, put on.
The Lynx, firſt brought from conquered *India*
By vine-bound *Bacchus*, his hot piſs, they ſay,
415 Congeals to ſtone. So Coral, which below
The water is a limber weed, doth grow
Stone-hard, when toucht by air. But Day will end,
And *Phœbus* panting Steeds to Seas deſcend,
Before my ſcant Oration could purſue
420 All ſorts of ſhapes, that change their old for new.
For this we ſee in all is general,
Some Nations gather ſtrength, and others fall.
Troy, rich and powerful, which ſo proudly ſtood:
That could for ten years ſpend ſuch ſtreams of blood;
Nor buildings, only her old ruins ſhows;
425 For riches, tombs; which ſlaughtred Sires incloſe.
Sparta, *Mycenæ*, were of *Greece* the flowers;
So *Cecrop*'s City, and *Amphion*'s towers:

Now glorious *Sparta* lies upon the ground;
Lofty *Mycenæ* hardly to be found.
Of *Oedipus* his *Thebes*, what now remains,
Or of *Pandion's Athens*, but their names?
Now fame reports that *Rome* by *Dardan's* ſons
Begins to riſe, where yellow *Tyber* runs
From fountful *Apenninus*; and there the great
Foundation of ſo huge a fabrick ſeat.
This therefore ſhall by changing propagate,
And give the World an Head. Of ſuch a fate
The Prophets have divin'd. And this of old,
As I remember, *Priams Helen* told
To ſad *Æneas*, of all hope forlorn,
In ſinking *Troy's* eclipſe. O Goddeſs-born,
If our *Apollo* can preſage at all,
Troy, thou in [illegible] ſhalt not wholly fall.
Both fire and ſword ſhall give thy virtue way;
Flying, with thee, thou *Ilium* ſhalt convey;
Until thou find a Land, as yet unknown,
To *Troy* and thee, more friendly than thy own.
A City built by *Phrygians* I foreſee,
So great none ever was, is, or ſhall be.
Others ſhall make it great: but he, whoſe birth
Springs from *Iulus*, Sovereign of the Earth,
He, having rul'd the World, ſhall then aſcend
Æthereal thrones, and heaven ſhall be his end.
This, I remember, with prophetick tongue,
Sage *Helen* to divine *Æneas* ſung.
We joy to ſee our kindreds City grow;
The *Phrygians* happy in their overthrow.
But leſt our heedleſs Steeds too far ſhould range
From their propoſed courſe; All ſuffer change;
The heavens themſelves, what under them is found;
Earth, what thereon, or what is under ground.
We, of the World a part, ſince we as well
Have Souls and Bodies, which in Beaſts may dwell:
To thoſe, which may your parents Souls inveſt,
Our brothers, deareſt friends, or men at leaſt;
Let us both ſafety and reſpect afford;
Nor heap their bowels on *Thyeſtes* board.
How ill inur'd! to ſhed the bloud of Man,
How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can
Aſunder cut the throat of Calves, and hears
The bellowing breeder with relentleſs ears,

Or ſilly Kids, which like poor infants cry,
Stick with his knife! or his voracity
Feed with the fowl he fed! O, to what ill
Are they not prone, who are ſo bent to kill!
Let oxen till the ground, and dye with age:
Let ſheep defend thee from the Winters rage:
Goats bring their udders to thy pail. Away
With nets, gins, ſnares, and arts that do betray:
Deceive not birds with lime, nor Deer incloſe
With terrors, nor thy baits to fiſh expoſe.
The hurtful kill: yet only kill: nor eat
Defiling fleſh, but feed on fitter meat.
  With other, and the like Philoſophy
Inſtructed, *Numa*, now return'd, was by
Th' intrearing *Latins* crown'd. Taught by his Bride
The Nymph *Ægeria*, by the Muſes guide,
Religion inſtitutes, a People rude
And prone to war, with Laws and Peace indu'd.
His reign and age reſign'd to funeral,
Plebeians, *Roman* Dames, Patricians, all
For *Numa* mourn. His wife the City fled:
Hid in *Aricia's* Vale, the ground her bed,
The woods her ſhroud, diſturbs with groans and cries
Oreſtean Diana's ſacrifice.
How oft the Nymphs, who haunt that Grove and Lake
Reprov'd her tears, and words of comfort ſpake!
How oft the *Theſean* Hero, moderate
Thy ſorrow, ſaid! nor only is thy fate
To be deplor'd: on worſe misfortunes look,
And you will yours with greater patience brook.
Would mine were no Example to appeaſe
So ſad a grief, yet mine your grief may eaſe.
  Perhaps y' have heard of one *Hippolytus*,
By Step-dame's fraud, and father's credulous
Belief, bequeath'd to death. Admire you may
That I am he, if credit, what I ſay:
Whom *Phædra* formerly ſolicited,
But vainly, to defile my fathers bed.
Fearing detection, or in that refus'd,
She turns the crime, and me of her's accus'd.
My father, baniſhing the innocent,
Along with me his winged curſes ſent.
Toward *Pytthean Træzen* me my chariot bore:
And driving now by the *Corinthian* ſhoar,

The ſmooth Seas ſwell; a monſtrous billow roſe,
Which, rouling like a mountain, greater grows,
Then, bellowing, at the top aſunder rends:
When from the breach, breaſt-high, a Bull aſcends:
Who at his dreadful mouth and noſtrils ſpouts
Part of the Sea. Fear all my followers routs:
But my afflicted mind was all this while
Unterrifi'd; intending my exile.
When the hot horſes ſtart, erect their ears:
With horror rapt, and chaſed by their fears,
O're ragged rocks the totter'd chariot drew:
In vain I ſtrive their fury to ſubdue,
The bits all froth'd with foam, with all my ſtrength
Pull the ſtretcht reins, I lying at full length:
Nor had their heady fright my ſtrength o'regone,
Had not the fervent wheel, which rolls upon
The bearing Axletree, ruſht on a ſtump;
Which broke, and fell in ſunder with that jump:
Thrown from my chariot, in the reins faſt bound;
My guts dragg'd out alive, my ſinews wound
About the ſtump, my limbs in pieces hal'd;
Some ſtuck behind, ſome at the chariot trail'd;
My bones then breaking crackt, not any whole,
While I exhal'd my faint and weary Soul.
No part of all my parts you could have found,
That might be known: for all was but one wound.
Now ſay, ſelf-torred Nymph, or can, or dare
You your calamities with ours compare?
I alſo ſaw thoſe Realms, to Day unknown;
And bath'd my wounds in ſmoking *Phlegeton*.
Had not *Apollo*'s Son imploy'd the aid
Of his great Art; I with the dead had ſtay'd.
But when by potent herbs, and *Pæon*'s skill,
I was reſtor'd, againſt ſtern *Pluto*'s will;
Leſt I, if ſeen, might envy have procur'd;
Me, friendly *Cynthia* with a cloud immur'd:
And that, though ſeen, I might be hurt by none;
She added age, and left my face unknown.
Whether in *Delos*, doubting, or in *Creet*;
Rejecting *Creet* and *Delos* as unmeet,
She plac'd me here. Nor would I ſhould retain
The memory of One by horſes ſlain:
But ſaid; Henceforward *Virbius* be thy name
That wert *Hippolytus*: though thou the ſame.

One of the leſſer Gods, here, in this Grove,
I *Cynthia* ſerve: preſerved by her love.
  But others miſeries could not abate
Ægeria's ſorrows, nor prevent her fate.
Who, couched at the baſes of an hill,
Thaws into tears, that ſtream-like ran; until
Apollo's ſiſter, pitying her woes,
Turn'd her t'a Spring; whoſe current ever flows.
  The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd,
No leſs than when the *Tyrrhen* Plough-man gaz'd
Upon the fatal clod, that mov'd alone;
And for an human ſhape, exchang'd its own.
With infant lips, what was but earth of late,
Reveal'd the myſteries of future fate:
Whom Natives *Tages* call'd. He firſt of all
Th' *Hetrurians* taught to tell what would befal.
  Or when aſtoniſht *Romulus* of old
Did, on mount *Palatine*, his Launce behold
To flouriſh with green leaves: the fixed foot
Stood not on Steel, but on a living root.
Which, now no weapon, ſpreading arms diſplay'd,
And gave admirers unexpected ſhade.
  Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid glaſs
Beheld his horns, which his belief ſurpaſs.
Who lifting oft his fingers to his Brow,
Felt what before he ſaw: nor longer now
Condemns his ſight. Return'd with victory,
His eyes and horns erecting to the sky:
You Gods, what e're theſe prodigies portend,
If proſperous, he ſaid, let them deſcend
On *Romans*, and on *Rome*; but if they be
Unfortunate, O let them fall on me.
  An Altar then of living turf erects,
The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine injects,
And with the panting intrails of a beaſt
New ſlain, conſults, to know the Gods beheſt.
This, when the *Tyrrhen* Augur had beheld,
And ſaw therein endeavours that excell'd,
Although obſcure, he from the ſacrifice
To *Cippus* horns converts his ſteady eyes:
Hail King, to thee, and to thoſe horns of thine,
This place, and *Latian* towers, their rule reſign.
Delay not, enter thou the yielding gate.
Haſt, *Cippus*, haſt: ſuch is the Will of Fate.

Thou ſhalt be crown'd a King upon this day;
And ſafely an eternal Scepter ſway.
He, ſtarting back, from *Rome* diverts his face:
And ſaid, you Gods, far hence this Omen chaſe.
Better that I in baniſhment grow old,
Than me, a King, the Capitol behold.
Hiding his horns with leavy ornaments,
The people and grave Senate he convents,
Then mounts a Mound, late by the Souldier made,
And praying firſt (as was the cuſtom) ſaid;
Unleſs expell'd your City, here is one
Will be your King; though not by name, yet known
By his ſtrange horns. I heard the Augur ſay,
If once in *Rome*, you all ſhould him obey.
He might, unſtopt, have entred without fear:
But I withſtood; though none to me more near.
But he, *Quirites*, into exile ſent;
Or, if he merit ſuch a puniſhment,
Bind him in heavy chains, and keep him ſure:
Or with the Tyrant's death your fears ſecure.
The troubled people ſuch a murmuring make;
As when far off the roaring ſurges rake
On ratling ſhoars; or when loud *Eurus* breaks
Through tufted Pines: then one diſtinctly ſpeaks
In this confuſion, asking, Which is he?
All ſeeking for the horns they could not ſee.
Cippus reply'd; 'Tis I for whom you look.
Then from his head (with-held) his garland took;
And ſhew'd the horns which on his forehead grew.
Not one but ſigh'd, and down his count'nance threw:
And thoſe clear brows (a thing beyond belief)
Adorn'd with merit, they behold with grief.
Nor ſuffer him his honour to debaſe:
But on his head a Laurel Garland place.
And ſince he his own entrance did withſtand;
The Nobles, in due favour, ſo much Land
To *Cippus* gave, as well two Oxen might
Round with a Plough from morning until night.
The monumental figure of his horns,
So much admir'd, the golden Poſts adorns.
Now Muſes, Goddeſſes of Verſe, relate,
(You know, nor years your memory abate)
How *Æſculapius* in our City found
A Temple, by circumfluent *Tyber* bound.

A deadly plague the *Latian* air defil'd:
Souls from their ſeats the pale diſeaſe exil'd.
Wearied with funerals, when phyſick fail'd;
Nor any human induſtry prevail'd;
They ſeek celeſtial aid. To *Delphos* ſent,
Built in the round Earths navel, and preſent
Their prayers to *Phœbus*; that he would deſcend
To their relief, and give their woes an end.
His Temple, Laurel, and his Quiver ſhake;
Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod ſpake:
What here you ſeek, you nearer ſhould have ſought:
And ſeek it nearer yet. *Apollo* ought
Not now to cure you, but *Apollo*'s Seed.
Go with ſucceſs; and fetch my ſon with ſpeed.
The Senate having heard this Oracle,
The City ſearch, where *Phœbus* Son ſhould dwell:
The ſhoar of *Epidaure* the Legate ſeeks:
Their anchouring, h' intreats th' aſſembled *Greeks*
To ſend their God: who might th' *Auſonian* State
To health reſtore; and urg'd the charge of Fate.
They vary in opinion, ſome aſſent
To ſend this ſuccour; many, not content
To loſe their own in giving others aid,
Strive to retain him, and the reſt diſſwade.
While thus they doubt, the Day declin'd his Light:
And Earth-born ſhadows cloth'd the world in Night.
The Health-giving God, in ſleep, appears to ſtand
As in his Fane: a ſtaff in his left hand;
And ſtroking with his right his reverend beard;
From his hope-rendring breaſt theſe words were heard:
Fear not, I come; my ſhape I will forſake;
View, and mark well this ſtaff-infolding Snake:
Such will I ſeem, yet ſhew of greater ſize;
So great as may a Deity comprize.
He with the Voice, with him and Voice away
Sleep flew: fled Sleep purſu'd by chearful Day.
The ſtars now vanquiſht by the morning flame;
The doubtful Nobles to the Temple came,
Intreat him by celeſtial ſigns to ſhew
Whether he were content to ſtay or go.
This hardly ſaid, the God in Serpents ſhroud,
His high creſt gold-like gliſtering, hiſt aloud.
His Statue, Altar, Gates, the Marble-floor,
And golden roofs ſhook at th' approaching Pow'r.

He, in his Fane, breaſt-high his body rais'd;
Rolling about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.
All tremble. The chaſt Prieſt, his treſſes ty'd
With ſacred fillet, know the God, and cry'd,
'Tis he! 'tis he! all you that preſent are
Pray with your hearts and tongues: O heav'nly Fair,
Propitious prove to theſe who thee implore!
All that were there the preſent Power adore!
Reiterating what the Prieſt had ſaid;
With heart and tongue the *Romans* alſo pray'd.
He, by the motion of his lofty creſt,
And doubled hiſſes, ſigns to their requeſt.
Then ſliding down the poliſht ſtairs, his look
Reverts on his old altars; now forſook:
Salutes his ſhrine, and Temple deckt with towers;
Then creeping on the ground, ſtrewd with freſh flowers,
Indenteth through the City; ſtopping where
The Harbor is defended by a Peer.
The following troops, and thoſe whoſe zeals aſſiſt
In honouring him, with gentle looks diſmiſt;
He climbs th' *Auſonian* ſhip; which felt the weight,
And ſunk with bearing of ſo great a fraight.
The joyful *Romans* offering on the ſtrand
A Bull to *Neptune*: anchor weigh, and land
Forſake with eaſie gales. Rais'd on his train,
He, leaning, looks upon the blue-wav'd Main.
Through *Ionian* Seas by friendly *Zephyrus* born,
They fell with *Italy* on the ſixth morn.
Lacinian Juno's Fane, *Scylæan* ſhoars,
Japygia paſt, they ſhun with nimble oars
Amphryſian rocks; *Ceraunian*, whether cleft;
Romechium, *Caulon*, and *Narycia* left;
Sicilian Straits o'recome, and wrackful Seas;
Sail by the manſion of *Hippodates*:
By *Temeſa*, it metals fruitful; by
Leucoſia, and the *Pæſtan* Roſary.
Near *Capree*, and *Minerva*'s Fore-land row,
Surrentine hills, where wines ſo generous grow;
Heraclea, *Stabia*, *Naples* born to eaſe,
Cumæan Sibyls Temple: next to theſe,
Hot Baths; *Linternum*, ſweet with Maſtick flow'rs,
Vulturnus, who his ſandy chanel ſcours,
Sinueſſa, ſwarming with white Snakes, ill-air'd,
Minturnæ, and where piety prepar'd

His Nurſe a Tomb: forthwith the Manſion make
Of fell *Antiphates*; and then the Lake-
Beſieged *Trachas*: thence directly bore
To *Circe*'s Iſle, and *Antium*'s ſolid Shore.
The Sea now ſwelling high, this Harbor holds
The Sail-wing'd Ship. The God his Wreaths unfolds:
And, with huge Doublings, o'er the yellow Sand
Slides to his Father's Temple on that Strand.
Rough Waves aſſwag'd, the *Epidaurian* Gueſt
His Father's Altar leaves; to Sea-ward preſt,
Slicing the ſandy Shore with ruſtling Scales:
And, by her Stern the Ship aſcending, ſails
Till he to *Caſtrum*, to *Lavina*'s name-
Retaining Seat, and Mouth of *Tyber* came.
All hither throng; Sons, Daughters, Mothers, Sires:
The Nuns who keep the *Phrygian Veſta*'s Fires,
With loud Salutes of Joy. On either ſide
The River, as the Veſſel ſtems the Tide,
Altars, with Incenſe fed, the Air perfume:
And Knives from Sacrifices Heat aſſume.
Rome entering, the World's Head. He winds about
The lofty Maſt; and from on high thruſts out
His glittering Head, to chuſe a fitting Place.
The Arms of *Tyber* do an Iſle embrace,
With equal Stream from either Bank divides;
Thither *Apollo*'s ſacred Serpent ſlides:
Who now Cœleſtial Shape aſſuming, ends
Their Miſeries, and Health to all extends.
He here, a Foreign Power, makes his abode.
In his own City *Cæſar* is a God.
Glorious in Peace and War: whom War's ſurceaſe
With Triumphs crown'd, his Government in Peace,
Nor Race of Wonder with ſuch Quickneſs run;
More made a blazing Star, than his great Son.
For of all *Cæſar*'s Acts, none may compare
With his adopting ſo Divine an Heir.
For, was it more t'o'er-come the *Britiſh* Iſle?
Fill the ſeven Mouths of Paper-bearing *Nile*
With conquering Sails? *Numidians* rebelling,
Cinyphian Juba, *Pontus* proudly ſwelling
In *Mithridates* to ſubject to *Rome*?
Meriting many, to triumph for ſome?
Then him beget, in whoſe Dominion
The Gods ſo abundantly have favour'd Man;
To th'other they a Deity decreed;

That this might not from mortal Birth proceed.
Which when fair *Venus* ſaw; and ſaw withal,
Conſpiring Weapons threat the High Prieſt's Fall;
Her Colour fled: to every God ſhe met,
She ſaid, Behold, what Snares for me are ſet!
To murder me in him how Treaſon ſtrives;
Who only of *Iulus* Race ſurvives!
Still muſt I undeſerv'd Afflictions bear?
How lately wounded by *Tydides* Spear!
Now ill-defended *Troy* again is loſt:
My Son *Æneas*, with long Errors toſt
On wrathful Seas, I ſaw deſcend to Hell:
Then War with *Turnus*; or, the Truth to tell,
With *Juno* rather. How remember I
Old Harms ſuſtain'd in my Poſterity?
I, through this Fear, all former Fears forget.
Lo; they their wicked Swords againſt me whet:
O help! reſtrain their Furies! nor, for Shame,
With the High Prieſt's Blood extinguiſh *Veſta*'s Flame.
   Thus, thro' all Heaven, her Sorrows vainly ſpeak;
And melt the Gods: who, ſince they could not break
The ancient Siſters adamantine Doom,
By ſure Oſtents demonſtrate Woes to come.
Arms, claſhing in the Air with Clouds o'er-caſt:
Terrible Trumpets, and the Cornet's blaſt,
Proclaim the Murder: *Sol*'s afflicted Look,
And pale Eclipſe, the World with Terror ſtrook.
Oft, Meteors thro' the Air their Flames extend:
Oft, Drops of Blood from purple Clouds deſcend.
Black Ruſt obſcures dim *Lucifer*'s Aſpect:
And *Cynthia*'s Chariot bloody Stains infect.
The *Stygian* Owl each where diſturbs their Sleep
With ominous Screeches: Ivory Statues weep.
The ſacred Groves reſound with yelling Cries,
And fearful Menaces. No Sacrifice
The Gods appeaſe; the headleſs inwards ſhew
Signs of ſucceeding Tumults, Death, and Woe.
Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,
And holy Temples howl. From ſad Abodes
The Dead ariſe, and wander here and there:
Rome trembling both with Earthquakes and with Fear.
Theſe Warnings of the Gods no Changes wrought
In Fate, or Treaſon. Murderous Swords were brought
Into the Temple: for no Place might ſort
With ſuch a Slaughter, but the ſacred Court.

Then *Venus* ſmote her Breaſt: who ſought to ſhroud,
And ſnatch him thence in that Æthereal Cloud,
Which *Paris* from *Atrides* Rage convey'd:
And freed *Æneas* from *Tydides* Blade.
  Daughter, ſaid *Jove*, canſt thou reſiſt the Doom
Of conquering Fates? Into their Manſion come.
There ſhalt thou ſee Decrees that needs muſt paſs,
Writ in huge Folds of ſolid Steel and Braſs,
Which ſafe, eternal, ever fixed there;
My Thunder, Lightnings, Rage, nor Ruin fear.
In laſting Adamant there may'ſt thou read,
What ſhall to thy great Progeny ſucceed.
I read, remember well, and will relate
What may inform thee in ſucceeding Fate.
He, whom thou ſtriv'ſt to ſave, his Race hath run
Of Time and Glory: whom, thou and his Son
Shall make in Heaven a God; on Earth, with Prayer
And Temples dignify'd. His Names great Heir
Alone his Load ſhall bear: and ſtrongly ſhall
By our Conduct revenge his Father's Fall.
By his good Fortune *Mutina* ſhall owe
To him her Peace: *Pharſalian* Fields ſhall flow
With Blood; Blood twice *Philippi* ſhall embrue:
On red *Sicilian* Seas he ſhall ſubdue
A mighty Name. Th' *Ægyptian* Spouſe ſhall fall,
Ill truſting to her *Roman* General:
To make our ſtately *Capitol* obey
Her proud *Canopus*, ſhall in vain aſſay.
What need I of thoſe barbarous People tell,
And Nations, which by either Ocean dwell?
He ſhall the habitable Earth command;
And ſtretch his Empire over Sea and Land.
Peace given to Earth; he ſhall convert his care
To civil Rule, juſt Laws; and by his fair
Example Virtue guide. Then looking to
The future Times, and Nephews to enſue;
A Son ſhall bleſs him from a holy Womb:
To him he ſhall reſign his Name, and Room.
Nor ſhall, till full of Age, aſcend th' Abodes
Of heavenly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods.
Mean while from this ſlain Corps his Soul convey
Up to the Stars, and give it a clear Ray:
That *Julius* may with friendly Influence
Shine on our Capitol and Court from thence.
  This ſaid; inviſible fair *Venus* ſtood

Amid the Senate; from his Corps, with Blood
Defil'd, her *Cæſar*'s new-fled Spirit bear
To Heaven, not ſuffer'd to reſolve to Air.
And, as in her ſoft Boſom born, ſhe might
Perceive it take a Power, and gather Light.
When once let looſe, It forthwith upward flew;
And after it long blazing Treſſes drew.
The radiant Star his Sons great Acts beheld;
Out-ſhining his: and joy'd, to be excell'd.
Tho' he would have his Father's Deeds preferr'd
Before his own; yet free-tongu'd Fame deterr'd
By no Commandment, yields the avoided Bays
To his clear Brows; and but in this gain ſays.
So *Atreus* yields to *Agamemnon*'s Fame;
Ægeus ſo to *Theſeus*: *Peleus* Name
Stoops to *Achilles.* That I may confer
Th' illuſtrious to their Equals, *Jupiter*
So *Saturn* tops. *Jove* rules the arched Sky,
And triple World; the Earth's vaſt Monarchy
T' *Auguſtus* bows: both Fathers, and both ſway.
You Gods, *Æneas* guides, who made your way
Thro' Fire and Sword; you Gods of Men become;
Quirinus, Father of triumphant *Rome*;
Thou *Mars* invincible *Quirinus* Sire;
Chaſt *Veſta*, with thy ever-burning Fire,
Among Great *Cæſar*'s Houſhold Gods inſhrin'd;
Domeſtick *Phœbus*, with his *Veſta* joyn'd;
Thou *Jove* whom in *Tarpeian* Towers we adore;
And You, all You, whom Poets may implore;
Slow be that Day, and after I am dead,
Wherein *Auguſtus*, of the World the Head,
Leaving the Earth, ſhall unto Heaven repair;
And favour thoſe that ſeek to him by Prayer.

And now the Work is ended, which, *Jove*'s Rage
Not Fire, nor Sword ſhall raze, nor eating Age.
Come when it will my Death's uncertain Hour;
Which of this Body only hath a Power:
Yet ſhall my better Part tranſcend the Sky;
And my immortal Name ſhall never die.
For whereſoe'er the *Roman* Eagles ſpread
Their conquering Wings, I ſhall of all be read:
And, if we Poets true Preſages give,
I, in my Fame eternally ſhall live.

FINIS.